



WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

ANTONY and CLEO-

CYMBELINE.

PERICLES Prince of TYRE.

LONDON PRODIGAL.

THOMAS Lord CROM-WELL.
Sir John Oldcastle.

The PURITAN.
A YORKSHIRE Tragedy.

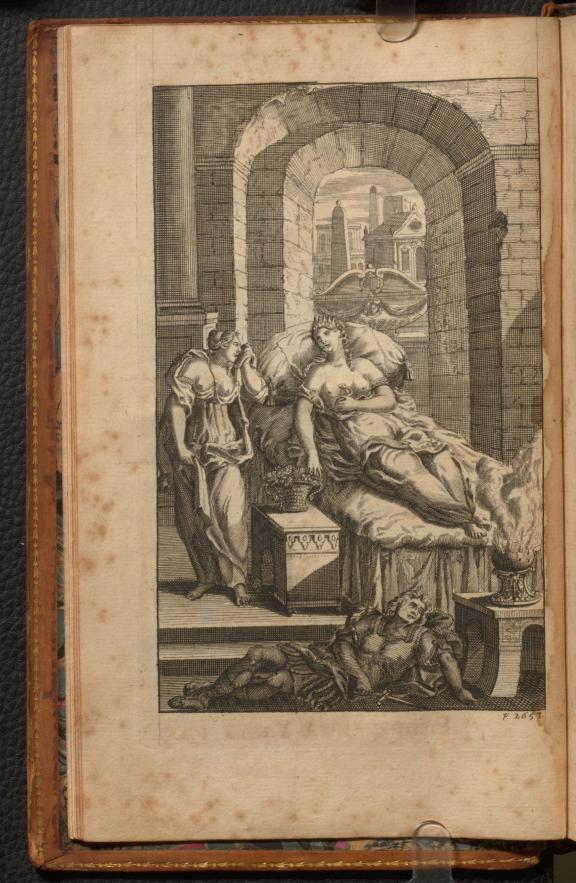
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ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Antony. Octavius Cælar. Lepidus. Sex. Pompeius. Enobarbus. Ventidius, Canidius, Eros. Friends and Followers of Antony. Scarus, Decretas. Demetrius, Philo, Mecænas. Agrippa. Dolabella. Friends to Cæfar. Proculeius, Thidias. Gallus. Menas, Friends to Pompey. Menecrates, Varrius, Alexas. Servants to Cleopatra. Mardian. Diomedes, A Sooth Cayer. Clown. Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt. Octavia, Sifter to Exfar, and Wife to Antony. Ladies attending on Cleopatra. Charmian, Iras, Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants. The SCENE lyes in Several Parts of the Roman Empire. Antony



Antony and Cleopatra.

ACTI. SCENE I.

S C E N E Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.



AY, but this Dotage of our General
O'er-flows the Mea'ure; those his goodly
Eyes

That o'er the Files and Musters of the War, Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,

The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captain's Heart,
Which in the scusses of great fights hath burst
The Buckles on his Breast, reneges all Temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypsies Lust. Look where they come!

Vot. VI.

A 4

Enter

2656 Antony and Cleopatra.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies; the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good Note, and you shall see him, The tripple Pillar of the World, transform'd Into a Strumpet's Fool. Behold and fee.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll fet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heav'n, new Farth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome. to all menostrate to a

Ant. Rate me the Sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows, If the scarce-bearded Casar have not sent His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this; Take in that Kingdom, and infranchife that; Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer, your dismission Is come from Cesar, therefore hear it Antony. Where's Fluvia's Process? Cafar's I would say, both? Call in the Messengers; as I am Egypt's Queen, Thou blushest Amony, and that blood of thine Is Cafar's Homager: else so thy Cheeks pay Shame, assessment When shrill tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch Of the rais'd Empire fall; here is my space, and as a Kingdoms are Clay; Our dungy Earth alike Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleness of Life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, And such a twain can do't; in which I bind, On pain of Punishment, the World to weet We stand up Peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Fallhood! Ligarith or displie same good Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? I'll feem the Fool I am not. Antony will be himfelf.

. Ant. You thalf be yet far fairer than you are

Chart ite means in Fielli.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of love, and his foft Hours, Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh; There's not a minute of our Lives should stretch Without some Pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors. Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every Passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone,
To Night we'll wander through the Streets, and note
The Qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

Exeunt with their Train.

Dem. Is Casar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony,

He comes too short of that great Property

Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full forry, that he approves the common Liar, who thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope of better Deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

[Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a

Soothsayer.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this Husband, which you say, must change his Horns with Garlands.

Alex. Soothfayer. Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, Sir, that know things? Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your Hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough, Cleopatra's Health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forefee. Char. Pray then, forefee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in Flesh.

Iras.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his Patience, be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved. Char. I had rather heat my Liver with Drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent Fortune. Let me be Married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all; let me have a Child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do Homage. Find me to marry me with Octavius Casar, and Companion me with my Mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve. Char. Oh excellent, I love long Life better than Figs. Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former Fortune,

than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no Names; Prithee how many Boys and Wenches must I have? Sooth. If every of your Wishes had a Womb,

And foretel every Wish, a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your Sheets are privy to your Wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to Bed.

Iras. There's a Palm presages Chastity, if nothing esse. Char. E'en as the o'erslowing Nylus presageth Famine. Iras. Go you wild Bedsellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognostication, I cannot fcratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a Workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how - give me particulars.

Sooth. I have faid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better than I; where would you chuse it?

Iras.

Iras. Not in my Husband's Nose.

Char. Our worfer thoughts Heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him Marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet Iss, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worfe, and let worfe follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Iss, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more Weight; good Isis, I befeech thee.

Char. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that Prayer of the People. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome Man loofe-wiv'd, fo it is a deadly Sorrow, to behold a foul Knave Uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No. Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to Mirth, but on the sudden

A Roman thought had struck him. Enobarbus.

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's Alexas? Alex. Here at your Service, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. Exeunt. Mes. Fulvia thy Wife, first came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay, but soon that War had end, and the times state Made Friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cafar, Whose better Ise in the War of Italy,

Upon the first encounter drave them. Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The Nature of bad News infects the Teller.

nony and Cleopaura.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward; on.

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,'
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye Death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus, this is stiff News,
Hath, with his Parthian Force, extended Asia;
From Euphrates his conquering
Banner shook, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whilst

Ant. Antony thou would'st fay. and and meet evad I

Mes. Oh, my Lord. And an almost al areast shirts ob

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general Tongue,
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's Phrase, and taunt my Faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice

Have Power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds, When our quick Winds lye Itill, and our ills told us

Is as our Earing; fare thee well a while. an animus ad son

Mes. At your Noble Pleasure.

Ant. From Scicion how the News? speak there.

Mes. The Man from Scicion, is there such an one?

Attend. He stays upon your will.

These strong Agyptian Fetters I must break. Or lose my self in Dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a Letter

2 Mes. Fulvia thy Wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Scicion, her length of Sickness 12 4 W With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this bears. I was a swall to mid

Ant. Forbear me.

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it,
What our Contempts do often hurl from us.

We wish it Hours again, the present Pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it self; she's good being gone,
The Hand could pluck her back, that show'd her ons
I must from this Egyptian Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know

My idleness doth hatch. How now Enobarbus?

Enter

Enter Enobarbus.

Ene. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortal an Unkindness is to them, if they suffer our departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. Wall him

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let Women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least noise of this dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is Mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a Celerity in Dying.

Ant. She is cunning past Man's Thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her Passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her Winds and Waters, Sighs and Tears: And yet they are greater Storms and Tempests than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a Show'r of Rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never feen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful Piece of Work, which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your Travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?
Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleafeth their Deities to take the Wife of a Man from him, it shews to Man the Tailors of the Earth: Comforting him therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are Members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: This Grief is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the Tears live in an Onion, that should water this Sorrow.

I'en essentiaged herers, more than the ills I know.

Elie. I Errer angeler

Ant. The Business she hath broached in the State,

Cannot endure my Absence.

Eno. And the Business you have broach'd here cannot be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly

depends on your Aboad.

Ant. No more like Answers: Let our Officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our Expedience to the Queen, And get her Love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches Do strongly speak to us, but the Letters too Of many our contriving Friends in Rome, Petition us at Home. Sextus Pompeius Hath giv'n the Dare to Casar, and commands The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry People, Whose Love is never link'd to the Deserver. 'Till his Deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his Dignities Upon his Son; who high in Name and Pow'r, Higher than both in Blood and Life, stands up For the main Soldier: Whose Quality going on, The fides o'th' World may danger. Much is breeding, Which like the Courfer's Hair, hath yet but Life, And not a Serpent's Poison. Say our Pleasure, To fuch whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence. Exeunt.

Eno. I shall do't. Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's: I did not fend you. If you find him fad,

Say I am Dancing: if in Mirth, report That I am sudden fick. Quickly, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly, You do not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing. Cleo. Thou teachest like a Fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not, fo, too far. I wish, forbear, In time we hate that which we often fear. Emer Antony, and the same

But here comes Amony.

Cleo. I am Sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am forry to give Breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature | Seeming to faint. Will not fustain it. The way of the Prince of the way house

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me,

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same Eye there's some good News. What fays the marry'd Woman? you may go; Would she had never given you leave to come, Let her not fay 'tis I that keep you here, I have no Pow'r upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know. Cleo. Oh never was there Queen So mightily betrayed; yet at the first I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant, Cleopatra. The state of the William William State of the state of

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true, Though you with Swearing shake the throned Gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous Madness! To be entangled with those Mouth-made Vows, Which break themselves in Swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you feek no colour for your going, But bid farewel, and go: When you fued staying, Then was the time for words: No going then, Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes, Bliss in our Brows bent, none our Parts so poor, But was a race of Heav'n. They are fostill, Or thou the greatest Soldier of the World, Art turn'd the greater Liar.

Ant. How now, Lady? Cleo. I would I had thy Inches, thou should'st know There were a Heart in Agypt. Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time, commands

Our services awhile; but my sull Heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome.
Equality of two Domestick Pow'rs,
Breed scrupulous Faction; the hated, grown to Strength,
Are newly grown to Love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Father's Honour, creeps apace,
Into the Hearts of such, as have not thriv'n
Upon the present State, whose Numbers threaten,
And Quietness grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though Age from Folly could not give me freedom,

It does from Childishness. Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen, Look here, and at thy Sovereign leifure read The Garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best. See when, and where she died,

Cleo. O most false Love! Where be the sacred Viols thou should'st fill With sorrowful Water? now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know The purposes I bear: which are, or cease, As you shall give th'advice. By the Fire That quickens Nilus Slime, I go from hence Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or War. As thou affect st.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charmian, come, But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,

So Anthony loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear, And give true evidence to his Love, which stands An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the Tears
Belong to Ægypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look

Like

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my Blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my Sword-

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Look prithee, Charmian, How this Herculean Roman does become the day of the day

The carriage of his Chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word: Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it, and make a land Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it, That you know well, fomething it is I would: Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony, and and a saving a And I am all forgotten. And keep the barn part quitter

Ant. But that your Royalty Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

For Idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis fweating labour, To bear such Idleness so near the Heart As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me, Since my becomings kill me, when they do not Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence, Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly, And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword Sit lawrell'd Victory, and smooth Success Be strew'd before your Feet.

Ant. Let us go. That thou residing here, goest yet with me, And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee, Away.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cas. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know, It is not Casar's natural Voice, to hate One great Competitor. From Alexandria This is the News; he fishes, drinks, and wastes The Lamps of Night in revels; Is not more Manlike VOL, VI.

Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolomy More Womanly than he. Hardly gave Audience, Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You Shall find there a Man, who is th'abstract of all faults; That all Men follow.

Lep. I must not think There are Evils enough to darken all his Goodness; His Faults in him, feem as the spots of Heav'n, More fiery by Night's blackness; Hereditary, Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,

Than what he chuses.

Cass. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is Amiss to tumble on the Bed of Ptolomy, To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to fit And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave, and the state of the state To reel the Streets at Noon, and stand the Buffet With Knaves that imell of iweat; fay this becomes him; As his composure must be rare indeed, Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must Antony No way excuse his Foils, when we do bear So great weight in his Lightness. If he fill'd His vacancy with his Voluptuousness; Full furfeits, and the driness of his Bones, Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time, was a dad W That drums him from his fport, and speaks as loud As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid: As we rate Boys, who being mature in Knowledge, and and Pawn their experience to their present Pleasure, And so rebel to Judgment. Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more News. Mef. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour, Most noble Casar, shalt thou have report How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea, And it appears, he is belov'd of those That only have fear'd Cafar: to the Ports The Discontents repair, and Mens reports Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have known no less, It hath been taught us from the primal State, That he which is, was wish'd, until he were:

Antony and Cleopatra.

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And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love, Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common Body Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the Stream, Goes to, and back, lacking the varying Tide To rot it felf with motion.

Mes. Casar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous Pirates,
Make the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With Keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the borders Maritime
Lack Blood to think on't, and slesh youth to revolt,
No Vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: For Pompey's Name strikes more
Than could his War resisted.

Caf. Antony, Leave thy lascivious Vassals. When thou once Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st Hirtins and Pansa Consuls, at thy heel Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against, Though daintily brought up, with patience more Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle Which Beafts would cough at. Thy Pallat then did dain The roughest Berry on the rudest Hedge. Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Pasture sheets, The Barks of Trees thou browfed'ft. On the Alps, It is reported thou didst eat strange Flesh, Which some did die to look on; and all this, It wounds thine honour that I speak it now, Was born so like a Soldier, that thy cheek So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cass. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twain

Did shew our selves i'th' Field, and to that end

Assemble we immediate Council; Pompey

Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To morrow, Casar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,

Both what, by Sea and Land, I can be able,

To front this present time.

Caf. 'Till which encounter, it is my Business too. Farewel. Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you shall know mean time Of stirs abroad, I shall befeech you, Sir,

To let me be partaker. Caf. Doubt not, Sir, I knew it for my Bond.

state that on point the to

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian. low-ones it with my bi

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha-give me to drink Mandragoras.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might fleep out this great gap of time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not fo.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch, Mardian?

Mar. What's your Highness pleasure? Cleo. Not now to hear thee fing. I take no pleasure

In ought an Eunuch has; 'tis well for thee, That being unseminaried, thy freer Thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections? Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed ?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing But what indeed is honest to be done: Yet have I fierce Affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he? Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horfe? Oh happy Horse to bear the weight of Antony! V 30

Do bravely, Horfe, for wot'ft thou whom thou mov'ft The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arm

And Burgonet of Man. He's speaking now. Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,

For so he calls me; now I feed my self With most delicious Poison. Think on me

That am with Phaebus amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cafar, When thou wast here above the Ground, I was A morfel of a Monarch; and great Pompey Would stand and make his Eyes grow in my Brow, There would he anchor his Aspect, and die With looking on his Life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Soveraign of Ægypt, hail. Cleo. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony? Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath With his Tinct gilded thee. How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen, He kist the last of many doubled kisses,

This orient Pearl. His Speech sticks in my Heart. Cleo. Mine Ear must pluck it thence. Alex. Good Friend, quoth he,

Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends This treasure of an Oyster; at whose foot, To mend the petty present, I will piece Her opulent Throne, with Kingdoms. All the East, Say thou, shall call her Mistress. So he nodded, And foberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Steed, Who neigh'd fo high, that what I would have spoke, Was beaftly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he fad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' Year, between the extreams

Of hot and cold, he was not fad nor merry. Cleo. Oh well divided disposition; note him, Note him good Charmian, 'tis the Man; but note him. He was not fad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his. He was not merry, Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay In Agypt with his joy; but between both. Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So do's it no Man else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several Messengers, Why do you fend fo thick? Cleo. Who's born that day,

When I forget to fend to Antony, to he calls mes section. Think on me

1 bon

that am with Packet amorous pluches blacks

Shall die a Beggar. Ink and Paper, Charmian. Welcome my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian, Ever love Casar so?

Char. Oh that brave Cafar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis, Saw the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cafar.

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody Teeth, If thou with Cefar Paragon again My Man of Men.

Char. By your most gracious Pardon,

I Sing but after you. Cleo. My Sallad Days,

When I was green in Judgment, cold in Blood, To fay, as I said then. But come, away,

Get me Ink and Paper,

He shall have every Day several greetings, or I'll unpeople Apypt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE in Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas. 19113d A.

F the great Gods be just, they shall assist The Deeds of justest Men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,

That which they do delay, they not deny. We winged and

Pom. While we are Suitors to their Throne, decays

The thing we fue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of our felves, Beg often our own harms, which the wife Powers Deny us for our good; fo find we profit By lofing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: The People love me, and the Sea is mine; My Powers are Crescent, and my auguring hope Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony In Agypt sits at Dinner, and will make

No Wars without Doors. Casar gets Mony where He loses Hearts; Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Casar and Lepidus are in the Field,
A mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together Looking for Antony: But all the Charms of Love, Salt Cleopatra, foften thy wand Lip, Let Withcraft join with Beauty; Lust with both, Tie up the Libertine in a Field of Feasts, Keep his Brain fuming; Epicurean Cooks, Sharpen with cloyless sawce his Appetite; That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour, Even 'till a lethied Dulness

Enter Varrius.

How now Varrius?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter

A better Ear. Menas, I did not think

This amorous Surfeiter would have donn'd his Helm

For such a petty War; his Soldiership

Is twice the other twain: But let us rear

The higher our Opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Ægypt's Widow pluck

The near Lust-wearied Antony.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cafar and Antony shall well greet together:
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to Cafar,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think'
Not moy'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How leffer Enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough

B 4

To draw their Swords; but how the fear of us May cement their Divisions, and bind up a stolet ass a seaso The petry Difference, we yet not know. Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands manie W. Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands. V and I and Come. Menas.

[Exeunt.

Rome! Wold ? SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus. 100 agmind 10

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, of the I also And shall become you well, to intreat your Captain of to all

To fost and gentle Speech, but to make the vin yet blood?

Eno. I shall entreat him and model bloods the wheals? To answer like himself; if Casar move him, down and sono Is not concenid me: Let Antony look over Casar's Head, And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter, and Mark Were I the wearer of Antonio's Beard, and soon of and

I would not shave't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private Stomaching. attherq bill Eno. Every time ferves for the matter that is then born in t.

Lep. But small to greater Matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first, lo od van no

Lep. Your Speech is passion; but pray you ftir bedw vel No Embers up. Here comes the noble Antony. The wabsM Eno. And yonder Cafar. a many anstrum ob no y and

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa. San bill

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia was aved but Hark, Ventidius, half well and about about with werb and

Caf. I do not know; Mecanas, ask Agrippa. in mononio

Lep. Noble Friends, van thus is while wind out them but That which combin'd us was most great, and let not A leaner Action rend us. What's amis, when the more May it be gently heard. When we debate the same a Our trivial difference loud, we do commit and ton them it Murther in healing Wounds. Then noble Partners, The rather, for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the fowrest points with sweetest terms, Nor curitness grow to th' matter, and son allow may ery necellity the this thought, that I

. Tour Partner in the cause gainst which he fought,

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies and to fight, I should do thus.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you. The second sec

Caf. Sit.

Ant. Sit. Sir.

Caf. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not fo:

Or being, concern you not.

Caf. I must be laught at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I do a love account that the

Should fay my felf offended, and with you Chiefly i'th' World. More laught at, that I should Once name you derogately: when to found your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Agypt, Cafar, what was't to you? Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there Did practise on my state, your being in Agypt Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did here befal me. Your Wife and Brother Made wars upon me, and their contestation

Was Theam for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business, my Brother never Did urge me in his A&: I did inquire it, And have my learning from fome true reports That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather Discredit my Authority with yours, And make the wars alike against my Stomach, Having alike your cause? Of this my Letters Before did satisfie you. If you patch a quarrel, As matter whole you've not to make it with, It must not be with this.

Cef. You praise your self, by laying desects of judgment

to me : but you patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so : a remove the seed soft note of some I know you could not lack, I am certain on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could

Could not with graceful Eyes attend those Wars Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife, I would you had her Spirit, in such another, The third o'th' World is yours, which with a Snaffle, You may pace easie, but not such a Wife.

Eno. Would we had all such Wives, that the Men might

go to Wars with the Women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles Casar Made out of her impatience, which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet, for that you must, But fay I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts Did beg my Missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, e'er admitted: then Three Kings I had newly featted, and did want Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day I told him of my felf, which was as much As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You have broken The Article of your Oath, which you shall never Have Tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Casar. Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak, The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lackt it: but on, Casar,

The Article of my Oath. Caf. To lend me Arms, and Aid, when I requir'd them, The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather: And then when Poisoned hours had bound me up From mine own Knowledge; as nearly as I may, I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made Wars here, For which my felf, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour To stoop in such a case. Lep. Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefs between ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember, that the present need, Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecanas.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's Love for the instant, you may when you hear no more words of Pompey return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be filent, I had almost forgot. Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your confiderate Stone. Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his Speech: for't cannot be, We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew, What Hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge Ath' World, I would purfue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cafar.

Cas. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haft a Sifter by thy Mother's side, Admir'd Octavia! Great Mark Antony Is now a Widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrippa; if Cleopatra heard you, your proof were well deserved of rashness. Land a month of

Ant. I am not married, Casar; let me hear and and and

Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you Brothers, and to knit your Hearts With an unflipping Knot, take Antony Octavia to his Wife; whose beauty claims No worse a Husband than the best of Men; Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak That which none else can utter. By this Marriage, All little Jealousies which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,

Where

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both Would each to other, and all loves to both Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke, For 'tis a studied, not a present Thought, By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cafar speak? Caf. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd,

With what is spoken already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa, If I would say Agrippa, be it so, To make this good?

Caf. The power of Cafar, And his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shews, Dream of impediment; let me have thy hand Further this Act of Grace: and from this hour, The Heart of Brothers govern in our Loves, And fway our great Defigns.

Cas. There's my hand: A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did ever love fo dearly. Let her live To join our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never

Fly off our Loves again. Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword against Pompey, For he hath laid strange Courtefies, and great Of late upon me. I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report: At heel of that defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's, Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Cef. About the Mount-Misenum. Ant. What is his strength by Land?

Cas. Great, and increasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Mafter.

Ant. So is the Frame, Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it, Yet e'er we put our selves in Arms, dispatch we

The business we have talk'd of.

Caf. With most gladness.

And do invite you to my Sister's view.

Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, not fickness should detain me.

Exeunt.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from Agypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the Heart of Cafar, worthy Mesanas. My Honourable Friend Agrippa.

Agr. Good Enobarbus.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stay'd well by't in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and

made the Night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-Boars roasted whole at a breakfast: and

but twelve Persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Fly by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square

to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his Heart upon the River of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed : or my reporter devis'd

well for her.

The Barge she sat in, like a Burnish'd Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-sick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own Person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lye
In her Pavillion, Cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling Cupids,

With

With divers-colour'd Fans, whose wind did seem To glow the delicate Cheeks which they did cool, And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for Antony.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many Mere-maids tended her i'th' Eyes, And made their bends adornings. At the Helm, A feeming Mere-maid steers; the Silken Tackles Swell with the touches of those Flower-foft hands, That yarely frame the Office. From the Barge A strange invisible perfume hits the Sense Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast Her People out upon her; and Antony Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to th' Air; which but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Amony fent to her, Invited her to Supper: The replyed, It should be better, he became her Guest; Which she entreated. Our Courteous Antony, Whom ne'er, the word of no, Woman heard speak, Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the Feast: And for his Ordinary, pays his Heart, For what his Eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench! She made great Cafar lay his Sword to Bed. He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I faw her once Hop forty Paces through the publick Street. And having loft her breath, she spoke, and panted, That she did make defect, perfection, And breathless power breath forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly. Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal Her infinite variety: Other Women cloy The Appetites they feed, but she makes hungry, Where most she satisfies. For vilest things Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests

Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can settle

The Heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleffed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good Enorarbus, make your felf my Guest,

Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Hambly, Sir, I thank you. Enter Antony, Cafar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The World, and my great Office, will sometimes

Divide me from your Bosom.

Octa. All which time,

Before the Gods my Knee shall bow in Prayers

To them for you.

Ant. Good Night Sir. My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the World's report: I have notkept my square, but that to come Shall all bedone by th' Rule; good Night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good Night, Sir.

Caf. Good Night. Exeunt Casar and Octavia.

Enter Soothfayer.

Ant. Now Sirrah! do you wish your felf in Agypt? Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I fee it in my motion, have it not in my tongue;

But yet hie you to Agypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose Fortune shall rise higher, Casar's or mine?

South. Cafar's. Therefore, oh Antony, stay not by his fide. Thy Damin, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, Couragious, High, Unmatchable, Where Cafar's is not. But near him thy Angel Becomes afear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore

Make space enough between you. Ant. Speak this no more.

South. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee, If thou dest play with him at any Game, Thou art fure to lose: And of that Natural luck He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Lustre thickens, When he hines by: I say again, thy Spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But he alway is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidins, I would speak with him. [Exit Sooth. He shall to Parthia, be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds,
His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Agypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' East my pleasure lies. Oh come, Ventidins,
Enter Ventidius.

You must to Parthia, your Commission's ready: Follow me and receive't.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your self no farther: pray you hasten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Soldier's dress, Which will become you both, Farewel.

Mec. We shall, as I conceive the Journey, be

At the Mount before you Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about,
You'll win two Days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success. Lep. Farewel.

Exeunt.

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me fome Musick: Musick, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The Musick, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,

As

As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, though't come too short, The Actor may plead pardon. I'll none now,

Give me mine Angle, we'll to th' River, there My Musick playing far off, I will betray Tawny-fin Fishes, my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,

And fay, ah, ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a falt Fish on his hook, which he

with fervency drew up.

I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilft
I wore his Sword Philippan. Oh from Italy.

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine Ears,

That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam! Madam! Cleo. Antony's dead;

Cleo. Antony's dead;
If thou say so, Villain, thou kill'st thy Mistress:

But well and free, if thou so yield him.

There is Gold, and here

My blewest Veins to kiss: a hand that Kings

Have lipt, and trembled kiffing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But, Sirrah, mark, we use

To say, the dead are well: bring me to that, The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and heal hful; Why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Fury crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal Man.

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C

Mes.

Mes. Wilt please you hear me? Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee e'er thou speak's; Yet if thou fay, Antony lives, 'tis well, Or Friends with Casar, or not Captain to him, I'll fee thee in a showre of Gold, and hail Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well faid.

Mes. And Friends with Casar. Cleo. Thou'rt an honest Man.

Mes. Casar, and he, are greater Friends than ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yer, Madam-

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it do's allay The good precedence, fie upon but yet, But yet, is as a Jaylor to bring forth Some monstrous Malefactor. Prithee, Friend, Pour out the pack of matter to mine Ear, The good and bad together: he's Friends with Cafar, In state of Health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free. Mes. Free, Madam! no: I made no such sport,

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn? Mes. For the best turn i'th' Bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

Strikes him down.

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Strikes him. Cleo. What fay you? Hence horrible Villain, or I'll spurn thine Eyes Like Balls before me; I'll unhair thy Head:

She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyre, and stew'd in Brine, Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the News, made not the match. Cleo. Say 'tis not fo, a Province I will give thee, And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage, And I will boot thee with what gift befide

Thy

Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [Draws a Dagger.

Mes. Nay then I'll run:

What mean you, Madam, I have made no fault. [Exit. Char. Good Madam, keep your felf within your felf,

The Man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the Thunderbolt :

Melt Ægypt into Nile; and kindled creatures Turn all to Serpents. Call the Slave again, Though I am mad, I will not bite him; Call.

Char. He is afeard to come. Cleo. I will not hurt him,

These Hands do lack Nobility, that they strike A meaner than my self: since I my self

Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-Enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad News: give to a gracious Message
An Host of Tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worfer than I do,

If thou again fay yes.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee, dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lie, Madam? Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my Ægypt were submerg'd, and made A Cistern for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence, Hadst thou Narcissus in thy Face, to me Thou wouldst appear most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highness pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you; To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a Knave of thee, That art not what thou art sure of. Get thee hence, The Merchandises which thou hast brought from Rome,

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Are all too dear for me : Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em. [Exit Mes. Char. Good your Highness patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Casar.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence, I faint; oh Iras, Charmian! --- 'tis no matter. Go to the Fellow, good Alexas, bid him Report the feature of Odlavia, her years, Her inclination, let him not leave out The colour of her Hair. Bring me word quickly. Let him for ever go-let him not, Charmian, Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas Bring me word, how tall she is: pity me, Charnian, But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber. [Exeunt.

IV. The Coast of Italy, near SCENE

Enter Pompey and Menas at one Door with Drun and Trumpet : At another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Merænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cas. Most meet That first we come to words, and therefore have we Our written purposes before us sent, Which if thou hast considered, let us know, If 'twill tie up thy discontented Sword, And carry back to Sicily much tall youth, That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three, The Senators alone of this great World, Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know, Wherefore my Father should revengers want, Having a Son and Friends; fince Julius Cafar, Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted, There faw you labouring for me. What wai't That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,

With

With the arn'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom, To drench the Capitol, but that they would Have one Man but a Man; and that is it Hath made ne rig my Navy. At whose burthen, The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant To scourge th' ingratitude, that despiteful Rome Cast on my Noble Father.

Cas. Takeyour time.

Ant. Thos canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy Sails, We'll speak with thee at Sea. At Land thou know'st How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o're-count me of my Father's House.
But fince the Cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present now you talk,
The offers w: have sent you—

Caf. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow
To try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer Of Sicily, Sarlinia; and I must Rid all the Sea of Pirates; then to send Measures of Wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon, To part with inhackt edges, and bear back Our Targets indinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here, a Man Prepar'd, to take this offer. But, Mark Antony, Put me to some impatience: though I lose The praise of it by telling. You must know When Casar and your Brother were at blows, Your Mother cime to Sicily, and did find Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey, And am well studied for a liberal thanks, Which I do ove you.

Pom. Let me have your Hand: I did not think Sir, to have met you here.

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Ant. The Beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you, That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither: For I have gain'd by't.

Cas. Since I saw you last, There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not, What counts hard Fortune casts upon my face, But in my bosom she shall never come,

To make my Heart a Vassal.

Lep. Well met here. Pom. I hope so, Lepidus, thus we are agreed : I crave our composition may be written

And seal'd between us.

Caf. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, e'er we part, and let's

Draw lots who shall begin. Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: But first or last, your fine Agyptian Cookery Shall have the fame, I have heard that Julius Cafar

Grew fat with feasting there. Ant. You have heard much. Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir. Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard. And I have heard Apollodorus carried-

Eno. No more of that : he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you? Eno. A certain Queen to Cafar in a Mattrice.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'ft thou, Soldier? Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand, I never hated thee : I have feen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno, Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye, When you have well deferv'd ten times as much

As I have faid you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee:

Aboard

Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.

Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas. Men. Thy Father, Pompey, would ne'er have made Treaty.

You, and I have known, Sir. Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. I will praise any Man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land Service: but give me your Hand, Menas, if your Eyes had authority, here they might have two Thieves kissing.

Men. All Mens faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are. Eno. But there is ne'er a fair Woman, has a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a drinking.

Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune. Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for Mark Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cafar's Sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus. Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, Sir. Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cafar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this Unity, I would not Prophesie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in

the Marriage, than the Love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very estranger of their Amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and fill conversation.

C 4

Men. Who would not have his Wife fo? Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the fighs of Octavia blow the Fire up in Casar, and, as I said before, that which is the Strength of their Amiry, shall prove the immediate Author of their Variance. Antony will use his affection where it is. He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you Aboard?

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our Throats in

Ægypt. Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

S C E N E V. Pompey's Galley.

Musick Plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

I Ser. Here they'll be, Man : some o'their Plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' World will blow them down.

2 Ser. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

I Ser. They have made him drink Alms drink.

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the disposition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

I Ser. But it raises the greater War between him and his

discretion.

2 Ser. Why this it is to have a Name in great Mens Fellowship: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be feen to move in't, are the holes where Eyes should be, which

pitifully disaster the Cheeks.

Trumpets.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile By certain scale, i'th' Pyramid; they know By th' height, the lownels, or the mean, if Dearth

Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swells,

The

The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsman Upon the Slime and Ooze scatters his Grain, And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. You've strange Serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your Serpent of Ægypt, is bred now of your mud by the Operation of the Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.

Pom. Sirrah, some Wine! A Health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the Ptolomy's Pyramifis are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Aside.

Pom. Say in mine Ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy Seat, I do beseech thee, Captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. For me 'till anon.

[Whisper in's Ear.

This Wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own Organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the Tears of it are wet. Cas. Will this Description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from the Stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's else to say? Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These Quick-sands, Lepidus.

Keep off them, for you fink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?

Pom. What fay'ft thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole World? that's twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor, I am the Man will give thee all the World.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup, Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-Sharers, these Competitors Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the Cable. And when we are put off, fall to their Throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villany,
In thee 't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my Profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e'er thy tongue,
Hath so betray'd thine Act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more;
Who feeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashoar,

I'll pledge it for him, Pompey. Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome. Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strange Fellow, Monas. [Pointing to Lepidus. Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the World, Man! feest not?

Men. The third Part, then is drunk; would it were all, that it might go on Wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the Vessels hoa.

Here's to Casar.

Cas. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my Brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast from all, four Days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the

*Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink? Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take Hands, 'Till that the conquering Wine hath steept our Sense,

In fost and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take Hands:

Make battery to our Ears with the loud Musick, The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing. The holding every Man shall beat as loud, As his strong sides can volly.

Musick Plays. Enobarbus places them Hand in Hand.

The SONG.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine, Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne: In thy Fats our cares be drown'd: With thy Grapes our Hairs be crown'd. Cup us 'till the World go round, Cup us 'till the World go round.

Caf. What would you more? Pompey, good Night. Good Brother

Let me request you of; our graver Business Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part, You see we have burnt our Cheek. Strong Enobarbe Is weaker than the Wind, and mine own Tongue Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost

Anticke

Antickt us all. What needs more words? good Night. Good Antony, your Hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the Shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir, give's your Hand.

Pom. Oh, Antony, you have my Father's House. But what, we are Friends? Come down into the Boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, Men. I'll not on Shoar.

No, to my Cabin—these Drums! These Trumpets, Flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear, we bid aloud farewel

To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

[Sound a Flouris with Drums.

Eno. Hoo fays a! there's my Cap. Men. Hoa, noble Captain, come.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Ventidius in Triumph, the dead Body of Pacorus born before him, Roman Soldiers and Attendants.

Ven. NOW darting Parthia art thou struck, and now Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus death Make me revenger. Bear the King's Son's Body Before our Army, thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Rom. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian Blood thy Sword is warm, The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurn through Media, Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whither The routed sly. So thy grand Captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and Put Garlands on thy Head.

Ven. Oh Silius, Silius,

I have done enough. A lower Place, note well

May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius,

Better to leave undone, than by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serve's away.

Casar and Antony have ever won

More

More in their Officer, than Person. Sosius,
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'th' Wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain: And Ambition,
The Soldier's Virtue, rather makes choise of loss
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Anthonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence,
Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast, Ventidius, that, without the which A Soldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction:

Thou wilt write to Antony.

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his Name, That magical word of War, we have effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The ne'er-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We have jaded out o'th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither with what haste The weight we must convey with's, will permit: We shall appear before him. On there, pass along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one Door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Casar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's Feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the Green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves Cafar.

Agr. Nay but how dearly he adores Mark Antony.

Eno. Cafar? why he's the Jupiter of Men. Agr. What's Antony, the god of Jupiter?

Eno. Speak you of Casar? Oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise Casar, say Casar, go no further. Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cafar best, yet he loves Antony: Ho! Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot Think, speak, cast, write, fing, number; ho, His love to Antony. But as for Cafar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder-

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, fo---This is to Horse; adieu, noble Agrippa. Trumpets.

Agr. Good Fortune worthy Soldier, and farewel. Enter Cæfar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cas. You take from me a great part of my self: Use me well in't. Sifter, prove such a Wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Bond Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of Virtue which is fet Betwixt us, as the cement of our Love, To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter The Fortune of it; for better might we Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended

In vour distrust. Cas. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause For what you feem to fear, so the Gods keep you, And make the Hearts of Romans serve your ends: We will here part.

Cas. Farewel, my dearest Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy Spirits all of comfort; fare thee well.

Oct. My noble Brother.

Ant. The April's in her Eyes, it is loves spring, And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful. Oct. Sir, look well to my Husband's House; and---

Cas. What Octavia.

Off. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Ant.

Ant. Her Tongue will not obey her Heart, nor can Her Heart inform her Tongue, the Swan's Doun-feather, That stands upon the Swell at full of tide, And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Casar weep?

Agr. He has a Cloud in's Face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse; so is he being a Man.

Agr. Why Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Casar dead, He cryed almost to roaring: And he wept, When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That Year indeed, he was troubled with a Rheum, What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;

Believe't 'till I weep too.

Cas. No, sweet Octavia, You shall hear from me still; the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.

Look here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the Gods. Cas. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light

To thy fair way.

Cas. Farewel, Farewel.

Ant. Farewel.

Kisses Octavia.

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's Head, I'll have; but how? When Antony is gone, through whom I might command it:

Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious Majesty. Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mef. Ay, dread Queen. mages I got a ad history and

Cleo. Where? ved administrated W. amid barrand I of sall Mes. Madam, in Rome, I lookt her in the face:

And faw her led between her Brother, and Mark Antony. Affection among sool and and and and

Cleo. Is the as tall as me? Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill tongu'd or low? Mef. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think fo, Charmian; dull of Tongue, and Dwarfish.

What Majesty is in her Gate? remember

If e'er thou look'st on Majesty.

Mes. She creeps;

Her Motion and her Station are as one: She shews a Body, rather than a Life, with your walk

A Statue, than a Breather. The bear field and libror and world !

Cleo. Is this certain? was the said and through additional 10 Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Agypt cannot make better note. And of

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,

There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow has good Judgment. The Fellow has good been all Char. Excellent, and and daving skw and fled adv and W

Cleo. Guess at her Years, I prethee. The most at his to

Mef. Madam, she was a Widow. I soon was do to Cleo. Widow? Charmian, hark, a stoy is no alle son avoiled

Mef. And I do think she's thirty. The A He son desmote

Cleo. Bear'ft thou her Face in Mind? is't long or round? Praying for locks

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. W

Her Hair what colour? All the many was vel

Mes. Brown, Madam; and her Forehead. was you stall do

As low as the would with it. Cleo. There's Gold for thee. The is authorized oleds think I

Thou must not take my former Sharpness ill, O sharp and I will employ thee back again; I find thee and fled and that

Moft

Most fit for Business. Go, make thee ready, Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper Man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so; I repent me much That so I harried him. Why methinks by him, This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The Man hath seen some Majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? Iss else defend!

And ferving you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write; All may be well enough. Char. I warrant you, Madam.

Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay Ottavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainst Pompey; made his Will, and read it
To publick Ear, spoke scantly of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his Teeth.

Off. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts: The good Gods will mock me,
When I shall praying, oh bless my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prays, and destroys the Prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks Vol. V.

Beft

Best to preserve it: if I lose mine Honour, I lose my felf; better I were not yours Than yours so branchless. But as you requested, Your felf shall go between's, the mean time, Lady, I'll raise the preparation of a War Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste So your defires are yours.

Off. Thanks to my Lord, lam advastal tal The Jove of Power make me most weak, most weak, Your reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be, As if the World should cleave, and that slain Men

Should sodder up the Rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins, He boah Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults Can never be fo equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going, Chuse your own Company, and command what cost Your Heart has mind to.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, Friend Eros? Eros. There's strange News come, Sir.

Eno. What, Man?

Eros. Casar and Lepidus have made War upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old, what is the Success?

Eros. Casar having made use of him in the Wars 'gainst Pompey; prefently denied him rivality, would not let him partake of the Glory of the Action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Upon his own appeal feizes him, so the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his Confine.

Ene. Then would thou hadft a pair of Chaps no more, and throw between them all the food thou halt, they'll grind

the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus; and spurns The Rush that lyes before him. Crys, Fool Lepidus, And threats the Throat of that his Officer, That murdred Pompey.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cafar; more Domitius, My Lord defires you prefently; my News I might have told hereafter.

Eng

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be; bring me to Antony. Eros. Come, Sir. Exeunt.

SCENEV. Rome.

Enter Cæfar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cas. Contemning Rome he has done all this, and more, In Alexandria; here's the matter of it: I'th' Market-place on a Tribunal filver'd, Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet fat Cafario whom they call my Father's Son, And all the unlawful Issue, that their lust Since then hath, made between them. Unto her, He gave the 'stablishment of Agypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick Eye?

Caf. I'th' common shew-place where they exercise, His Sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings, Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd, Syria, Cilicia, and Phænicia: She In th' Abiliments of the Goddess Isis That day appear'd, and oft before gave Audience, As 'tis reported, fo.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who queasie with his Insolence already, Will their good Thoughts call from him.

Caf. The People know it,

And have now receiv'd his Accusations.

Agr. Whom do's he accuse?

Caf. Cafar, and that having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o'th' Isle. Then does he fay, he lent me Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets That Lepidus of the Triumvirate Should be depos'd, and being that, we detain All his Revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cast. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone: I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his chance. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
D mand the like.

Mec. He'll never yie'd to that.

Caf. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with Attendants.
Oct. Hail Cafar, and my Lord! hail, most dear Cafar!

Cass. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Off. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cas. Why hast thou stoln upon me thus? you came not

Like Cafar's Sister; the Wife of Antony
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long e'er she did appear. The Trees by th'way
Should have born Men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The oftentation of our love; which lest unshewn,
Is often lest unlov'd; we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good, my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free Will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving Ear withal; whereon I begg'd

His pardon for return.

Being an abstract 'tween his Luft, and him.

Off. Do not say so, my Lord, manage of award rave off Cas. I have Eyes upon him,

And his Affairs come to me on the Wind: Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in Athens. Attagool O was

Cass. No, my most wronged Sister, Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire Up to a Whore, who now are levying

The

Phat Moles it against us.

The Kings o'th' Earth for War. He hath affembled, Bochus the King of Lybia, Archilans Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos King Of Paphlagonia: The Thracian King Adallas, King Malichus of Arabia, King of Pont, Herod of Fewry, Mithridates King hand ball of busin C Of Comagene, Polemen and Amintas, The Amintas, The Marine and Amintas, The King of Mede, and Lycaonia, and the soul Aland With a more larger List of Scepters. Oct. Ay me most wretched, That have my Heart parted betwixt two Friends, That do afflict each other. Cas. Welcome hither; Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth 'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led, And we in negligent danger; cheer your Heart. Be you not troubled with the time which drives O'er your Concent, these strong Necessities, of over albod? But let determin'd things to destiny at a stady not amand! Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome: Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd work of the M Beyond the mark of Thought; and the high Gods A To do you Justice, make his Ministers to no more than all Of us, and those that love you. Be of comforts as to all And ever welcome to us. The standard bas and vel Agr. Welcome Lady. Mec. Welcome, dear Madam, mod you about 300 Each Heart in Rome does love and pity you,
Only th'adulterous Antony, most large In his Abominations, turns you off, The war the state of And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull That Noses it against us. Oct. Is it fo, Sir? Cas. Most certain: Sister, welcome; pray you

S C E N E VI. Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enorbarbus. Cleo. I will be even with thee; doubt it not. Eno. But why, why, why? val dia Digit only a prodity a or of Clean

Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister.

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these Wars; And fay'ft it is not fit. And along and showly de florent Eno. Well; is it, is it? Anges and note and along the

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we

be there in Person? Eno. Well, I could reply; if we thould serve with Horse and Mares together, the Horse were merely lust; the Mares would bear a Soldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you fay? and sible suloids and

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony, Take from his Heart, take from his Brain, take from's time, What should not then be spar'd. He is already Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis faid in Rome, and way and I That Photinus an Eunuch, and your Maids and your Manage this War. From wim Security

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their Tongues rot That speak against us. A charge we bear i'th War, And as the President of my Kingdom will Appear there for a Man. Speak not against it, and had I will not ftay behind. I will not ftay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor. Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, Thy bullness a line That from Tarentum, and Brundusium, He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea, or make and the And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd

Than by the negligent. I work and another measure and

Ant. A good rebuke, and honor sulswing but Which might have well becom'd the best of Men would

To taunt at flackness. Canidius, we, Will fight with him by Sea. Stall of warrant won well

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't. Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to fingle fight. Can. Ay, and to wage his Battel at Pharsalia,

Where Cafar fought with Pompey. But these offers Which serve not for his Vantage, he shakes off, And so should you, and shall I charge ve Ale

Eng.

Eno. Your Ships are not well Mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People,
Ingrost by swift Impress. In Casar's Fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey sought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away The absolute Soldiership you have by Land, Distract your Army, which doth most consist Of War-mark'd-Footmen, leave unexecuted Your own renowned Knowledge, quite forego The way which promises affurance, and Give up your self meerly to chance and hazard, From sirm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have fixty Sails, Cafar none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of Shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' Heart of Assium
Beat th' approaching Casar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The News is true, my Lord, he is descried,

Casar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in Person? 'Tis impossible Strange, that his power should be so. Canidius, Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land, And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship, Away my Thetis.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea, Trust not to rotten Planks: Do you misdoubt This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Azyprians And the Phanicians go a Ducking: we Have us'd to Conquer standing on the Earth, And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.

Sold. By Herceles I think I am i'th' right.

D 4

Can.

Can. Soldier thou art: but the whole Action grows Not in the power on't: so our Leaders lead, And we are Womens Men.

Sold. You keep by Land

The Legions and the Horse whole, do you not? Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justius,

Publicola, and Celius, are for Sea:

But we keep whole by Land. This speed of Casar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome His power went out in such distractions, As beguil'd all Spies.

Can. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They fay, one Torns. Can. Well, I know the Man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With News the Time's in Labour, and throws forth
Each minute, some.

[Exeumt.

Enter Cxfar with his Army, marching.

Cas. Torus?
Tor. My Lord.

Cass. Strike not by Land. Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed to be sold be to the The Prescript of this Scroul: Our Fortune lyes and Upon this jump.

[Exit.]

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus. 100

Ant. Set we our Squdrons on yond fide o'th' Hill, he bad. In Eye of Cafar's Battel, from which place a stand most We may the number of the Ships behold, a way and of the And so proceed accordingly.

Canidius marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage, and Torus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer; Thantoniad, the Ægyprian Admiral, With all their fixty flie, and turn the Rudder: To fee't, mine Eyes are blafted.

em thaises but of one Emer

awore noish A slort Enter Scarus a north toibiod analy

Scar. Gods, and Goddesses, all the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater Cantle of the World is loft With very ignorance, we have kifs'd away Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight? The country of the committed

Scar. On our fide like the Token'd Pestilence, Where Death is sure. Your ribauld Nag of Egypt, Whom Leprofie o'er, i'th' very midst o'th' fight, When Vantage like a pair of Twinns appear'd Both of the same, or rather ours the Elder; The Breeze upon her, like a Cow in June, Hoists Sails, and flies. White I know then the

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine Eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not Indure a further view.

As Scar. She once being looft; in Tong awall an W . and The Noble ruin of her Magick, Antony, and American Claps on his Sea-wing, and like a doating Mallard, Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her: I never faw an Action of fuch shame; brod will and Experience, Manhood, Honour ne'er before, Did violate fo it felf. The Prescript of this Scient

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath, And finks most lamentably. Had our General Been what he knew himself, it had gone well: Oh he has given example for our flight, Most grofly by his own. And so proceed according

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed. Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to't.

And there I will attend what further comes. Can. To Casar will I render My Legions and my Horse, fix Kings already Shew me the way of yielding. Eno. I'll yet followed and bases of ward were la

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason Sits in the Wind against me.

Enter

Opon this jump

Enter Antony with Attendants. Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't, It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither, I am so lated in the World, that I Have lost my way for ever. I have a Ship Laden with Gold, take that, divide it; flie, And make your peace with Cafar.

Omnes. Fly! Not we.

Ant. I have fled my felf, and have instructed Cowards To run, and shew their Shoulders. Friends, be gone, I have my felf refolv'd upon a courfe, Which has no need of you. Be gone, My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it-Oh, I follow'd that I blush to look upon, My very Hairs do mutiny: for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them For fear, and doating. Friends, be gone, you shall Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not fad: Nor make replies of lothness, take the hint Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left Which leave themselves, to the Sea-fide straight-way I will possess you of that Ship and Treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now-Nay, do so : for indeed I have lost command, Therefore, I pray you -- I'll see you by and by. [Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros. Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen. Char. Do, why, what elfe?

Cleo. Let me sit down; Oh Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no. Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, Oh good Empress.

Eros. Sir. Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook The lean and wrinkled Cassins, and 'twas I That the mad Brutus ended; he alone

Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had In the brave squares of War; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah stand by.

He is unqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me : Oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches, Her Head's declin'd, and Death will seize her, but Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation;

A most unnoble swerving-

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? see How I convey my shame, out of thine Eyes, By looking back, on what I have left behind Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord; Forgive my fearful Sails, I little thought

You would have followed.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My Heart was to thy Rudder ty'd by th' strings,
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my Spirit
The full Supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must

To the young Man fend humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness, who, With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd, Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know How much you were my Conquerour, and that My Sword, made weak by my Affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon,

Ant. Fall not a Tear, I say, one of them rates All that is won and lost: Give me a Kiss, Even this repays.

We sent our Schoolmaster, is he come back?

Love I am full of Lead; some Wine

Within

2708 Antony and Cleopatra.

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knows, We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, with others.

Cas. Let him appear that's come from Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Casar, 'tis his Schoolmaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cas. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.

Cas. Be't so, declare thine Office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt; which not granted
He lessens his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath between the Heav'ns and Earth
A private Man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the Ptolomies for her Heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cess. For Antony,
I have no Ears to his Request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall fail, so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his Life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cas. Bring him through the Bands: [Exit Ambassador.

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,

From Antony win Cleopatra, promise [To Thidias,

And in our Name, when she requires, add more

From thine invention, offers. Women are not

In their best Fortunes strong; but want will perjure The ne'er touch'd Vestal. Try thy cunning, Thidias, Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we Will answer as a Law.

Thid. Cafar, I go. alled doll and A with I must

Cas. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw, And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks In every power that moves.

Thid. Cefar, I shall. Excunt.

S C E N E VIII. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras. Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and dye.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we in fault for this? Eno. Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his Reason. What though you fled, bear and all From that great face of War, whose feveral ranges Frighted each other? Why should he follow? The itch of his Affection should not then Have nickt his Captainship, at such a point, When half to half the World oppos'd, he being The meer question. 'Tis a shame no less Than was his lofs, to course your flying Flags, And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his Answer? Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,

So the will yield us up.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the Boy Casar send this grizled Head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim, With Principalities.

Cleo. That Head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Rose Of youth upon him; from which, the World should note Something particular; his Coyn, Ships, Legions,

May

Antony and Cleopatra.

May be a Coward's, whose Ministers would prevail
Under the service of a Child, as soon
As i'th' Command of Casar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone; I'll write it, sollow me. [Exit Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough: hye-battel'd Cafar will
Unstate his happiness, and be Stag'd to th' shew
Against a Sworder. I see Mens judgments are
A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Casar will
Answer his emptiness; Casar thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from Casar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place i'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Casar's Will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends; fay boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cafar has;

Or needs not us. If Cafar please, our Master of hydrod.

Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know, Whose he is, we are, and that is Casar's.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, Cafar intreats Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is Cafar.

Cleo. Go on, right Royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh! Afide. Thid. The scars upon your Honour, therefore he Do's pity, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows what is most right. Mine Honour was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will ask Antony. Sir, Sir, thou art fo leaky and but salemons and another

That we must leave thee to thy finking, for Thy dearest quit thee. [East Eno. Thid. Shall I say to Casar,

What you require of him: for he partly begs To be desir'd to give. It much would please him, That of his Fortunes you should make a Staff To lean upon. But it would warm his Spirits,

To hear from me you had left Antony, And put your felf under his Shrowd, the universal Landlord.

Cleo. What's your Name? Thid. My Name is Thidias. Clee. Most kind Messenger;

Say to great Cafar this in disputation, I kiss his conqu'ring Hand: Tell him, I am prompt To lay my Crown at's Feet, and there to kneel. Tell him that from his all-obeying breath, as would be

I hear the doom of Agypt.

Thid. 'Tis your noblest course : I de sand a entre but Wisdom and Fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your Hand. The share and and and and

Cleo. Your Cafar's Father oft, When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in, Bestow'd his Lips on that unworthy place, As it rain'd Kiffes. I now and a board and a constant

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus. Ant. Favours! by Jove that thunders,

Seeing Thidias kiss her Hand.

What art thou Fellow? Thid. One that but performs The bidding of the fullest Man, and worthiest To have command obey'd. Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there—-ah you Kite! Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd hoa!

Like Boys unto a muss, Kings would start forth,

And cry your will. Have you no Ears?

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lion's Whelp,

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Stars!

Whip him: were twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Casar, should I find them
So sawcy with the hand of she here, what's her Name
Since she was Cleopatra—Whip him, Fellows—
'Till like a Boy you see him crindge his Face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark Antony -

Ant. Tug him away; being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of Cafar's shall
Bear us an Errand to him. [Exeunt with Thidiasa
You were half blasted e'er I knew you: Ha!
Have I my Pillow left unprest in Rome;
Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a Jem of Women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good, my Lord——

Ant. You have been a Boggler ever,
But when we in our viciousness grew hard,
Oh misery on't, the wise gods seal our Eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our consussion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morsel, cold upon
Dead Casar's Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Cneins Pompey's, besides what hotter hours
Unregistred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,

And

And fay, God quit you, be familiar with My Play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seal, And plighter of high Hearts! O that I were Upon the Hill of Basan, to out-roar The horned Herd, for I have Savage cause, And to proclaim it civilly, were like A halter'd Neck, which do's the Hangman thank, For being yare about him. Is he whip'd? Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord. Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon? Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his Daughter; and be thou forry To follow Cafar in his triumph, fince Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Henceforth The white Hand of a Lady Fever thee, was med as a Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to Cafar, Tell him thy entertainment: look thou fay He makes me angry with him. For he feems Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am, old was I avel Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry, And at this time most easie 'cis to do't : 0 W to and a you had When my good Stars, that were my former guides and and wall Have empty left their Orbs, and shot their Fires, Into the Abism of Hell, If he mislike and and the My Speech, and what is done, tell him he has we wanted Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom He may at pleafure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou: Exit Thid. Hence with thy stripes, be gone

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclips'd,

And it portends alone the fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Casar, would you mingle Eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me? 22 22 22 22 22 20 Word word

Cleo. Ah, Dear, if I be fo,

From my cold Heart, let Heav'n ingender Hail, VOL. VI.

And

And Poison it in the source, and the first Stone Drop in my Neck; as it determines, so Dissolve my Life; the next Casario smite, 'Till by degrees the memory of my Womb, Together with my brave Ægyptians all, By the discattering of this pelletted storm, Lie Graveless, 'till the Flies and Gnats of Nile Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am fatisfied:

Cafar fets down in Alexandria, where

I will oppose his Fate. Our Force by Land,

Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too

Have knit again, and Float, threatning most Sea-like.

Where hast thou been my Heart? Dost thou hear, Lady?

If from the Field I shall return once more

To kis these Lips, I will appear in Blood,

I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,

There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, Men did ransome Lives
Of me for Jests; but now, I'll set my Teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy Night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowls; once more
Let's mock the Midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But fince my Lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well. Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to Night I'll sorce The Wine peep through their Scars. Come on, my Queen There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight I'll make Death love me: for I will contend Even with his Pestilent Scythe.

[Exeunt.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I fee still
A diminution in our Captain's Brain,

Restores

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Restores his Heart; when Valour preys on Reason, It eats the Sword it fights with: I will seek Some way to leave him.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I. SCENE Cæfar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas with his Army, Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cass. HE calls me Boy, and chides as he had power To beat me out of Agypt. My Messenger He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to Personal Combat, Casar to Antony. Let the old Russian know, I have many other ways to die: mean time Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. Cafar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cas. Let our best Heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune, He is twenty Men to one.

Ant. To morrow, Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honour in the Blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well.

Ea

Eno.

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, take all.
Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Houshold Servants, let's to Night;

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy hand, Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou, And thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well, And Kings have been your Fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which forrow shoots Out of the Mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many Men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An Antony: that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good Fellows, wait on me to Night; Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me As when mine Empire was your Fellow too, And fuffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean? Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to Night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good Servive, stay till Death:
Tend me to Night two Hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, you weep,
And I, an Ass, am Onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to Women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus. Grace grow where those drops fall, my hearty Friends, You take me in too dolorous a sense;

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you To burn this Night with Torches: know, my Hearts, I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you, Where rather I'll expect victorious Life, Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come, And drown confideration.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

I Sold. Brother, good Night: to morrow is the day. 2 Sold. It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the Streets.

I Sold. Nothing: what News?

2 Sold. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good Night to you.

I Sold. Well, Sir, good Night.

They meet with other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful Watch.

1 Sold. And you: Good Night, good Night.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2 Sold. Here we; and if to morrow

Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

I Sold. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpofe.

Musick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

I Sold. List, list! 2 Sold. Hark!

I Sold. Musick i'th' Air.

3 Sold. Under the Earth.

It fings well, do's it not?

2 Sold. No.

I Sold. Peace I say: what should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, who loved Antony, Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other Watchmen

Do hear what we do?

2 Sold. How now, Masters? Speak together. Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

I Sold. Is't not strange ?

3 Sold. Do you hear, Masters? Do you hear?

I Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off. Omnes. Content: 'tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armor, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck : Eros, come, mine Armour, Eros. Enter Eros.

Come, my good Fellow, put thine Iron on, If Fortune be not ours to day, it is Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, Antony. What's this for? Ab, let be, let be, thou art The Armorer of my Heart; False, false; This, this, Sooth-law I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now. Seeft thou, my good Fellow. Go put on thy defences.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well? Ant. Rarely, rarely: He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleafe To dos't for our repose, shall hear a Storm. Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queen's a Squire

More tight at this; Dispatch. O Love, That thou couldst fee my Wars to day, and knew'st The Royal Occupation, thou shouldst see

A Workman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome, Thou look'ft like him that knows a warlike charge: To business that we love, we rise betime, And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir. Early though't be, have on their Rivetted trim, [Shout. Trumpets flourish. And at the Port expect you.

Enter Captains and Soldiers. Cap. The Morn is fair; good morrow General. All. Good morrow, General.

Ant. 'I's well blown, Lad. This morning like the Spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes. S, fo; Come give me that, what e'er becomes of me, Fare thee well, Dame, what e'er becomes of me, This is a Soldier's kiss: rebukeable.

And

Antony and Cleopatra,

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And worthy shameful check it were, to stand On more Mechanick Compliment, I'll leave thee, Now, like a Man of Steel. You that will fight, Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: Adieu.

Exeunt.

Char. Please you retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly: that he and Cefar might Determine this great War in fingle fight; Then Antony but now - Well on.

Exeunt.

Trumpets sound, Enter Antony, and Eros. Eros. The gods make this a happy day to Antony.

Ant. Would thou, and those thy Scars had once prevail'd,

To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Hadft thou done fo, The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier That has this morning left thee, would have still Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one ever near thee, call for Enobarbus. He shall not hear thee, or from Cafar's Camp,

Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What fay'ft thou? Sold. Sir, he is with Cafar.

Eros. Sir, his Chefts and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone? Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his Treasure after, do it, Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him, I will subscribe, gentle adieus, and greetings : Say, that I wish he never find more cause To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have Corrupted honest Men. Dispatch, Eros.

Exito

SCENE III. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cas. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Antony be took alive; Make it so known.

Agr. Cafar, I shall.

E 4

Caf.

Cas. The time of universal peace is near; Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd World Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony is come into the Field.

Caf. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That Antony may seem to spend his Fury
Upon himself.

Exeunt.

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on Affairs of Antony; there did perswade Great Herod to incline himself to Casar, And leave his Master Antony. For this pains Casar hath hang'd him: Canidins and the rest That fell away, have entertainment, but No honourable trust: I have done ill, Of which I do accuse my self so forely, That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee fent all thy Treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,

I tell you true: Best you safe't the bringer Out of the Hoast, I must attend mine Office, Or would have done't my self. Your Emperor

Continues still a Jove.

[Exit.

Eno. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,

And feel I am so most. Oh Antony.

Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better Service, when my Turpitude

Thou dost so Crown with Gold. This bows my Heart;

If swift Thought break it not, a swifted mean

Shall out-strike Thought; but Thought will do't, I feel.

I sight against thee!—No, I will go seek

Some Ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best sits

My latter part of Life.

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E IV. Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too far: Casar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected.

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded. Scar. O'my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed, Had we done so at first, we had droven them home With Clouts about their Head.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H. Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet Room for fix scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our advantage ferves For a fair Victory.

Scar. Let us score their Backs, And fnatch 'em up, as we take Hares behind,

'Tis sport to maul a Runner. Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good Valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march, Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp; run one before, And let the Queen know of our Guests; to morrow Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the Blood That has to day escap'd. I thank you all, For doughty handed are you, and have fought Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had been Each Man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors. Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends, Tell them your Feats, whilst they with joyful Tears

Walh

Wash the congealment from your Wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy Hand. [To Scarus.

Emer Cleopatra.

To this great Faiery, I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' World, Chain mine arm'd Neck, leap thou, Attire and all Through proof of Harness to my Heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords, Oh infinite Virtue, com'st thou smiling from The World's great Snare uncaught.

Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds. What, Girl, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of Youth. Behold this Man,
Commend unto his Lips thy savouring Hand,
Kiss it my Warrior: He hath fought to day.
As if a God in hate of Mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,

An Armour all of Gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deferv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phaehus Car. Give me thy Hand,
Through Alexandria make a jolly march,
Bear our hackt Targets, like the Men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Camp this hoaft, we all would fup together,
And drink Carowfes to the next Day's Fate
Which promifes Royal Peri!. Trumpeters
With brazen din blaft you the Cities Ear.
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That Heav'n and Earth may strike their founds together,
Applauding our Approach.

[Exeuns.]

S C E N E V. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

We must return to th' Court of Guard; the Night

Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattel

By

By th' second Hour i'th' Morn.

I Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. Oh bear me witness Night.

2 Watch. What Man is this?

I Watch. Stand close, and lift him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed Moon,

When Men revolted shall upon Record

Bear hateful memory; poor Enobarbus did Before thy Face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus ?

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno. Oh Sovereign Mistress of true Melancholy, The poisonous damp of Night dispunge upon me,

That Life, a very Rebel to my Will,

May hang no longer on me. Throw my Heart

Against the slint and hardness of my Fault,

Which being dried with Grief, will break to Powder,

And finish all foul Thoughts. Oh Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular, But let the World rank me in Register

A Master-leaver, and a Fugitive:

Oh Antony! Oh Antony!

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Casar.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a Prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The Hand of death hath caught him.

[Drums afar off.

Dies.

Hark how the Drums demurely wake the Sleepers: Let us bear him to th'Court of Guard; he is of note.

Our Hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E VI. Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,

We please them not by Land. Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or in the Air, We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot Upon the Hills adjoining to the City Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given, They have put forth the Haven: Further on, Where their appointment we may best discover, And look on their endeavour. Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cas. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land, Which as I take't we shall; for his best force Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales, Exeunt. And hold our best Advantage.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where youd Pine stands, I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's Sails their Nests. The Auguries Say, they know not-they cannot tell-look grimly, And dare not speak their Knowledge. Antony Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts, His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fear Of what he has, and has not.

Exit.

S C E N E VII. Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost! This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me! My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder, They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together Like Friends long loft. Triple-turn'd Whore! 'tis thou

Haft

Hast fold me to this Novice, and my Heart Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all fly: For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm, I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone. Oh Sun, thy uprife shall I see no more: Fortune and Antony part here, even here Do we shake Hands --- All come to this !-- The Hearts That pannelled me at Heals, to whom I gave Their wishes, do dis-candy, melt their sweets On bloffoming Cafar: And this Pine is bank'd, That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am. Oh this false Soul of Ægypt! this grave Charm, Whose Eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home: Whose Bosom was my Crownet, my chief end, Like a right Gipfie, hath at fast and loose Beguil'd me, to the very Heart of loss, What Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love? Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving, And blemish Casar's Triumph. Let him take thee, And hoist thee up to th' shouting Plebeians; Follow his Chariot, like the greatest Spot Of all thy Sex. Most Monster like be shewn For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts; and let Patient Octavia plough thy Visage up With her prepared Nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

Exit Cleopatra.

If it be well to live. But better'twere Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death Might have prevented many. Eros, hoa! The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me, Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage: Let me lodge Licas on the horns o'th' Moon, And with those hands that graspt the heaviest Club, Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die; To the young Roman Boy she hath fold me, and I fall Under his Plot: She dies for't. Eros, hoa! Exit.

Enter

2726 Antony and Cleopatra.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian: Cleo. Help me, my Women! Oh he is more mad Than Telamon for his Shield, the Boar of Thessaly Was never so imbost.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your felf, And fend him word you are dead: The Soul and Body rive not more in parting, Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument;

Mardian, go tell him I have flain my felf,

Say, that the last I spoke was Antony,

And word it, prethee, pitiously. Hence, Mardian,

And bring me how he takes my death to th' Monument.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a Cloud that's Dragonish,

A Vapour sometime, like a Bear, or Lion,

A tower'd Cittadel, a pendant Rock,

A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory

With Trees upon't, that nod unto the World,

And mock our Eyes with Air. Thou hast seen these signs,

They are black Vesper's Pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a Thought
The Rack dislimn's, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, Eros, now thy Captain is

Even such a Body; here I am Antony,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my Knave

I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen,

Whose Heart I thought I had, for she had mine;

Which whilst it was mine, had annext unto't

A Million more, now lost; she, Eros, has

Packt Cards with Casar, and false plaid my Glory

Unto an Enemy's Triumph.

Nay

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us Our felves to end our felves. Oh the vile Lady! Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No, Antony,

My Mistress lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, fawcy Eunuch, peace, she hath betraid me.

And the shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one Person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy Hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
The Name of Antony; it was divided
Between her Heart and Lips; she rendred Life
Thy Name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros, the long Day's task is done, And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe Does pay thy labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off,

Exit Mardian. The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep The battery from my Heart. Oh cleave my fides. Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent, Unarming himself. Crack thy frail Case. Apace, Eros, apace, No more a Soldier-bruised pieces go, You have been nobly born; from me a while. [Exit Eros. I will o'er-take thee, Cleopatra, and Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is Torture; fince the Torch is out, Lye down and stray no farther. Now all labour Marrs what it does, year very force entangles It felf with ftrength; feal then and all is done. Eros! - I come, my Queen - Eros! Stay for me, Where Souls do couch on Flowers, we'll Hand in Hand, And with our sprightly Port make the Ghosts gaze; Dido, and her Eneas shall want Troops, And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord? Ant. Since Cleopatra died, I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods to many the Detest my baseness. I, that with my Sword, Quarter'd the World, and o'er green Neptune's Back With Ships, made Cities, condemn my felf, to lack The Courage of a Woman; less noble minded Than she which, by her death, our Cafar tells, I am Conqueror of my felf. Thou art fworn Eros, and and I That when the exigent should come, which now Is come indeed, when I should fee behind me and world Th' inevitable Profecution of diffrace how worth how blands I And horrour, that on my command, thou then work well Wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come: 3 7 m zhandon A Thou firik'st not me, 'till Cafar thou defeat'st. composed A Acres Love Sed Comerhed Put colour in my Cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me, and the same and the Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts, Though Enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and fee Thy Master thus with pleacht Arms, bending down His corrigible Neck, his Face subdu'd and to have no other O To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd feat Of fortunate Cafar drawn before him, branded His baseness that ensued.

Eros. I would not fee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd. Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worn Course Norson and Most useful for thy Country. Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once, som terms thank Or thy precedent Services are all But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come. and W

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worthip of the whole World lyes. Ant. Lo thee. Jan Sand Turning from him.

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

Anti-

Wood, Vill

Ant. Then let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,

My Captain, and my Emperor. Let me fay Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis faid, Man, and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why there then ___ Eros kills himself.

Thus I do escape the forrow of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than my felf,

Thou teachest me, oh valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and Eros

Have by their brave Instruction got upon me

A nobleness in Record. But I will be

A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't As to a Lover's Bed. Come then, and Eros,

Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus Falling on his Sword.

I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead? The Guard-how! --- oh dispatch me.

Enter Decretas and Guard.

I Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work, ill Friends:

O make an end of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The Star is faln.

I Guard. And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

I Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Not I.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

Exeunt.

Dec. Thy death and fortunes bid thy Followers fly. This Sword but shewn to Cafar with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Dec. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, Man?

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy Sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

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F

Dio.

Dio. Most absolute Lord, My Mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did the fend thee? beeb od al I won woll

Dio. Now, my Lord. and nogue the set and

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophefying Fear

Of what hath come to pals; for when she saw, Which never shall be found, you did suspect She had dispos'd with Casar, and that your rage Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead: We fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,

Ant. Too late, good Diomed; call my Guard I prethee.

Dio. What ho! the Emperor's Guard.

The Guard, what hoa! Come, your Lord calls,

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where Cleopatra bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe! woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear

All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my Fellows, do not please sharp Fate.

To grace it with your Sorrows. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,

I have led you oft, carry me now, good Friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt bearing Antony.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE A magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above. 110

Cleo. O H Charmian, I will never go from hence. Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible Events are welcome,
But Comforts we despife; our fize of sorrow

Propor-

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? Is he dead?

Dio. His Death's upon him, but not dead. Look out o'th' other-side your Monument, His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, born by the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,

Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling fland The varying Shore o'th' World. O Antony! Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help; help, Friends, Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Not Cafar's Valour hath o'er-thrown Antony, But Antony hath triumpht on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only I here importune Death awhile, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy Lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cafar, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if Knise, Drugs, Serpents have,
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am safe:
Your Wise Octavia, with her modest Eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, Antony,
Help me, my Women, we must draw thee up—
Assist, good Friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed; how heavy weighs my Lord!

Our strength is all gone into heavings,

That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's Power,

The strong wing'd Mercury should setch thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yer come a little,

Wishers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come

[They draw Antony up to Cleopatra,

And

And welcome, welcome. Die when thou hast liv'd, Quicken with killing; had my Lips that power, Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Agypt, dying.

Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little. Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high, That the false Huswise, Fortune, break her Wheel, Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen. Of Casar seek your honour, with your safety----Oh!-Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,

None about Cafar truft, but Proculeins. Clea. My Resolution, and my Hands, I'll trust,

None about Cafar.

Ant. The miferable change now at my end, Lament nor forrow at: But please your Thoughts In feeding them with those my former Fortunes, Wherein I liv'd. The greatest Prince o'th' World, The noblest once; and do now not basely die, Nor Cowardly, put off my Helmet to My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,

Antony Dies. I can no more-

Cleo. Noblest of Men-woo't die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a Stye? O fee, my Women! The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt --- My Lord !---Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War, The Soldiers Pole is faln: Young Boys and Girls Are level now with Men; the odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable, Beneath the visiting Moon.

Char. Oh quietness, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam-

Iras. Royal Ægypt! Empres!

Char.

Char. Peace, peace, Iras. Cleo. No more but a meer Woman, and commanded By fuch poor passion, as the Maid that Milks, And does the meanest chares. It were for me To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods, To tell them that this world did equal theirs, 'Till they had stoln our Jewel. All's but nought: Patience is sottish, and Impatience does Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it fin, To rush into the secret House of death, E'er death dare come to us? How do you, Women? What, what good cheer? why how now, Charmian? My noble Girls? Ah, women, women! Look, Our Lamp is spent, it's out-Good Sirs, take Heart, We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's noble, Let's do't after the high Roman fashion, And make Death proud to take us. Come, away, This case of that huge Spirit now is cold. Ah, Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend, But Resolution, and the briefest End. Exeunt, bearing off Antony's Body.

S C E N E VII. Cxfar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.

Cas. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield, Being so frustrate, tell him, He mocks the pawses that he makes.

Dol. Casar, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the Sword of Antony.

Caf. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st Appear thus to us?

Dec. I am called Decretas,

Mark Antony I ferv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my Master, and I wore my Life
To spend upon his Haters, If thou please
To take me to thee; as I was to him,
I'll be to Casar: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my Life.

F 3

Cas. What is't thou sayest? In Smol so now the line who s

Dec. I say, Oh Casar, Antony is dead. The transport of Cas. The breaking of so great a thing, should make

A greater Crack. The round World

Should have shook Lions into civil Streets, A Annual Streets, And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of Antony

Is not a fingle Doom, in the name lay A moiery of the World. and small sem accominging and and I

Dec. He is dead, Gasar, and the state of the same and the Not by a publick Minister of Justice, and and best way! Nor by a hired Knife: but that felf-hand and that most said Which writ his honour in the Acts it did, sleamont will Hath with the Courage which the Heart did lend it, Splitted the Heart. This is his Sword, I robb'd his wound of it: Behold it stain'd With his most noble Blood. We same of and sed alog une a W

Cas. Look you, 12d Friends, words and to willing set The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tiding To wash the Eyes of Kings. The part and see the bob see

Dol. And strange it is, stamming the melasters ad blue W That Nature must compel us to lamenth and may drive bo A

Our most persisted Deeds. Men. His raints and honours weigh'd equal in him.

Dol. A rarer Spirit never

Did steer humanity; but you Gods will give us Some faults to make us Men. Cafar is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him, He needs must fee himself.

Cas. Oh Antony!

I have followed thee to this, but we do launch band woll Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce of box roles world Have thewn to thee fuch a declining Day, when the the Or look on thine; we could not stall together, In the whole World. But yet let me lament With tears as Soveraign as the Blood of Hearts, That thou my Brother, my Competitor, In top of all defign, my Mate in Empire, and the same Friend and Companion in the front of War, The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart of I posted to Where mine his Thoughts did kindle; that our Stars Unreconcileable, should divide our equalness to this.

Hear

Hear me, good Friends, But I will tell you at some meeter Season The business of this Man looks out of him, We'll hear him what he fays. Whence are you? Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet, the Queen my Mistress Confin'd in all the has, her Monument, and or and the Am A Of thy intents, desires, instruction, To th' way she's forc'd to.

Caf. Bid her have good Heart, salum M dalldug and and

She foon shall know of us, by some of ours, How honourable, and how kindly we mand and we do not well and we will be a second and the second Determine for her. For Casar cannot leave to be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the Gods preserve thee. Caf. Come hither Proculeius, go and fay ou and before We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts The quality of her Passion shall require; nov sood and Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke was about the She do defeat us: For her life in Rome of the disw of Would be eternal in our triumph. Go, agreed bath and And with your speediest bring us what she says, and and

And how you find of her.

Pro. Cafar, I shall.

[Exit Proculeics. Cas. Gallus, go you along; where's Dolabella, to second Proculeins? ou aver the about and a virganial said bid

All. Dolabella. on at the state of the state Cas. Let him alone; for I remember now How he's employ'd: He shall in time be ready, a shoon all Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see How hardly I was drawn into this War, How calm and gentle I proceeded ftill host and the steelest In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee What I can shew in this. Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus. Cleo. My desolation does begin to make A better Life; 'tis paltry to be Cafar: o and to make and Not being fortune, he's but fortune's Knave, Unreconcileable, thould chile our equainets to tais,

A Minister of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
The Beggar's Nurse, and Casar's,

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cafar sends greeting to the Queen of Ægypt, And bids thee study on what fair demands

Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a Kingdom: If he please
To give me conquered Ægypt for my Son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

You're faln into a princely Hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord, and would Who is fo full of Grace, that it flows over as one and wold On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find a man and on A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness, but well where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassal, and I send him

The greatness he has got. I hourly learn

A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly

Look him i'th' Face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady, bear of the sale III Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied to the sale III Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surprised: I was of a Guard her 'till Casar come.

Tras. Royal Queen. Char. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queen. M. Hold 100

Cleo.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold; the said purpose to the Do not your felf fuch wrong, who are in this Reliev'd, but not betray'd. of study soven bas again a side

Cleo. What of Death too that rids our Dogs of languish? Pro. Ceopatra, do not abuse my Master's bounty, by Th' undeing of your felf: Let the World fee His Nobeness well acted, which your Death Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death? Come hiher, come: Oh! Come, and take the Queen Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady. Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir: If idle tak will once be necessary, I'll not seep neither. Tis mortal house I'll ruir, Do Casar what he can. Know, Sir, that I Will not wait pinnion'd at your Master's Court, Not once to be chastis'd with the sober Eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoift me up, And shev me to the shouting Varlotry Of censuing Rome? rather a ditch in Egypt. But gente, Grave, unto me : rather on Nilus mud Lay me fark-nak'd, and let the water-Flies Blow me into abhorring: rather make and to the of a on W My Courtry's high Pyramides my Gibbet, bean sold to all And hans me up in Chains. Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall and said stadio Find caue in Casar. Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius, What thos hast done, my Master Casar knows, And he hith fent for thee : as for the Queen, I'll take her to my Guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella, The standard would be Stone of Stone It shall content me best; be gentle to her: To Cafar I will speak what you shall please, If you'll employ me to him. [Exit Proculeius. Cieo. Say, I would die.

Dol. Most Noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Affuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known: You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams, Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam. and ad

Cleo. I Dreamt there was an Emperor Antony; Oh fuch another Sleep, that I might fee But fuch another Man.

Dol. If it might please ye and year alaste Cleo. His Face was as the Heav'ns, and therein fluck A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted The little o'th' Earth Dol. Most Sovereign Creature. Sin pln uny yang I

Cleo. His Legs bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm Crested the World: his Voice was propertied As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends: But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb, He was as ratling Thunder. For his bounty, There was no Winter in't. An Antony it was, That grew the more by reaping: his delights Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above The Element they lived in; In his Livery Walk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realms and Islands and Islands As Plates dropt from his Pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra-Cleo. Think you there was, or might be fuch a Man If you apply your ic

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no. Juan ore now abrewor dridW Cleo. You lie up to the hearing of the gods; I mand A But if there be, or ever were one such, It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants stuff a mount To vy strange forms with Fancy, yet t'imagine of ym 10 An Annony were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy, 1999 sent of Condemning Shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam : Brond VamboA .000 Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it was wolf As answering to the weight: would I might never a sast O'er-take pursu'd Success, but I do feel by San Hoy alan By the rebound of yours, a grief that suits am porty things admitted. W My very Heart at Root.

Cleo. kneels.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir,

Know you what Casar means to do with me?

Dol. I amloth to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Meçænas, Proculeius and Attendants.

All. Make way there ___ Cafar.

Cas. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

Cas. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you rise, rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus, My Master and my Lord I must obey. Cas. Take to you no hard thoughts,

The Record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our Flesh, we shall remember As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,

I cannot project mine own cause so well To make it clear, but do confess I have Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often fham'd our Sex.

Cas. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than inforce: If you apply your felf to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change, but if you feek To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave your self

Of my good purpoles, and put your Children To that destruction which I'll guard them from, If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the World: 'tis yours, and we Your Scutcheons, and your figns of Conquest shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cas. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief: of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am possest of, 'tis exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, Madam. Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,

Upon his peril, that I have referv'd

To my felf nothing. Speak the truth, Selencus. Sel. Madam, I had rather feal my Lips,

Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known. Caf. Nay, bluth not Cleopatra, I approve

Your Wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See Cafar! Oh behold, How pomp is followed: mine will now be yours And should we shift Estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus, do's

Even make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more trust Than love that's hir'd. What, goest thou back, thou shalt Go back I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes Though they had Wings. Slave, Soul-lefs, Villian, Dog, O rarely base!

Cas. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cafar, what a wounding shame is this, That thou vouchfafing here to visit me, Doing the Honour of thy Lordliness To one so meek, that mine own Servant should Parcel the fum of my difgraces, by Addition of his Envy! Say, good Cafar, That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd, Immoment toys, things of fuch Dignity As we greet modern Friends withal, and fay Some Nobler Token I have kept apart For Livia and Octavia, to induce Their mediation, must I be unfolded With one that I have bred? the gods! it smites me Beneath the fall I have. Prethee go hence, Or I shall shew the Cynders of my Spirits Through th'ashes of my chance: Wert thou a Man, Thou would'it have mercy on me.

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought For things that others do; and when we fall, We answer others merits, in our Names

Are therefore to be pitied.

Caf. Cleopatra,

Not what you have referv'd, nor what acknowledg'd Put me i'th' Roll of Conquest, still be't yours;

Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe

Cafar's no Merchant to make prize with you

Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd, Make not your Thoughts your Prisons: No, dear Queen,

For we intend so to dispose you, as

Your felf shall give us counsel: Feed, and Sleep.

Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remain your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cas. Not so: Adieu. [Exeunt Casar, and his Train. Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,

That I should not be noble to my self.

But hark thee, Charmian.

ut hark thee, Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.

Cleo. Hie thee again.

I have spoke already, and it is provided, Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella. Dol. Where's the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto fworn, by your command,

Which my love makes Religion to obey, I tell you this: Cafar through Syria

Intends his Journey, and within three days,

You with your Children will he fend before, and and the state of the s Make your best use of this. I have perform'd

Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your Debtor.

Dol. I your Servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on Cafar. [Exit. Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'ft thou?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet, shalt be shewn In Rome as well as I: Mechanick Slaves

With greafie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers, shall

Uplife

Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths, Rank of gross Diet, shall we be enclouded, And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: sawcy Lictors Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scall'd Rhimers Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present Our Alexandrian Revels: Antony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see Some speaking Cleopatra Boy my greatness I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good gods! Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never fee't; for I am fure my Nails

Are stronger than mine Eyes. Cleo. Why that's the way

To fool their preparation and to conquer Their most absurd intents. Now Charmian.

Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for Cidnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go,
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till Doom's-day: bring our Crown, and all

[A noise withins

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural Fellow, That will not be deny'd your Highness presence, He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an Instrument [Exit Guard man.

May do a noble deed; he brings me Liberty.

My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of Woman in me; now from Head to Foot

I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon

No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown, with a Basket. Guards. This is the Man.

Cieo.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [Exit Guardsman. Hast thou the pretty Worm of Nilus there,

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest Woman, but something given to lie, as a Woman should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very good report o'th' Worm: but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the Worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise People: for indeed there is no goodness in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the Devil himself will not eat a Woman: I know, that a Woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not. But truly, these same whore-son Devils do the gods great harm in their Women: for in every ten that they make, the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes forfooth, I wish you joy o'th' Worm. [Exit.

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Agypt's Grape shall moist his Lip. Yare, yare, good Iras, quick—methinks I hear

Antony

Antony call, I see him rowse himself Antony call, I see him rowse himself
To praise my noble Act. I hear him mock The luck of Casar, which the gods give Men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come; Now to that Name, my Courage prove my Title. I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements I give to baser life. So-have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lips. Farewel kind Charmian, Iras, long farewel. [Applying the Asp. Have I the Aspick in my Lips? Dost fall? If thou and Nature can so gently part, The stroke of Death is as a Lovers Pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still? If thus thou vanishelt, thou tell'st the World It is not worth leave taking.

Char. D. folve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may fay,

The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base-If the approves the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss Which is my Heav'n to have. Come thou mortal wretch, With thy tharp Teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie: Poor venomous Fool, Be angry and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speak, That I might hear thee call great Casar Ass, unpolicied. Char. Oh Eastern Star!

Cleo. Peace, peace! Dost thou not see my Baby at my Breast, That fucks the Nurse asleep.

Char. O break! O break! Cleo. As fweet as Balm, as foft as Air, as gentle.

O Antony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay ----Char. In this wild World? so fare thee well: Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes A Lass unparallel'd. Downy Windows close, And Golden Phabus never be beheld Of Eyes again so Royal: your Crowns away, I'll mend it, and then play-If they had Deaths and Porton,

Enter

Dies.

Enter the Guard rushing in.

I Guard. Where's the Queen? Char. Speak foftly, wake her not. I Guard. Cafar hath fent

Charmain and Iras apply the Asp.

Char. Too flow a Meffenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly seel thee.

I Guard. Approach ho!

All's not well Cafar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella fent from Cafar; call him. I Guard. What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done? Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princess

Descended of so many Royal Kings.

Ah Soldiers! ____ [Charmian and Iras Die.

Dol. How goes it here?

Dol. Cafar, thy Thoughts

Touch their Effects in this; thy self art coming To see perform'd the dreaded A& which thou So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for Casar.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too fure an Augurer;

That you did fear, is done. Cas. Bravest at the last,

She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royal Took her own way; the manner of their Deaths? I do not see them Bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

I Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:

This was his Basket.

Caf. Poison'd then.

I Guard. Oh Cafar!

This Charmian liv'd but now, she stood and spake: I found her trimming up the Diadem, On her dead Mistress, tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropt.

Casar. Oh noble weakness

If they had swallowed Poison, 'twould appear. By external Swelling; but she looks like sleep.

Vo L. VI.

As

2746 Antony and Cleopatra.

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong Toil of Grace.

Dol. Here on her Breast,
There is a vent of Blood, and something blown,
The like is on her Arm.

1 Guard. This is an Aspick's Trail
And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' Aspick leaves upon the Caves of Nyle,

Cass. Most probable.

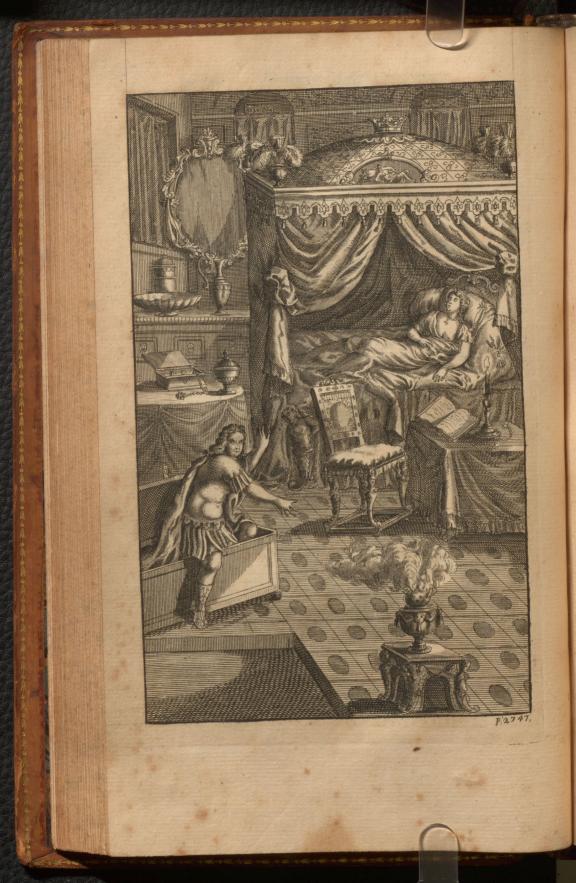
That so she died; for her Physician tells me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Antony.
No Grave upon the Earth shall clip in it
A pair so Famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their Story is
No less in Pity, than his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this Funeral,
And then to Rome: Come, Dolabella, see
High Order in this great Solemnity:

[Exeunt omness.]



inted in the XE





CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

CYmbeline, King of Britain: Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, A Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately Married to her.

Guiderius, \ Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore and Arviragus, \ Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.

Bellarius, A Banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.

Philario, An Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, Friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Romes

Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, A Doctor, Servant to the Queen.

Two Gentlemen.

(全年)

Quéen, Wife to Cymbeline. Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen. Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghoss, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, for some Part of the sirst, second, and third Acts, lyes in Rome; for the rest of the Play in Britain.

Of the King's Holes, hath a Heart, that it not

blad at the thine they food at

CIM-

<u>രാഗതരായത്തെ ഉത്തെയായത്തെയായത്തെയായത്ത</u> ence le concentration de la concentration de concentration de la c

CYMBELI

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

A French siemleman, errond to Philaric. Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.

OU do not meet a Man but frowns. Our Bloods

No more obey the Heav'nsthan our Courtiers; But feem, as do's the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His Daughter, and the Heir of's Kingdom (whom

He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow That late he married) hath referr'd her felf Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded. Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all Is outward forrow, though I think the King Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 Gent. None but the King?

I Gent. He that hath lost her too : so is the Queen, That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they wear their Faces to the bent Of the King's looks, hath a Heart, that is not Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath mis'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: And he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her, alack good Man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So sair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a Man, but him.

2 Gent. You speak him fair.

r Gent. I do extend him, Sir, within himself, Crush him together, rather than unfold His Measure fully.

2 Gent. What's his Name and Birth? I Gent. I cannot delve him to the Root: his Father Was call'd Sicillius, who did join his Honour Against the Romans, with Cassibelan, But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success: So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus. And had, besides this Gentleman in question, Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father. Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd, As he was born. The King, he takes the Babe To his Protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus; Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of, which he took As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministred, And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court, Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd, A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature, A Glass that featur'd them; and to the Graver, A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress, For whom he now is banish'd, her own Price Proclaims how the efteem'd him; and his Virtue By her Election may be truly read, 2 Gento What kind of Man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him, e en out of your report. But pray you tell me, is she sole Child to th'King?

I Gent. His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing, Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old, I'th' swathing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery Were stoll'n, and to this Hour, no guess in knowledge Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

I Gent. Some twenty Years.

2 Gent. That a King's Children should be so convey'd!
So slackly Guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them———

or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet is it true, Sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

I Gent. We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman, The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, Daughter,

After the Slander of most Step-Mothers,

Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys

That lock up your Restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win th'offended King,

I will be known your Advocate: marry yet

The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good

You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience

Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,

I will from hence to Day.

Queen. You know the peril:

I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King

Imo. O dissembling Courtesse! How fine this Tyrant Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,

I fomething fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing, Always referv'd my holy Duty, what

of G 4 months and want block His

His Rage can do on me. You must be gone, at and nog a And I shall here abide the hourly shot book and O and O angry Eyes: Not comforted to live, and we had not but that there is this Jewel in the World,

That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistres! model and O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause and the To be suspected of more Tenderness
Than dothbecome a Man. I will remain the The loyall'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth. My Residence in Rome, at one Philario's who to my Father was a Friend, to me Known but by Letter; thither write, my Queen, And with mine Eyes, I'll drink the Words you send, and Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen. ingen a bluoch und f.

Oncen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur, I know not be I am How much of his Displeasure—yet I'll move him Aside,
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends, and the Pays dear for my Offences.

As long a term as yet we have to live,

The lothness to depart, would grow; Adieu. Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to Air your felf, and Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love, This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart, But keep it 'till you woo another Wife, When Imogen is dead.

You gentle Gods, give me but this I have, and band any And sear up my Embracements from a next, we have With Bonds of Death. Remain, remain thou here, and A

While Sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest, As I, my poor self, did exchange for you To your so infinite loss: So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it

Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.

Upon this fairest Prisoner Imo. O the Gods both why of shield and the A both When shall we see again to be position of the way it was to

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight: If after this command thou fraught the Court With thy Unworthiness, thou dyest. Away! Thou'rt Poison to my Blood.

Post. The Gods protect you, and bound

And bless the good Remainders of the Court: I am gone,

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is. Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st

A Year's age on me.

Imo. I befeech you, Sir, walled I smos and ada II

Harm not your felf with your Vexation, Id to the world I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past Hope, and in Despair, that way past Grace. Cym. That might'ff have had the fole Son of my Queen. Imo. Q bleffed that I might not: I chose an Eagle, And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my Throne

A Seat for Balenels.

Imo. No, I rather added a Lustre to it. because I am!

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir.

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus: You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me Almost the Sum he pays.

Cym. What? are thou Mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; Heav'n restore me: would I were A Neat-herds Daughter, and my Leonatus Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son. 2200 stinder of thoy of

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing; I good to stand a si all They were again together, you have done

Not after our Command. Away with her, wo comos its

And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some Comfort

Out of your best Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish.

A drop of Blood aday, and being aged

Die of this Folly.

[Exis.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What News?
Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pif. There might have been,
But that my Master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted

By Gentlemen, at hand.

Oucen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part of the son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part of the son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part of the son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part of the son's my fether's both together, my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I might prick that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle, that I me son's my felf by with a Needle by my felf by my felf by with a Needle by my felf by my

Pif. On his command; he would not suffer me and and To bring him to the Haven: Left these Notes

Of what Commands I should be subject to, and sold with When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been Your faithful Servant: Idare lay mine Honour He will remain fo.

Pif. I humbly thank your Highness. Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half Hour hence, pray you speak with

You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard. For this time leave me.

[Exeunt.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

I Lord. Sir, I would advise you to thift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: Where

Air comes out, Air comes in: There's none abroad fo wholfome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it-

Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No faith: Not fo much as his Patience. 20 aves 1

1 Lord. Hurt him? His Body's a passable Carkats if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Sceel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-fide the

Town.

Clot. The Villain would not frand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, toward your Face.

1 Lord. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many Inches, as you have Oceans, Puppies! Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the Ground. The same was a said and

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me! 2 Lord. If it be a Sin to make a true Election, the is damn'd.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have feen small reflection of her Wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber: would there had been fome hurt done.

2 Lord. I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

I Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio. Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the Shores o'th' Haven, And questioned'st ev'ry Sail: If he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost

As offer'd Mercy is: what was the last That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen. Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief? Pif. And kis'd it, Madam. SUBME

Imo. Senseles Linnen, happier therein than I:

And that was all?

Pif. No, Madam; for fo long

As he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear, Distinguish him from others, he did keep The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief, Still waving, as the fits and stirrs of's mind Could best express how flow his Soul fail'd on, How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him wor and won nada As little as a Crow, or less, e'er lest

To after-eye him.

French. I have feen him in * Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine Eye-strings; Crack'd them, but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle; Nav, followed him, 'till he had melted from The smallness of a Gnat, to air; and then Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio, desnome When shall we hear from him?

Pif. Be affur'd, Madam, granden grante alles ne olls With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say; E'er I could tell him How I would think on him at certain Hours, and avail I Such thoughts, and fuch; or I could make him swear, The She's of Italy should not betray Mine Interest, and his Honour; or have charg'd him ov the nome At the fixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight, against the T'encounter me with Oraisons, for then mention aids of I am in Heav'n for him; or e'er I could, and to be be be give him that parting Kiss, which I had fet Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father, And like the tyrannous breathing of the North, and And Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady. To soy and done Lady. The Queen, Madam, Defires your Highness Company.

The Cathings I hid you do not diverged and bluody now Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched, no I will attend the Queen. Criving a marrier with Pis. Madam, I shall. Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French Man,

Tach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a Crescent, none expected to prove so worthy, as fince he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his fide, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

RUBDA

French. I have feen him in France; we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which elle an easie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to fojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom

I have been often bound for no less than my Life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Britain. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I befeech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleance.

Post. Since when I have been debter to you for courte-

fies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Poft. By your Pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller; rather, shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every Action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended Judgment, if I offend not to fay it is mended, my Quarrel was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords; and by fuch two, that would by all likelyhood have con-

founded one the other, or have faln both.

Tacb. Can we with manners, ask what was the Diffe-

rence?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a Contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in Praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wife, Chaft, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptible than any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's

Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of

Italy. Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France; I would abate her nothing, thou I profess my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in Britany : if the went before others, I have feen; as that Diamond of yours out lusters many I have beheld; I could not believe the excelled many; but I have not feen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at? Post. More than the World enjoys.

lach. Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's

out-priz'd by a Trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be fold or given, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchale, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods. as sould be should not not you will like I

Tach.

Tach. Which the Gods have given you? Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, frange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your ring may be stoln too; so your Brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times fo much Conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to Friend.

Post. No, no.

lach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perswafion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of,

by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse; though your Attempt, as you call it,

deserves more; a Punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbours,

on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stards fo fase. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that honour of hers, which you imagine fo referv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it : My

Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and therein the wifer; if you buy Ladies slesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue; you bear

a graver Purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and would un-

dergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond 'till your return; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress; my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in fuch Honour as you have trust in; she your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer; if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our Debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill Opinion, and th'affault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have these things fet down by lawful Counfel, and straight away for Britain, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch

my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you? Phil. Signior Iachime will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt. CENE

S CENE III. Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Oueen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather those Flowers.

Make haste. Who has the Note of them?

Ladies. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. Exennt Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those Drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, Ay; here they are, Madam; But I beseech your Grace, without Offence My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing Death;

But though flow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been Thy Pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so, That our great King himself doth woe me oft For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded, Unless thou think'st me devilish, is it not meet That I did amplifie my Judgment in Other Conclusions? I will try the Forces Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as We count not worth the hanging, but none human, To try the Vigor of them, and apply Allayments to their A&, and by them gather Their several Virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highness Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart; Besides, the seeing these Effects will be Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio. Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him Will I first work; he's for his Master, And Enemy to my Son. How now, Pifanio? Doctor, your Service for this time is ended, Take your own way. VOL. VI.

Alide.

Cor. I do fuspect you, Madam. Della or saora I Afide. But you shall do no harm. I san daw thouse. Queen. Hark thee a word. John sone a sa [To Pifanio. Cor. I do not like her. She doth think the has world Strange ling'ring Poisons; I do know her Spirit, left of W And will not trust one of her Malice, with qual was of A drug of fuch damn'd Nature. Those she has, und A Will stupifie and dull the Sense a while, no sand sal san I Which first perchance she'll prove on Cats and Dogs, sol o T Then afterward up higher; but there is now you so and T No Danger in what shew of Death it makes, I sed or sold More than the locking up the Spirits a time, A sale both To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd had board and With a most false effect; and I the truer, and it down W So to be falle with her. The special so to be falle with her. Oneen. No further Service, Doctor, base and agast I Until I fend for thee. Cor. I humbly take my leave. Queen. Weeps she still, sayest thou? Dost thou think in The Violets, Cowilips, She will not quench, and let Infructions enter of 1808 Where folly now peffeffes? do thou work; you no said I When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son, and I'll tell thee on the instant, thou are then on or nodw sull As great as is thy Mafter; greater; for the you seed if I His Fortunes all lye speechless, and his Name Is at last Gasp. Return he cannot, nor solded A Continue where he is; to shift his being, while Alloot A Is to exchange one Mifery with another, and and died of And every Day that comes, comes to decay) menqui vM A Day's Work in him. What shall thou expect nonexel To be depender on a thing that leans ? door I own you A Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends and and al So much, as but to prop him ? thousakestup of asom well

Pisanio looking on the Wiol. Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy Labour, It is a thing I make, which hath the King mahaM A. T. Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know What is more Cordial. Nay I prethee take it, and wast It is an earnest of a farther good amount visitow and tadT erects your Highnels o

That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how The Case stands with her; do't, as from thy self: Think what a chance thou chancest on, but think Thou hast thy Mistress still; to boot, my Son, Who shall take Notice of thee. I'll move the King To any shape of thy Preferment, such As thou'lt defire; and then my felf, I chiefly That fet thee on to this Defert, am bound To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women, Exit Pisanio. Think on my words --- A flye, and constant Knave, Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master, And the Remembrancer of her, to hold The Hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that, Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of Leidgers for her Sweet; and which she after, Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd To talte of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done; well done;
The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prim-Roses.

Bear to my Closet; fare thee well, Pisanio,
Think on my words.

[Exit Queen and Ladies.

Pisa. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue, I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you.

Enter Imogen alone.

Exit.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falle,
A foolish Suiter to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd--- O, that Husband!
My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it ---- had I been Thief-stoln,
As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the Desire that's Glorious. Blessed be those
How mean so e'er, that have their honest Wills,
Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fiel

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pif. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in fafety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

H 2

Imo.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir, You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

She is alone th' Arabian Bird; and I

Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend;

Arm me Audacity from Head to Foot.

Or like the Parthian I shall flying Fight,

Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads. 2001 bed 21

He is one of the Noblest Note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tyed. Restect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my Heart of south bit and Is warmed by th' rest, and take it thankfully—proved south You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I was saven I dead Have words to bid you, and shall find it so were a great In all that I can do.

What, are Men mad? hath Nature given them Eyes in ad To fee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop bood more Of Sea and Land, which can diffinguish 'twixton ym neo The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones world yn Upon the number'd Beach? and can we not sand sadw Partition make with Speciacles so precious have ad sum that 'Twixt fair, and foul?

Imo. What makes your Admiration?

Tach. It cannot be i'th' Eye; for Apes, and Monkeys, 'Twixt two fuch She's, would chatter this way, and said Contemn with mowesthe other. Nor i'th' judgment, and board For Ideots in this Case of Favour, would Be wisely definit. Nor in the Appetite, Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed, Should make Desire vomit emptiness, Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow? I range of dandw may re lach. The cloyed Will, abnow of based me I flind That fatiate yet unfatisfy'd Desire, that Tub out ying of Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb, Longs after for the Garbage

Imo.

Imo. What, dear Sir,

Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well; beseech you, Sir,

Defire my Man's abode, where I did leave him; He's strange and peevish. of books allow both To Pisanio.

Pif. I was going, Sir, as battle made in andie

To give him welcome, and also block was the state of the

Imo. Continues well my Lord ? nort with the arm in a

His Health, befeech you ? The Take the San Sales Co

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to Mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there, So merry, and so gamesome; he is call'd

The Britain Reveller.

Imo. When he was here

so but I read, aloud. He did incline to sadness, and oft times of year and never and

Not knowing why lasts a also bus ther do ve bomiswall

Iach. I never faw him fad. vdmow pemoslow 24 918 40%

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one of aprove avail

An eminent Monfieur, that it feems much loves (and the a)

A Gallian-Girl at home. He Furnaces

The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly Britain,

Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh! Can my fides hold, to think, that Man who knows

By History, Report, or his own proofvods 2010 vand ad I

What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse and sould

But must be, will's free Hours languish, in the manner of

For affur'd Bondage ?

Imo. Will my Lord fay fo?

lach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in flood with laughter,

It is a Recreation to be by a bloom ward? dans own the

And hear him mock the Frenchman:

But Heav'ns know some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope. A

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'ns Bounty towards him,

might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much; In you, which I account his beyond all Talents, Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound To pity too. on I sent smile to resistant roy

edmed-ods flin gains H/3: garanti her

safter for the Carbage

Imo. What do you pity, Sir? House on moil sent Iach: Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir? You look on me; what wrack differn you in me

Deferves your Pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what what of boots but met of To hide me from the radiant Sun, and folace sem bloom. I'th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir, Deliver with more openness your Answers To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

I was about to fay, enjoy your but but It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do feem to know b gnavar ad I bluodi woll Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more, Than to be fure they do; For certainties Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing, The Remedy then born; Discover to me What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek To bath my Lips upon ; this Hand, whose touch, bob I Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul 100M To th' Oath of Loyalty; this object, which have but Takes Prisoner, the wild Motion of mine Eye, halo line Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then, Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs That mount the Capitol? join Gripes, with Hands Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour ? Of Then glad my felf by peeping in an Eye Base and uniustrious as the smoaky Light 10 10 100 That's f d with stinking Tallow ? it were fit would That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time more

Encounter such Revolt. Imo. My Lord, I fear, all and and wan goil and I Has forgot Britain.

Inch. A d himself; not I and od him that A was 10 Inclin'd to this Intelligence, pronounce The Beggary of his Change; but tis your Graces

That

That from my mutest Conscience, to my Tongue, Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest Soul! your Cause doth strike my Heart With Pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady So fair, and fastned to an Empery, Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd With Tomboys hir'd, with that self Exhibition Which your own Cossers yield! with diseas dventures That play with all infirmities for Gold, Which rottenness can lend Nature! Such boy!'d stuff As well might poison Poison! Be revenged, Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd if this be true,
As I have such a Heart, that both mine Ears
Must not in haste abuse, if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me
Live like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold Sheets;
Whiles he is Vaulting variable Ramps
In your Despight, upon your Pu se; revenge it.
I dedicate my self to your sweet Pleasure,
More Noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue sast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Solicit'st here a Lady, that distains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault; if he shall think it sit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to Expound

His beaftly Mind to us; he hath a Court and me I had He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom a sand aven of He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio! -----Imo. Willingly: Iach. O happy Leonatus, I may fay, The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee and amount had Deferves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness bio I M Her affur'd Credit; bleffed live you long, meda-bell vm al A Lady to the worthieft Sir, that ever a world adams Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, only d beboom For the most worthiest Fit. Give me your pardon, and o'T I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance, brands flum I Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord, That which he is, new o'er; and he is one The truest manner'd; such a holy Witch, and dagnal va That he inchants Societies into him and no send and flore I Half all Mens Hearts are his. Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits amongst Men, like a descended God's son sull He hath a kind of Honour fets him off, and I O More than a mortal feeming. Be not angry, and another and Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd ov 13013 o'T To try your taking of a falle Report, which hath aved I Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment, in o'T In the Election of a Sir, fo rare, Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him, or boas? Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you, the ball Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon. Imo. All's well, Sir; take my Power i'th' Court for

yours. Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request, And yet of Moment too, for it concerns Your Lord; my felf, and other Noble Friends Are Partners in the Business.

Imo. Pay what is't ? had made ever enact ? A T T Tail Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord. The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums as bad To buy a Prefent for the Emperor: qu om oder thum south Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done mid to adisO In France; 'tis Place of rare Device, and Jewels and I Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great ; moy daw

And

And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safe stowage: May it please you To take them in Protection.

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine Honour for their Safety, fince My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them In my Bed-chamber of nov avel period ? "

Iach. They are in a Trunk Attended by my Men: I will make bold To fend them to you, only for this Night; I must aboard to Morrow. oy ir wood or frida

Imo. O no, no now when the both better yet

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: Or I shall short my word By length'ning my return. From Gallia, I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your Pains; The There is the

But not away to Morrow, and all anoms and anomalian

Iach. O, I must Madam. and appoint to breakly Therefore I shall befeech you, if you pleafe To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night, I have out-stood my time, which is material To th' tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write: Send your Trunk to me, it shall be fafe kept, And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.

A.C. T. II. S.C.E.N.E. I.

SCENE The Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. TJAS there ever Man had fuch luck! when I kis'd Vo the Jack upon an Up-cast, to be hit away! I had an Hundred pound on't; and then a whorson Jack-an-Apes must take me up for Swearing, as if I borrow'd mine Oaths of him, and might not spend them at my Pleasure.

I Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his Pate with your Bowl, and V and the broke his Pate

baa

2 Lord. If his Wit had been like him that broke it; it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear; it is not

for any standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord; nor crop the Ears of them. Clot. Whorson Dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my Rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a Fool.

Clos. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth, --- a Pox on't. I had rather not be fo Noble as I am; they dare not Fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother; every Tack-flave hath his Belly full of Fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow

Cock, with your Comb on.

Clot. Say'ft thou? 2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: But it is fit I should commit

Offence to my Inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why fo I fay.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't? and who blot

2 Lord. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not.

I Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus's Friends.

Clot. Leonatus! A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, wherefoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's Pages. and an bigut

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no delack. The Crickets him and Man so creasing notingor

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord. 10 31 21 11999 A

Clot. Not eafily, I think. and and and and of hid

2 Lord. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate. mose word work

Clot. Come, I'll go fee this Italian: What I have lost to

day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Come; go. 2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit Clot.

That such a crastry Devil as is his Mother,

Should

Should yield the World this Ass: A Woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take Two from Twenty for his Heart,
And leave Eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
Thou divine Imagen, what thou endurst,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer,
More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce—he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
The Walls of thy dear Honour; Keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A magnificent Bedchamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? My Woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, Madam-

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madem.

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak, Fold down the Leaf where I have left; to Bed—Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o'th' Clock, I prithee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [Exit Lady. To your protection I commend me, Gods, From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Night, Guard me, beseech ye. [Sleeps.

[Iachimo rifes from the Trunk.

Iach. The Crickets fing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense,
Repairs it self by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the Rushes, e'er he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lilly.
And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,
But kis, one kiss——Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't——'Tis her Breathing that
Persumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper

Bows

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To fee th' inclosed Lights, now Canopy'd
Under the Windows, White and Azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'ns own tinct—but my Design's
To Note the Chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such Pictures—there the Window,—such
Th' Adornment of her Bed—the Arras, Figures—
Why such, and such—and the Contents o'th' Story—
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off,

Taking off her Bracelet.

As flippery as the Gordian-knot was hard. I sidenimbs day 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly, As strongly as the Conscience do's within, To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast A Mole Cinque-spotted --- Like the Crimson Drops I' th' bottom of a Cowship. Here's a Voucher, Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en The Treasure of her Honour. No more --- to what end? Why should I write this down, that's rivetted, Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late, 2 The Tale of Tereus, here the Leaf's turn'd down and shall Where Philomele gave up --- I have enough, sand daidw To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it. of dountil. Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear, Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [Clock strikes. One, two, three: Time, time. when are syling of que 25 w He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes

S C E N E III. The Palace.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

I Lord.

r Lord. But not every Man patient, after the noble Temper of your Lordship; You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have Gold enough: It's almost Morning, is't not?

I Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advised to give her Musick a Mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your Fingering, so; we'll try with Tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: But I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her confider.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,

And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His Steeds to Water at those Springs On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone---if this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better: If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horse-hairs, and Cat's-Guts, nor the Voice of unpav'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline, was allest allest

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot chuse but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new.

She hath not yet forgot him, fome more time

Must

Must wear the print of his Remembrance out; And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no Vantages, that may Prefer you to his Daughter: frame your felf To orderly Solicits, and be friended With aptness of the Season; make Denials Encrease your Services; so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those Duties which You tender to her: That you in all obey her, Save when Command to your Dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no Fault of his: We must receive him or soulds al According to the Honour of his Sender, And towards himself, his Goodness fore-spent on us We must extend our Notice: Our dear Son, When you have given good Morning to your Miffres, we way if Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need brigger I said T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queer.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her, if not, Let her lye still, and dream: By your leave ho! blomu ikin I I know her Women are about her what was flad 1000 of If I do line one of their Hands-tis Gold of and blood? Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, year, and makes Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up Their Deer to th' stand o'th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold of Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faves the Thief Nay, fometimes hangs both Thief, and True-man: What Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her Women Lawyer to me, for I yet not understand the Case my self. my and as are my no He tot won med but theday of Knorks By your leave. hat which know my Heart do here pronou

wov to ton and I in to divin y by Ester

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady. That's more below the dans to be the land of

Than some whose Tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of: What's your Lordship's Pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is she ready? Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen. B Boy Sall of

Clot. Good Morrow Fairest, Sister your sweet Hand. Imo. Good Morrow, Sir, you lay out too much Pains For purchasing but trouble: the Thanks I give, and and A. Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks, a lost on a said and And scarce can spare them, so and to monold ada or guibross A

Clot. Still I swear I love you. O and Abland abrewed bank

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me: If you (wear still, your Recompence is still your now now well) That I regard it not, and that a way one anaest and brief A Clot. This is no answer. The state of the control o

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent, I would not speak. I pray you spare me, Faith I shall unfold equal Discourtesse anothe has dist and sold sold To your best Kindness: One of your great knowing word I Should learn, being taught, Forbearance. To produce the Clot. To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin,

I will not.

Diana's Rangers falle themselves, and yield up Imo. Fools are not mad Folks. Clot. Do you call me Fool? It add to the sales of the sal

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad, That cures us both. I am much forry, Sir, By being fo verbal: And learn now, for all, That I which know my Heart, do here pronounce By the very truth of it, I care not for you,

And

And am so near the lack of Charity To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, than make't my boaft.

Clot. You fin against Obedience, which you owe your Father; for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes, With scraps o'th' Court, it is no Contract, none; And though it be allow'd in meaner Parties, Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls On whom there is no more dependancy But Brats and Beggary, in felf-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that Enlargement, by The consequence o'th' Crown, and must not foil The precious Note of it; with a base Slave, A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth, A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow: Wert thou the Son of Jupiter, and no more, But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base, To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your Virtues, to be still d The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated

For being preferr'd fo well.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment of whend That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer and site hum I In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee, Were they all made fuch Men. How now, Pifanio? VSQ1500 Enter Pifanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To Dorothy, my Woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Fool, Frighted, and angred worfe-Go bid my Woman Search for a Jewel, that too casually Hath left mine Arm--it was thy Master's. Shrew me If I would lose it for a Revenue Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,

I faw't this morning; confident I am, Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kis'd it, I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord That I kiss ought but him.

Pif. 'Twill not be loft,

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me --- His meanest Garment?

Imo. Ay, I faid fo, Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call Witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To th' worst of Discontent. Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest Garment ? -

Exit.

S C E N E IV. Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure To win the King, as I am bold, her honour Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him? Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time, Quake in the present Winters state, and wish That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd hopes I barely gratifie your love; they failing I must die much your Debtor

Phi. Your very Goodness, and your Company, O'erpays all I can do. By this your King Hath heard of great Augustus; Cains Lucius, Will do's Commission throughly. And I think He'll grant the Tribute; fend th' Arrearages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their Grief. To down handared and

Post. I do believe, Statist though I am none, nor like to be, That this will prove a War; and you shall hear The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed VOL. VI. Mange to Euros Is do chick.

In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen To Hall Are Men more order'd than when Julius Casar Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline, Now mingled with their Courages, will make known To their Approvers, they are People, fuch lorechel warryour Rings That mend upon the World. Enter Iachimo. 18 100 10 1911

Phil. See Iachimo.

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land; And Winds of all the Corners kis'd your Sails, now assis To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer, made The speediness of your return. and shad listle on of

Iach. Your Lady,

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon. Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty Look thorough a Casement to allure false Hearts, no liw

And be falle with them. All of the visit and aving Man's

Iach. Here are Letters for you. Post. Their Tenure good, I trust. Idob, Firft, shear Bed-chamber

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Cains Lucius in the Britain Court, of Significant

When you were there ? Iach. He was expected then, and alle to wastage I down But not approach'd. But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet, and seed swood bellows was D. bal

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not

Too dull for your good wearing? la Workmanth as and waites at

Iach. If I have loft it, I should have lost the worth of it in Gold; and blue? I'll make a Journey twice as far, t' enjoy I want out some A second Night of such sweet shortness, which Was mine in Britain, for the Ring is won.

Poft. The Stone's too hard to come by. Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easie. and between your and the flutt Post. Make not, Sir,

Your loss, your Sport; I hope you know that we

Must

Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must, was proble substantil or A If you keep Covenant; had I not brought and the land The Knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant We were to Question farther; but I now have work Profess my self the winner of her Honour, Together with your Ring; and not the wronger Of her, or you, having proceeded but By both your Wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed; my Hand, And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loses, Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances Being so near the Truth, as I will make them, Must first induce you to believe; whose Strength I will confirm with Oath, which I doube not You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber Where I confess I slept not, but profess Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd With Tapestry of Silk, and Silver, the Story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, And Cidnus swell'd above the Banks, or for The Press of Boars, or Pride: A piece of Work So bravely done, fo rich, that it did strive In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd Could be fo rarely, and exactly wrought,

And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by fome other.

Iach. More particulars Must justifie my Knowledge. Post. So they must, Or do your Honour Injury.

O sbove Mealure

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chast Dian, bathing; the Cutter and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chast Dian, bathing; never saw I Figures and the Chimney-piece Chimney-p

Post. This is a thing and I've amen and agon I of and Which you might from Relation likewise reads of tables A

Being, as it is, much spoke of of said man mabiye areM

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons, I had forgot them, were two winking Cupids Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honour; Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise of the Be given to your Remembrance, the Description of the Post of the Wager you have laid.

Be Pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See! ---- and I And now 'tis up again; it must be Married wing and 10 To that your Diamond. I'll keep them. In 1945 M. And

Once more let me behold it: Is it that I would deal Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that

She strip'd it from her Arm, I see her yer, hom and to
Her pretty Action did out-sell her Gift, a bas at she I
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off to be born of head To fend it me.

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too, which is a Basilisk unto mine Eye, Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour, Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women, Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made, boy Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing;

0,

O, above Measure false! -Phi. Have Patience, Sir, And take your Ring again; 'tis not yet won; It may be probable the loft it; or Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted, Hath ftola it from here no doub stated tentions as

Post. Very true, And so I hope he came by't; back my Ring, Render to me fome corporal fign about her More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arm. Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 'Tis true --- nay keep the Ring --- 'tis true; Lam fure She could not lose it; her Attendants are All fworn, and honourable; they induc'd to fteal it! And by a Stranger! --- no, he hath enjoy'd her, The Cognizance of her Incontinency by Is this; the hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly, There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell Divide themselves between you. biel aved nov 1986 W ad I

Phis Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd, and god in surged Phi. Sir, be patient; Of one perswaded well of home diege qu' ar won bank.

Post. Never talk on't ; good lit bromsie moy jedt o'T.

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you feek the meat and bloded and tel erom and For further satisfying; under her Breast, water and the Worthy the pressing, lyes a Mole, right proud Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life I kist it, and it gave me present hunger and A vising To feed again, though full. You do remember This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm to and and valve Another stain, as big as Hell can hold, Were there no more but it. nov or of earnw and?

Iach. Will you hear more? Post. Spare your Arithmetick, mim ong skillball a Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million, or and Million,

lache I'll be fworn Transfer I Favilie Bereitster Post. No swearing : V adT . and redbons garante and If you will swear you have not done't, you lie, on the

bad when they are to their I neues, which is nothing !

And I will kill thee if thou doft deny was to all wall Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. Othat I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal; I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before Her Father — I'll do something — Ex

Phil. Quite besides

The Government of Patience. You have won; Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart.

Exeur.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Mentobe, but Women Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards, And that most venerable Man, which I Did call my Father, was, I know not where, When I was stampt. Some Coyner with his Tools Made me a Counterseit; yet my Mother seem'd avid The Dian of that time; fo doth my Wife and I all The Non-pareil of this -- Oh Vengeance, Vengeance! both Me of my lawful pleature the restrain'd, and m anomal And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with a mad I A pudency to Rofie, the fweet view on't sould and bank Might well have warm'd old Saturn That I thought her As Chaste, as unfun'd Snow. Ob, all the Devils ! This yellow Iachimo in an Hour - was't not? ad Mad? Or less; at first? Perchance spoke not, but Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a German one Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no opposition of yell But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she was 102 Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out The Woman's part in me, for there's no Motion don't That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm was available It is the Woman's part; be it lying, note it, and and and The Woman's; Plattering, hers; deceiving, hers; Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges, hers; Ambitions, Coverings, change of Prides, Difdain, diver Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability: 100 Jan London All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows, Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all. For even to Vice

They

They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them — yet its greater Skil
In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENEI.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords as one Door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. NOW fay, what would Augustus Casar with us?

Luc. When Julius Casar, whose remembrance yet

Lives in Mens Eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues

Be Theam, and hearing ever, was in this Britain,

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan thine Uncle,

Famous in Casar's Praises, no whit less

Than in his Feats deserving it for him

And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,

Yearly three thousand Pounds; which by thee lately

Is lest untender'd.

Queen. And to kill the marvail, Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cafars, E'er fuch another Julius: Britain's a World By it felf, and we will nothing pay For wearing our own Noses.

Oneen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to refume
We have again; remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The natural Bravery of your Isle, which stands
As Neptune's Park ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oaks unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sand that will not bear your Enemies Boats,
But suck them up to'th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Casar made here, but made not here his bra3

I 4

Of, came, and saw, and overcame; with shame,
The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten; and his Shipping,
Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
Like Egg-shells, mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,
Oh giglet Fortune! to master Casar's Sword,
Made Lud's-Town with rejoicing Fires bright,
And Britains strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I faid, there is no more such Casars, other of them may have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end. d villa Mark and

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as Cassibelan, I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Casar can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Till the injurious Romans did extort was ausma A ads IIA This Tribute from us, we were free. Cafar's Ambition, Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch The fides o'th' World, against all Colour here, and sadW Did put the Yoak upon's; which to shake off and all it Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon to our aller al Our selves to be; we do, Say then to Casar, onolog 2A Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which are not you no Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of Cafar a said Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise, 10M Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed, blow A Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our Laws, Who was the first of Britain, which did put mind yall His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd and nog U Himself a King. Have made to thy Command!--Ih

Luc. I am forry, Cymbeline, boos ob or of so it I That I am to pronounce Augustus Casar, sound and it Casar that hath more Kings his Servants, than on I and I Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.

Receive

Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion In Casar's Name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look For Fury, not to be refisted. Thus defy'd, I thank thee for my felf me and sealdural manage 1009

Cym. Thou art welcome, Cains, boom allading and axil Thy Cafar Knighted me; my Youth I spent may will as A Much under him: Of him, I gather'd Honour, hims and I Which he, to feek of me again, perforce, Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect, That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for many many back Their Liberties are now in Arms: A Precedent Which not to read, would shew the Britains cold: So Cafar shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime with us a Day, or two, or longer: If you feek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-water Girdle: If you beat us out of it, it is yours: If you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the better for you: And there's an end. Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Li

Luc. So, Sir.

more I ribute, pray vou Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine : All the Remain, is welcome. Exeum.

Mayudon & Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter. Hart Pif. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not w What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus! We do o what and T Oh Master, what a strange Infection and seed and bill Is fall'n into thy Ear? What false Italian, 1884 2000005 As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd sayler au On thy too ready hearing? Difloyal? No, offson A mo She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes up houshid More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults of dis H As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master, Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were Thy Fortunes. How? That I should Murther her, on Will Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I Have made to thy Command !-- I her !-- Her Blood! If it be fo, to do good Service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack Humanity, So much as this Fact comes to? De't -- the Letter Reading. R eccive That That I have fent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity. Oh damn'd Paper!
Black as the Ink that's on thee: Senfeless Bauble!
Art thou a Fædarie for this act; thou look'st
So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that ismy Lord Leonatus?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer

That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,

He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,

Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,

Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;

Some Griess are medicinable, that is one of them,

For it doth physick Love, of his Content,

All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be

You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel. Lovers,

And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.

You clasp young Cupid's Tables: good News, Gods.

Though Forfeitures you cast in Prison, yet

Reading.

Toftice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the dearest of Creatures, would even renew me with your Eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: What your own, Love, will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all Happiness, that remains Loyal to his Vow, and your increasing in Love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with Wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs May plod it in a Week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? then, true Pisanio, Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord, who long'st, Oh let me bate, but not like me, yet long'st But in a fainter kind---Oh not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond---say, and speak thick Love's Counsellor should fill the Bores of Hearing

To th' smothering of the Sense, how far it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so Happy, as
T' inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
How may we steal from hence: And for the Gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse---but first, how get hence.
Why should Excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
How many Score of Miles may we well ride
'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pif. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun, Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man, Could never go fo flow: I have heard of riding Wagers, Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands That run i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery, Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickness, say She'll home to her Father, and provide me presently A riding Suit: No costlier than would sit A Franklin's Houswife.

Pif. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, Man, nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them,

That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee,

Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;

Accessible is none but Milford way.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II. A Forest with a Cave.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep House with such, Whose Roos's as low as ours: See, Boys! this Gate Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'ns; and bows you To a Morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through And keep their impious Turbands on, without Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n, We house i'th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly, As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n! Bel. Now for our Mountain sport, up to yond Hills and I Your Legs are young: I'll tread thele Flats. Consider, When you above perceive me like a Crow, me lo oman de l That it is Place, which leffens and fets off, how disch both And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you, A Of Courts of Princes, of the Tricks in War, also in door This Service, is not Service, so being done, But being fo allow'd. To apprehend thus, you blow ad I Draws us a Profit from all things we fee: We want dit W And often to our Comfort, shall we find be and the hard The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold arw miblod a mad w bal Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life, as ton zeW Is nobler than attending for a Check; so bin a guod stort W Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble; A Prouder, than ruftling in unpaid-for Silk: Vota web stood? Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine? Hol but Yet keeps his Book uncross'd; no Life to ours.

Gnid. Out of your Proof you speak: we poor unsledg'd Have never wing'd from view o' th' Nest; nor know not all What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best, If quiet Life is best, sweeter to you That have a sharper known: Well corresponding With your stiff Age; but unto us, it is A Cell of Ignorance; travelling a Bed, A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares

To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear the stand of the Rain and Wind beat dark December? How the stand of the freezing Hours away? We have seen nothing, when the are beastly; subtle as the Fox for Prey, Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what slies, our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison d Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak?

Did you but know the City's Usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that

The

The Fear's as bad as Falling. The Toil o' th' War. A Pain, that only feems to feek out Danger I'th' name of Fame, and Honour; which dies i'th' fearch, And hath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph, As Record of fair act; nay, many times Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse Must curt'fie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd With Roman Swords; and my report was once First with the best of Note. Cymbeline lov'd me, And when a Soldier was the Theme, my Name Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree Whofe Boughs did bend with Fruit. But in one Night, A Storm, or Robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves, And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour! Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft, But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd Before my perfect Honour, swore to Cymbeline, I was Confederate with the Romans: So Follow'd my Banishment, and this Twenty years, This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World, Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' Mountains, This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast, To him the other two shall minister. And we will fear no Poison, which attends In place of greater State: I'll meet you in the Valleys. How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature? These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King, Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think they are mine, and though train'd up thus meanly I'th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them In simple and low things, to Prince it, much

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydor,

The Heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The King his Father call'd Guiderius, Jove! When on my Three-foot Stool I fit, and tell The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell, And thus I fer my Foot on's Neck, even then The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he fweats. Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture That acts my Words. The younger Brother Cadwall. Once Arviragus, in as like a Figure Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd----Oh Cymbeline! Heav'n and my Conscience knows Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon At three, and two Years old, I stole these Babes, Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as Thou reft'st me of my Lands. Euriphile, Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their Mother, And every day do Honour to her Grave; My felf Belarins, that am Morgan call'd, They take for natural Father. The Game is up. [Exit.]

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse, the Place Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother fo To see me first, as I have now---Pisanio! Man! Where is Posthumus? What is in thy Mind That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh had From th'inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd Beyond Self-explication. Put thy felf Into a 'haviour of less Fear, e'er Wildness Vanquish my staieder Senses. What's the Matter? Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with A Look untender? If't be Summer News, Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'st But keepthat Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand? That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him, And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man, thy Tongue May take off some Extremity, which to read Would be even Mortal to me.

Piss. Please you read, And you shall find me, wretched Man, a thing The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

The Mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: The Testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from Proof as strong as my Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou Pisanio, must act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own Hands take away her Life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my Letter for the Purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me Disloyal.

Pif. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander, Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile, whose Breath Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States, Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave This viperous Slander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed! What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearful Dream of him,
And cry my felf awake? that's false to's Bed; is it?

Pif. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false! thy Conscience witness, Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of Incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a Villain: Now, methinks,
Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of Italy,
Whose Wother was her Painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion,
And for I am richer than to hang by th' Walls,
I must be ript; To Pieces with me: Oh!
Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy Revolt, oh Husband, shall be thought
Put on for Villany: not born where't grows,
But worn a Bait for Ladies.

Pif. Good Madam, hear me-Imo. True honest Men being heard, like false Eneas; Were in his time thought false: and Synon's weeping Didscandal many a holy Tear; took pity From most true Wretchedness. So thou Posthumus, Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men; Goodly, and Gallant, shall be False and Perjur'd, From thy great fail: Come, Fellow, be thou honest, Do thouthy Master's bidding. When thou seest him, A little witness my Obedience. Look, I draw the Sword my felf, take it, and hit The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart, Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief; Thy Master is not there, who was indeed The Riches of it. Do his bidding, strike, Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause: But now thou feem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument, Thou shall not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I must die, And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter, There is a Prohibition fo divine That cravens my weak Hand: Come, here's my Heart-Something's afore't---Soft, foft, we'll no defence Opening her Break.

Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here, The Scriptures of the Loyal Leonatus, All turn'd to Herefie? Away, away,

Pulling his Letter out of her Bosomi Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools Believe falle Teachers: Though those that are betray'd Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor Stands in worse case of Woe. And thou Posthumus, That didst set up my Disobedience gainst the King My Father, and mad'st me put into contempt the Suits Of Princely Fellows; shalt hereafter find It is no act of common passage, but A strain of Rareness: And I grieve my felf, To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her; That now thou tirest on, how thy Memory Will

Will then be pang'd by me. Prethee dispatch, The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's the Knife? Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding, When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pif. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd So many Miles, with a pretence? this place? Mine action? and thine own? Our Horses Labour? The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court For my being absent; whereunto I never Purpose return? why hast thou gone so far To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand, Th' elected Deer before thee?

Pif. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein false strook, can take no greater Wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam.

I thought you would not back again.

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pif. Not so neither;

But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed Injury.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pif. No, on my Life;

I'll give him Notice you are dead, and fend him Some bloody Sign of ir. For 'tis Commanded I should do so; you shall be miss'd at Court.

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And

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow;

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live? Or in my Life, what Comfort, when I am Dead to my Husband?

Pif. If you'll back to th' Court. bas bas

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten; whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.

Pif. If not at Court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britain all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?

Are they not but in Britain? I'th' World's Volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;

In a great Pool a Swan's Nest, prethee think

There's Livers out of Britain. of floor many amidnob

You think of other Place: Th' Ambassador Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind Dark as your Fortune is, and but Disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be, and like But by self-danger, you should tread a Course of the Residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least, That though his Action were not visible, yet a good self. Report should render him hourly to your Ear, and more As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means,
Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,

Pif. Well then, there's the Point;
You must forget to be a Woman, change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Niceness,
The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it's pretty self, into a waggish Courage,
Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack no remedy) to the greedy Touch

Of

Of common-kissing Titan; and forget Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein You made great Juno angry. The Danker start and he so

Imo. Nay, be brief:

Dead to very Husband's week I fee into thy end, and am almost or production

A Man already nom on ton

Pif. First, make your self but like one, Fore-thinking this, I have already fit, (Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hofe, all That answer to them. Would you in their serving, And with what imitation you can borrow and to the second From Youth of fuch a Season, 'fore Noble Lucius Present your self, desire his Service; tell him Wherein you're happy, which will make him know, If that his Head have ear in Musick, doubtless and the With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable, And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad; You have me rich, and I will never fail nom and I Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort was a small and and The Gods will diet me with. Prethee away. womon ol There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even All that good time will give us. This attempt and I I am Soldier too, and will abide it with with and and and A Prince's Courage. Away, I prethee. In bon without

Pif. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewel, Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress, Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen, and at winter an What's in't is precious: If you are fick at Sea, Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this Will drive away Distemper. To some shade, who bloom And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen : I thank thee. sousibed out of Exeum.

S CENE III. The Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords. Cym. Thus fary and to farewel. I add as moltanan as

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir; and some state of the same of

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence, bnA of no remedy) to the Medy Louch

Hath

Hath her Life been ; the Cure whereof, my Lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty, Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes, and the words And Strokes Death to her. of M. Out Subjects, Diff.

Enter a Messenger. ald subas son Hill

Cym. Where is fire, Sir? How agree of the of Can her Contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you, Sir,

Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer That will be given to th' loudest Noise we make.

Oueen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close, and and and Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity, aldon laws at 32 She should that Duty leave unpaid to you Which daily she was bound to proffer; this She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court Made me to blame in Memory. Is yet to name the Winner.

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?

Not feen of late? Grant Heavins, that which I fear, . Araye croft Severn. Prove falle.

Queen. Son, I fay; follow the King. 300 9H

Clot. That Man of hers, Pisanio, herold Servant,

I have not feen these two Days, and and he at I Exit.

Oucen. Go, look after wife over swand router wolf Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! ---He hath a Drug of mine; I pray, his absence work Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes would and It is a thing most precious. But for her, and are not ed ? Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seiz'd her; Or wing'd with Fervour of her Love, she's flown To her defired Posthumus; gone she is, To death, or to dishonour, and my end of ad them and Can make good use of either. She being down,

I have the placing of the British Crown. I am share diality Enter Cloten. Mague 1 7110 21 2130 W Before the Romans nor to us hath te

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain the is fled. " You and to want to deliver the contract of t

Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none Dare come about him, Dare come about him, Ray ided out need ave Queen.

Since the lixile of Postburnes, most returd

Oueen. All the better; may
This Night fore-stall him of the coming Day. [Exit On. Clot. I love and hare her; for she stair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly Parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all Compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore; but
Discaining me, and throwing Favours on
To low Posthumus, slanders so her Judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, my indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fools

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, Sirrah? not us and Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain, and to Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elfe you have a Thou are straightway with the Fiends.

Pif. Oh, good my Lord. In or hould then words whitesh

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,

I will not ask again. Close Villain, to a world magnine and
I'll have this secret from thy Heart, or rip

Thy Heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot would all a dram of Worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my Lord, When was the miss'd? When is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer; and shall have No farther halting; farishe me home, as some soon who what is become of her.

Psf. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy Villain!

Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,

At the next word; no more of worthy Lord,

Speak, or thy Silence on the instant, is

Thy Condemnation, and thy Death.

Piss. Then, Sir,

This Paper is the history of my knowledge to a so not live Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her was brank died flu lym Even to Augustus Throne.

Pij.

Pif. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough, and what he learns by this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pif. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, Imogen, Safe may it thou wander, safe return agen.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus's Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but to do me true Service; undergo those employments wherein I should have Cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what Villany soe'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honest Man; thou shouldst neither want my Means for thy Relief, nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and conflantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the Course of Gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession?

Pif. I have, my Lord, at the Lodging, the same Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit hither; let it be thy first Service, go.

Pif. I shall, my Lord. [Exit.

Clor. Meet thee at Milford-Haven? I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou Villam, Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She said upon a time, the bitterness of it, I now Belch from my Heart, that she held the very Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural Person; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her Eyes.—there shall she see my Valour, which will then be a torment to her Contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead Body, and when my Lust hath dined, which as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that she so prais'd; to the Court

I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of Cloaths. Day 1919 Of Hardinels is Mother - Hol.

Be those the Garments ?

Pif. Ay, my Noble Lord. Joseph Living and saids van H

Clot. How long is't fince she went to Milford-Haven ?

Pif. She can scarce be there yet. brows ym warb flad Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the fecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Defign. Be but duteous, and true Preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. So bas show and yel Exil

Pif. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for true to thee, and T Were to prove falfe, which I will never be bue and not sud To him that is most true. To Milford go, alw shem liw And find not her, whom thou purfueft. Flow, flow, n ne You Heav'nly Bleffings on her: This Fool's speed at about Be-crost with slowness; Labour be his meed. Exit.

SCENEIV. The Forest and Cave.

June I for a Man Trees I mogen in Boy's Cloaths. Had willidw Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one, was aled I have fired my self; and for two Nights together and and Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick and stell But that my Resolution helps me; Milford, and W . hind When from the Mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, I dell Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, Jove, I think vidne I al Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean, and rable of Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie of soul That have Afflictions on them, knowing tish some I stoled A Punishment, or Trial? Yes; no wonder, and even of When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness aven I Is forer, than to lie for Need; and Falshood by well blod Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord, I bluow I Thou are one o'th' falle ones; now I think on thee, bad I A My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was a royer daw At point to fink for Food. But what is this? [Seeing the Cave. Here is a Path to't - 'tis some savage hold;

I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine E'er it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant. Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardness ever Of Hardiness is Mother. Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak, if savage, Take, or lend---Ho! no answer? then I'll enter, Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. Such a Foe, good Heav'ns. [She goes into the Cane.

Bel. You Polidore have prov'd best Woodman, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore have prov'd best Woodman, and Are Master of the Feast; Gadwall and I

Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:

The sweat of Industry would dry, and die

But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury; Weariness

Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth

Finds the Down-pillow hard. Now peace be here,

Poor House, that keep'st thy felf.

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come nor in Looking in.

But that it eats our Victuals, I should think

Here were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angel! or if not,

An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness

No elder than a Boy.

Imo. Good Master, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good Troth
I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th' Floor. Here's Mony for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board so soon
As I had made my Meal: and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Mony, Youth?

Arv.

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt, on blue As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those was well and but Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I should on the world Have dy'd, had I not made it. sanital syvered at shanoald

Bel. Whither bound? At the sent bases ylasanam Il's W Imo. To Milford-Haven. Bel. What's your Name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a Kinfman, who Is bound for Italy: He embark'd at Milford, and and To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger, I am faln in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair Youth, Think us no Churls; nor measure our good Minds By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd, 'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Cheer E'er you depart, and thanks to stay and est it: Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth, I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honesty; and had I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my Comfort He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother: And fuch a welcome as I'd give to him, After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome: Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends, If Brothers: would it had been so, that they Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize Been less, and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some Distress. Guid. Would I could free't. Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,

What Pain it cost, what Danger; God! Bel. Hark, Boys.

Imo. Great Men

That had a Court no bigger than this Cave, That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue Which their own Conscience seal'd them; laying by That Nothing-gift of differing Multitudes

Whispering.

Guidt Hray draw near.

Could

Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me Gods, I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them, Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go drefs our Hunt. Fair, you come in; Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd when we have supp'd We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story. Sofar as thou wilt speak it.

Arv. The Night to th' Owl. And Morn to th' Lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray draw near.

[Exeum.]

SCENE V. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes. I Sen. This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ; That fince the common Men are now in Action Gainst the Pannoniaus, and Dalmatians, And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full weak to undertake our Wars against The faln-off Britains, that we do incite The Gentry to this Business. He creates and many and the Lucius Pro-Conful: and to you the Tribunes For this immediate Levy, he commands another and rank His absolute Commission. Long live Casar. Windama 411

Tri. Is Lucius General of the Forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

I Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our Duty. [Exeunt.

TO A strend themselves, and had the Virtue

ACT IV. SCENEDI

SCENE The Forest.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. T Am near to th' Place where they should meet, if Pisanio have map'd it truly. How fit his Garments ferve me! Why should his Mistress, who was made by him, that made the Tailor, not be fit too? The rather, faving reverence of the Word, for 'tis faid, a Woman's fitness comes by fits: Therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my felf, for it is not Vain-glory for a Man and his Glass, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general Services, and more remarkable in fingle Oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despishe. What Mortality is! Posthumus, thy Head, which now is growing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforc'd, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face; and all this done, fourn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my fo rough usage; but my Mother having power of his Testiness, shall turn all into my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose; Fortune put them into my Hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. and the Fellow dares not deceive me. and the Exit. Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from id Doy the Cave.

We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother, flay here: The sone wood do consingx !

The imperious Seas breed Montless stranger and and are

Imo. So Man and Man should be, will you and I nood But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity, when I whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick to the won I'll

. bind rd. I could not this hims; I could not this but unfortunate.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So fick I am not, yet I am not well,

But not so Citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, e'er sick: So please you, leave me,

Stick to your Journal course; the breach of Custom,

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,

I'll rob none but my self, and let me die

Stealing so poorly.

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As L do love my Father.

Arv. If it be fin to fay fo, Sir, I yoak me
In my Brother's Fault: I know not why
I love this Youth, and I have heard you fay,
Love's reason's without reason. The Bier at Door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My Father, not this Youth.

O worthiness of Nature, breed of Greatness!

Cowards, Father Cowards, and base things, Sire base:

Mature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.

I'm not their Father, yet who this should be,

Doth miracle it self; lov'd before me!

Arv. Brother, farewel. weed to send welled on bus

Arv. You health-So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou disprov'st Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish;
I am sick still, heart-sick—Pisanio,
I'll now tast of thy Drug.

[Drinks out of the Viol.
Guid. I could not stir him;

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Difho-

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereaster I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not fick,
For you must be our Houswife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This Youth, how e'er distress'd, appears he hathhad Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he fings? Guid. But his neat Cookery?

Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters, And fauc'd our Broths, as June had been fick, and a odw

And he her Dieter.

And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yoaks

A fmiling with a figh: as if the figh Was that it was, for not being such a smile: The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly many on T From so divine a Temple, to commix and me I With Winds that Sailors rail at. The morning nod F and

Guid. I do note,

That Grief and Patience rooted in them both, Mingle their spurs together,

Arv. Grow Patience,

And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine. The blow I

Bel. It is great Morning. Come away: who's there? Enter Cloten. WAY OF VEN

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain of me I

Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen; I fear some Ambush---I faw him not these many Years, and yet I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you, and my Brother fearch I con W What Companies are near: pray you away,

Let me alone with him. [Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus. Clot. Soft, what are you

That fly me thus? Some Villain Mountainers—

I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

More flavish did I ne'er, than answering

A Slave without a knock. Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-Breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I

An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?

Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,

Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villain base,

Know'st me not by my Cloaths?

Guid. No, nor thy Tailor, Rascal,

Who is thy Grandfather, he made those Cloaths,

Which, as it feems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet!

My Tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank

The Man that gave them thee. Thou art fome Fool,

I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief, Hear but my Name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name? Clot. Cloten, thou Villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double Villain be thy Name, I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider, 'Twould move fooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know

I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am forry for't; not feeming

So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afraid and wone whise

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wife:

At Fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the Death : 100 20 b

When I have flain thee with my proper Hand,

I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence;
And on the Gates of Lud's Town set your Heads:
Yield Rustick Mountaineer.

[Fight and Execute
Agrically.

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,

But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his Voice,

And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute

'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them; I wish my Brother make good time with him,

You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,

I mean to Man; he had not apprehension

Of roaring Terrors: For defect of Judgment
Is oft the cause of Fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This Cloten was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no Mony in't; Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect what; cut off one Cloten's Head,

Son to the Queen, after his own report,

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore

With his own Hand he'd take us in,

Displace our Heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,

And fet them on Lud's Town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lofe,
But that he fwore to take, our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no Law. What Company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No fingle Sould and but shares and the

A STATE OF THE RESERVE AND

Can we set Eye on; but in all safe reason He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour Was nothing but mutation, ay and that From one bad thing to worfe; Not Frenzy, Not absolute Madness could so far have rav'd To bring him here alone, although perhaps It may be heard at Court, that fuch as we Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time May make fome stronger head, the which he hearing, As it is like him, might break out, and fwear He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable To come alone, either so undertaking, Or they so suffering; then on good ground we fear, If we do fear this Body hath a Tail More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance Come, as the Gods forefay it, howfoe'er My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: The Boy Fidele's fickness

Did make my way long forth. Guid. With his own Sword,

Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea, And tell the Fishes, he's the Queen's Son, Cloten, That's all I reak.

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd: Would, Polidore, thou hadft not done't: though Valour Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't, So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: Polidore, I love thee Brotherly, but envy much Thou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would Revenges That possible Strength might meet, would feek us through, And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done: The same the same shape to the We'll hunt no more to day, nor feck for danger Where there's no profit. I prithee to our Rock, You and Fidele play the Cooks: I'll stay 'Till hasty Polidore return, and bring him Wol. VI.

Arv. Poor fick Fidele! To Dinner presently. Arv. Poor fick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour, I'd let a Parish of such Clotens blood,

And praise my felf for Charity.

Bel. O thou Goddess, Thou divine Nature! thy felf thou blazon'ft In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet, Not wagging his fweet Head; and yet, as rough, Their Royal Blood enchas'd, as the rud'st Wind, That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine, And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder That an invisible instinct should frame them To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught, Civility not feen from other; Valour, That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop As if it had been sow'd: yet still it's strange What Cloten's being here to us portends, Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother? I have fent Cloten's Clot-pole down the stream, In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's hostage [Solemn Musick. For his Return.

Bel. My ingenious Instrument, Hark Polidore, it founds: But what occasion Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hark.

Guid. Is he at Home? Bel. He went hence even now. Guid. What does he mean?

Since death of my dear'st Mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer folemn Accidents. The matter? Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys, Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys.

Is Cadwall mad? Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his

rosminoM a u Bel. Look, here he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,

Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead

That we have made fo much on. I had rather Have skipt from fixteen Years of Age, to fixty: To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch, Than have feen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly!
My Brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy felf.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who ever yet could found thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing.
Foveknows what Man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou dy'dst, a more rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'dat: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?
Arv. O'th' Floor:

His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose rudeness Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With faireit Flow'rs
Whilft Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale Primrose; nor
The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veins; no nor
The Leaf of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy Breath: the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill fore shaming
Those rich-lest Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mossbesides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy coarse

I. 2

Guid. Prithee have done, And do not play in Wench-like words with that Which is so serious. Let us bury him, And not protract with admiration, what Is now due Debt. To th' Grave. I have the said to the

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him? Guid. By good Euriphile, our Mother. Craid. Lear no more the Makaus Arv. Be't fo:

And let us, Polidore, though now our Voices Have got the mannish crack, fing him to th' Ground As once to our Mother: use like note, and words, Save that Euriphile must be Fidele,

Guid. Cadwall. I cannot fing: I'll weep, and word it with thee, bis For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worse Than Priefts, and Vanes than lie. with kashase flower bind

Arv. We'll speak it then. The series the series of the

Bel. Great Griefs I fee Med'cine the lefs. For Cloten dell Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys, And though he came our Enemy, remember He was paid for that: The Mean, and Mighty, rotting Together, have one Duft, yet Reverence, b min vel smo) That Angel of the World, doth make distinction Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely, Holl And though you took his Life, as being our Foe, warfl and Yet bury him, as a Prince. The won as wolf as onsw noY Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither, All and and all alen'T

Thersites Body is as good as Ajax, where we've no smo) When neither are alive. The way says and bound ad T

Arv. If you'll go fetch him, a see and a see a leaf and T

We'll fay our Song the whilst: Brother begin. Guid. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his Head to th' East, My Father hath a reason for't. The body you now hard I

Arv. Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him. Is and over I Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the Heat o'th' Sun, Nor the furious Winters rages, and ask about and I Thoughy worldly task hast done, a mandal of tod Home art gone, and take thy Wages.

Golden

Which is fo factous.

Golden Lads and Girls all must. As Chimney-Sweepers come to Dust.

Arv. Fear no more the Frown o' th' Great,

Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,

Care no more to Cloath and Eat, the state of the To thee the Reed is as the Oak:

The Scepier, Learning, Physick must,

All follow this, and come to Dust. Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flash. Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone. Guid. Fear no Slander, Censure, rash. Arv. Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must, Consign to thee, and come to Dust.

Guid. No Exerciser barm thee.

Arv. Nor no Witcheraft charm thee. world to speak had

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee. 2300 V best 2000 000000

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee. A stand Hall was a stand Both. Quiet consummation have, and transcribed and

And renowned be thy Grave. 14 togral and and Enter Bellarius with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our Obsequies:

Come lay him down. 1945 1 1945 flottiggo

Bel. Here's a few Flow'rs, but about Midnight more; The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o'th' Night Are strewings fitt'st for Graves: upon their Faces-You were as Flow'rs, now wither'd; even fo These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew. Come on, away, apart upon our Knees The Ground that gave them first, has them again: Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain.

Imogen awakes. Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?___ I think you --- by yond Bush? --- pray how far thither? --'Ods pittikins---can it be fix Mile yet? I have gone all Night--- faith, I'll lye down and fleep. But foft! no Bedfellow!---Oh Gods, and Goddeffes!

Seeing the Body. These Flow'rs are like the Pleasures of the World; This bloody Man the care on't. I hope I dream; For fo I thought I was a Cave-keeper, And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:

L3

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, fhot at nothing, Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes, Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith I tremble still with fear; but if there be Yet left in Heav'n, as small a drop of pity As a Wren's Eye: fear'd Gods, apart of it. The Dream's here still; even when I wake, it is Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. A headless Man! - The Garments of Posthumus? I know the shape of's Leg, this is his Hand, His Foot Mercurial, his Martial Thigh, The Brawns of Hereules: but his Jovial Face-Murther in Heav'n ! --- 'tis gone ---- Pisanio! ----All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou Conspir'd with that irregulous Devil, Cloten, Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forg'd Letters --- damn'd Pisanio! ---From this most bravest Vessel of the World Struck the main top! Oh Posthumus, alas, Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, ay, where's that? Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart, And left his Head on. How should this be, Pisanio! 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and Lucre in them Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant! The Drug he gave me, which he faid was precious molal And Cordial to me, have I not found it Murd'rous to th' Senfes? that confirms it home: This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten: Oh! Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood, That we the horrider may feem to those Which chace to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord! sashwa Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothfayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia After your will, have cross'd the Sea, attending You here at Milford-Haven, with your Ships: They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,

And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,

That

That promise Noble Service: and they come Under the Conduct of bold Iachimo, Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' Wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Make our hopes fair. Command our present numbers, W. A. Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir, What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpose?

Sooth. Last Night the very gods shew'd me a Vision (I feast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus: I faw Fove's Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd From the Spungy South, to this part of the West, There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends, Unless my Sins abuse my Divination, was babbam astrong Il A And mine to boot, be darted on Success to th' Roman Host.

Luc. Dream often fo, And never false. Soft ho, what Trunk is here? Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime not and all It was a worthy building. How! a Page! - draw draw Or dead, or fleeping on him? but dead rather: For Nature doth abhor to make his bed spot man and should be

With the defunct, or fleep upon the dead, believed and W Let's fee the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord. wolf the best and and ber A

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one Inform us of the Fortunes, for it feems was and but and They crave to be demanded: who is this Thou mak'ft thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he had That, otherwise than noble Nature did, Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy Interest In this fad wrack? How came't? Who is't? What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not, was both or stand of standard Nothing to be, were better: This was my Master, A very valiant Britain, and a good, That here by Mountainers lyes flain: Alas! There are no more fuch Matters: I may wander From East to Occident, cry out for Service Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find fuch another Master. they not a said to examine Luc.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth! and bas ball amendiab a nogul Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy Master in bleeding: Say his name, good Friend. Imo. Richard du Camp: If I do Ive, and do

No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope Aside They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir? w manoing of man flour

Luc. Thy name ? Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy felf the very same; vidmun Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name, southon I Wilt take thy change with me? I will not fay and nedw to Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure I moy sin blot No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's Letters Sent by a Conful to me, should no sooner of sent yell and Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me. od ad and a

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first an't please the Gods, and Ill I'll hide my Master from the Flies as deep this on antw sight As these poor Pickaxes can dig: and when duch on liw bal With wild Wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave, And on it faid a Century of Pray'rs, and a not now quill'a Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and figh, And leaving so his service, follow you, or alsold od and So please you entertain me. the most the morgan mamon and

Luc. Ay, good Youth, the Aloo muoy no behind on A And rather Father thee, than Mafter thee. My Friends The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us wold and Find out the prettiest Dazied-plot we can, day because it And make him with our Pikes and Partizans and hard A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is preferr'd and moy By thee, to us, and he shall be interrid and any sand ned I As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes, arom amo Some falls are means the happier to arife. [Exennt.

S C E N E II. The Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio. Cym. Again; and bring me word how tis with her; A Fever with the absence of her Son: A Madness, of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns! How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen, The great part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen Upon Nor hear

Upon a desperate Bed, and in a time of book said and When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone, won not So needful for this present ! It strikes me, past The hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow, Who needs must know of her Departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee By a sharp torture. Luc The named town from their, that a

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours, I humbly fet it at your Will: But for my Mistress, I nothing know where the remains; why gone, Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,

Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege.

Lord. Good my Liege, The Day that the was missing, he was here; I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform All parts of his Subjection loyally. For Cloven, There wants no diligence in feeking him, And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome; as a was book blink daw We'll flip you for a Season, but with Jealoufie Do's yet depend. The super III , 19 0 solwt and I at han?

Lord. So please your Majesty, and of salvast ball The Roman Legions all from Gallia drawn, 15 1104 914 90 Are landed on your Coast, with large supply Of Roman Gentleman, by the Senate fent. The Senate fent.

Cym. Now for the Counfel of my Son and Queen. I am amaz'd with matter, sola by and de house and sho bould

Lord. Good my Liege, based a morning med alan bak Your Preparation can affront no less man show toward. A Than what you hear of near ad half and has gareen saids all The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion, That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw And meet the time, as it feeks us. We fear not What can from Italy annoy us, but going box solves

We grieve at Chances here. Away. [Exeunt. Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, fince I wrote him Imogen was flain. 'Tis ftrange; Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings. Neither know I

What

What is betide to Cloten, but remain Perplext in all. The Heav'ns still must work; Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true. These present Wars shall find I love my Country, Even to the Note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them; All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd, Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit.

S C E N E III. The Street.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus Gui. The Noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What Pleasure, Sir, find we in Life, tolock it 1 501 bill From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans and about A Must, or for Britains slay us, or receive us do not sold For barbarous and unnatural Revolts During their use, and flay us after. And the strength and I

Bel. Sons. We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us. To the King's Party there's no going; newness live nov H Of Cloten's Death, we being not known, not muster'd sales III Among the Bands, may drive us to a render of brased and Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that shall and Which we have done, whose answer would be Death

Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt In fuch a time, nothing becoming you, and bilders vil or satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely, the same best years and I Nor fatisfying us.

That when they hear the Roman Horses neigh, best bas I Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes a lit And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our Note, To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known Of many in the Army; many Years, Though Cloten then but young, you fee, not wore him From my remembrance. And besides, the King Hath nor deferv'd my Service, nor your Loves 1 1/2 1/2 odW I Thou hould'the colour dams. You married outs

Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding; The certainty of this hard Life, ay hopeless To have the Courtefie your Cradle promis'd, But to be still hot Summer's tanlings, and The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. Than be for

Guid. Than be fo.

Better to cease to be; pray, Sir, to th' Army; I, and my Brother are not known; your felf So out of Thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,

Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines I'll thither; what thing is it, that Inever Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood, But that of coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison? Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had he was a horse A Rider like my felf, who ne'er wore Rowel, Nor Iron on his heel? I am asham'd was not to slow. To look upon the holy Sun, to have sun bus averaded toll The Benefit of his bleft Beams, remaining also areno So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By Heav'ns I'll go, austrated say or redered to W If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave, and oil o'l I'll take the better care; but if you will not, and and to The hazard therefore due fall on me, by band and amount The Hands of Romans. Toxes of his abvil avail aw anad W

Arv. So fay I, Amen. was good a such aveid and will

Bel. No reason I, fince of your Lives you set So flight a valuation, should referve the state of the st My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys, many If in your Country Wars you chance to die, war of That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye. Lead, lead; the time feems long, their Blood thinks Scorn 'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. Exeant.

ACT V. SCENEI.

SCENE A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief. Post. Y E A bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wisht Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

If each of you would take this Courfe, how many Must murther Wives much better than themselves For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio! Every good Servant does not all Commands No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never Had liv'd to put on this; so had you faved The noble Imogen to repent, and strook Me, wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack You fnatch from hence for little Faults; that's love To have them fall no more; you some permit To fecond ills with ills, each worse than other, And make them dread it, to the doers thrift; But Imogen is your own, do your best Wills, And make me bleft to obey. I am brought hither Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough That, Britain, I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace, I'll give no wound to thee; therefore, good Heav'ns, Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me Of these Italian Weeds, and suit my self As do's a Britain Peazant? so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my Life Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown, Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril My self I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know More Valour in me, than my Habit's show; Gods, put the Strength o'th' Leonati in me; To shame the guise o'th' World, I will begin, The Fashion less without, and more within. Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door; and the Britain Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus; he wanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Tach. The heaviness and guilt within my Bosom, Takes off my Manhood; I have bely'd a Lady, The Princess of this Country; and the Air on't Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this Carle,'

A

A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
If that thy Gentry, Britain, go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are Men, and you are Gods.

The Battel continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken;
then enter to his Rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the Advantage of the Ground, The Lane is Guarded: Nothing routs us, but

The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, Stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and Seconds the Britains. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and fave thy felf; For Friends kill Friends, and the Diforder's fuch As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies. Abo W walland stand to

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely; or betimes

Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it feems came from the Fliers.

Lord. 1 did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heav'ns fought; the King himself
Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backs of Britains seen; all slying
Through a straight Lane, the Enemy sull-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than Tools to do't, strook down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through Fear, that the straight pass was damm'd
With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with length'ned shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane ?

Post. Close by the Battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf, Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,

An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd a tol at answ So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to. In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane, He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run The Country base, than to commit such Slaughter, With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer Than those for Preservation cas'd, or shame, Made good the Passage, cry'd to those that fled, Our Britain's Hearts die flying, not our Men, To darkness fleet Souls that fly backward; stand, Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like Beafts, which you shun beaftly, and may fave But to look back in front: Stand, stand. These three, Three thousand confident, in act as many; For three Performers are the File, when all The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand, Accommodated by the place; more Charming With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd A Distaff to a Lance, gilded pale Looks; Part shame, part Spirit renew'd, that some turn'd Coward But by Example (Oh a Sin in War, Damn'd in the first Beginners) 'gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like Lions Upon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then began A stop i'th' Chaser, a Retire; anon A Rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they flie Chickens, the way which they stoopt Eagles; Slaves The strides the Victors made; and now our Cowards Like Fragments in hard Voyages became The Life o'th' need; having found the back door open Of the unguarded Hearts, Heav'ns, how they wound, Some flain before, some dying; some their Friends O'er-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one, Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty; Those that would die, or e'er resist, are grown The mortal Bugs o'th' Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance;

A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

Than to work any. Will you Rhime upon't,

And

And vent it for a Mock'ry? Here is one: cc Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane, " Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane. Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend; For if he'll do, as he is made to do, I know he'll quickly fly my Friendship too. You have put me into Rhyme.

Lord. Farewel, you're angry.

Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Misery To be i'th' Field, and ask what News of me; To day, how many would have given their Honours To have fav'd their Carkasses ? took heel to do't, And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd, Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan, Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster, 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds, Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we That draw his Knives i'th'. War. Well I will find him; For being now a Favourer to the Britain, No more a Britain, I have resum'd again and an annual The part I came in. Fight I will no more, was on I But yield me to the verieft Hind, that shall and and and Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be, Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's Death, On either side I come to spend my Breath; Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen, But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers. 1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken, 'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons, were Angels, 2 Cap. There was a fourth Man, in a filly Habit,

That gave th' Affront with them.

I Cap. So 'tis reported;

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay Hands on him; a Dog, bak

A Leg of Rome shall not return to tell What Crows have peckt them here; he brags his Service As if he were of Note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

S C E N E II. A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

I Gaol. You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon you; So graze, as you find Pasture.

Exeunt Gaolers. 2 Gaol. Ay, or a Stomach. Post. Most welcome Bondage; for thouart a way. I think, to Liberty; yet am I better Than one that's fick o'th' Gout, fince he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By th' sure Physician, Death; who is the Key T' unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art setter'd More than my Shanks, and Wrists; you good Gods give me The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt, Then free for ever. Is't enough I am forry? So Children temporal Fathers do appeafe; Gods are more full of Mercy. Must I repent, I cannot do it better than in Gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfie If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my All. I know you are more clement than vile Men, Who of their broken Debtors take a third, A fixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement; that's not my Defire. For Imogen's dear Life, take mine, and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a Life; you coin'd it;
'Tween Man, and Man, they weigh not every stamp; Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's fake, You rather, mine being yours; and so great Powers, If you will take this Audit, take this Life, And cancel those old Bonds. Oh Imogen! He fleeps. I'll speak to thee in Silence. Solemn Solemn Musick. Enter, as in an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior, leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to Posthumu, with Musick before them. Then after other Musick, follows the two young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the Wars, They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Mafter Shew thy spite, on mortal Flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, that thy Adulteries Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,

Whose Face I never saw?

I dy'd whilst in the Womb he stay'd,

Attending Names's Law.

Whose Father then, (as Men report, Thou Orphans Father art)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From his Earth-vexing Smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes,

That from me was Posthumus ript, Came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sici. Great Nature like his Ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair;

That he deserved the praise o'th' World,

As great Sicilius Heir.

i Bro. When once he was mature for Mana. In Britain where was he

That could frand up his Parallel.

Or Rival object be.

In Eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his Dignity?

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mocke

From Leonati Seat, and cast From her his dearest one:

Sweet Imagen!
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
Vol. V. M

To taint his nobler Heart and Brain, avints another ail With needless jealousie, with bright the transfer the

And to become the geek and fcorn and as welgone T 100

O'th' others villany ? wanted whe I do bool ad Heft H

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came, and associated both Our Parents, and us twain, and red nogue should Tand I

That striking in our Country's cause, That striking in our Country's cause, Fell bravely, and were flain, potnet on tyawe of but

Our Fealty, and Tenantius right, fiel assuring all alenged

With Honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd; adj glamt of auomidglait as W

Then Jupiter, thou King of gods, and took of the bound why half thou thus adjourn'd, and ded room and

The Graces for his Merits due, and the second and second Being all to dolours turn'd? Seed a book and gardw a.A.

Sici. Thy Crystal Window ope; look out;

No longer exercise
Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh,
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our Son is good, Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy Marble Manfion, help, and A Or we poor Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, and shaws me I of ball

Against thy Deity.

2 Breth. Help, Jupiter, or we appeal, and has solew And from thy justice flie.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagles he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low of readW Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you Ghofts 100 38 Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt, you know, and relded Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coafts. Wolld of Poor shadows of Elizium, hence, and rest works a boog as Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers. Be not with mortal accidents opprest, No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours. Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift, The more delay'd, delighted. Be content, and danker Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:

His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent;
Our Jovial Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and sade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his Affliction made,
This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein [Jupit. drops a Tablets
Our pleasure, his sull Fortune, doth consine,
And so away: no farther with your din
Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Crystalline.

Sici. He came in thunder, his Ceelestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy Ezgle Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Ascension is More sweet than our blest Fields; his Royal Bird Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beak, As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter.

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest.

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandsire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers: But, oh scorn!
Gone—they went from hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On Greatness Favour, Dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many Dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why
What Fairies haunt this ground? a Book! Oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled World, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers: Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers.

Reads:

When as the Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking sind, and be embraced by a piece of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be lope brances, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Pastaumus.

M z

As good, as promife.

end his miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Dream; or else such stuff as Mad-men Tongue, and Brain not: 'Tis either both, or nothing; Or fenfeless speaking, or a speaking such As Sense cannot untie. But what it is, The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep If but for Sympathy.

Enter Gapler.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for Death? Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the

dish pays the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the fadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; forry that you have paid too much, and forry that you are paid too much: Purfe and Brain, both empty; the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed, Sir, he that fleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a Man that were to fleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to help him to Bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

Gao. Your Death has Eyes in's Head then; I have not feen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your felf that which I am fure you do not know : or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journies end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Poft.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want Eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a Man should have the best use of Eyes, to see the way of blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good News, I am call'd to be made free.

Gao. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a Gaoler; no bolts for the Dead. [Exeunt.

Gao. Unless a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowses: I speak against my present Prosit, but my wish hath a preserment in t.

S C E N E III. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my Throne: Wo is my Heart, That the poor Soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked breast Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never faw
Such Noble Fury in fo poor a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pif. He hath been fearch'd among the dead, and fiving, But no trace of him.

M 3

Cym.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward, which I will add to the the man I To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of Britain, To Bell. Guid. and Arvirag. By whom, I grant, the lives. Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it. I though now not Bell. Sir. In Cambria are we born, and Gentlemen : Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest. A standard from my smooth O Cym. Bow your knees, Arife my Knights o'th' Battel, I create you Companions to our Person, and will fit you and to mail and With Dignities becoming your Estates, also also and ward Enter Cornelius and Ladies. There's business in these Faces: why so fadly and alive and I Greet you our Victory? you look like the Romans, warded And not o'th' Court of Britain. Cor. Hail, great King, Harry shoto of School akal. To four your happiness, I must report The Queen is dead. In semand as a serior silver in son are W Cym. Whom worfe than a Physician bread and and aniM Would this report become; but I confider, of seguody sed T My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death moved o'T Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she? of esw it sent I Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her felf, avoid bal Which, being cruel to the World, concluded | surger small Most cruel to her self. What she confest, I will report so please you. These her Women I mos world Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Cheeks Were prefent when the finish'd. John to som 10 Cym. Prithee fay. Abusiness od water thed book risdoned I Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only wow 10 Affected Greatness got by you, not you: I may look in the Married your Royalty, was Wife to your place, and Abhorr'd your Person. The ball of the many yet among the Cym. She alone knew this : books and north and bluoth aw And but the spoke it dying, I would not have assembly the Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed. and an aven liw Cor. Your Daughter, whom the bore in hand, to love and With fuch integrity, the did confels with a state of the Was a Scorpion to her fight, whose life,

But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by Poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!

Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had For you a mortal Mineral, which being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring, By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her shew 2 yes, and in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work

Her Son into th' adoption of the Crown: But failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despight Of Heav'n, and Men, her purposes: repented The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so

Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women? Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine Eyes mount ham I don

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her flattery, nor my Heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caims, now for Tribute, that The Britains have rac'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit. That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with flaughter Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,

So think of your Estate.

Luc. Confider, Sir, the chance of War; the day Was yours by accident: had it gone with us, We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeth, A Roman, with a Roman's Heart can suffer:

dir to bee high, Mhole lite

Augustus

Augustus lives to think on't; and so much on what A world For my peculiar care. This one thing only loo was ball ball I will entreat, my Boy, a Britain born, Let him be ranfom'd: never Master had was soon a mey A Page fo kind, fo duteous, diligent, allow the flat with and it's So tender over his Occasions, true, or woll and son at asil So feat, so Nurse-like; let his Virtue join band of the With my request, which I'll make bold, your Highness Cannot deny : he hath done no Britain harm, Though he hath ferv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir, And spare no Blood befide.

Cym. I have furely feen him; was saids and ram as masses His favour is familiar to me: Boy, of slood well bluow of Thou hast look'd thy felf into my grace, and and and And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore, To fay, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live; And ask of Cymbeline what Boon thou wilt, and a shall and Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it: Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner, The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness. And of wholes avid

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Lad, o vo 10 And yet I know thou wilt. Imo. No, no, alack, and the standard world will also the standard world will be standard wi

There's other work in band; I fee a thing nood vM and Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Master, morte 10 L. Poff. Whoe's what to himse un Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy diffains me, nour brownic salt and He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys, i sms woll That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys, I have Why stands he so perplext? The hour and the or daid W

Cym. What wouldst thou Boy?

I love thee more and more: think more and more, What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak, Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend? and sog !

Imo. He is a Roman, no more Kin to me, and mon W

Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal Am fomething nearer. How will have been all best will be will be

Cym. Wherefore ey'ft thou him fo? wood and IlA way?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please To give me hearings bass about again meet am modw to

Cym. Av, with all my Heart.

And lend my best attention. What's thy Name? Imo. Fidele, Sir. mand alknow a grow war, resines the !

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page, I'll be thy Master: walk with me, speak freely. Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arv. One Sand another of the sand and the sand and the sand and the sand another the sand and the sand another the sand and the sand an

Not more resembles that sweet Rosse Lad,

Who dy'd, and was Fidele: what think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further; he Eyes us not, forbear,

Creatures may be alike : were'e he, I am fure

He would have fpoke to us.

Gni. But we see him dead. Bel. Be filent : let's fee further.

Pif. It is my Mistress: Aside.

Since the is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad, over the part of the water of book To Cym. Come, stand thou by our side. of work to work

Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [To Iachimo.]

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely, which I ame Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it was an and a season

Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall worst to but Winnow the truth from falshood. Or, speak to him.

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender and T Of whom he had this Ring.

Poft. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, fay

How came it yours? lach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that see and Which to be spoke would torture thee men of an area of which

Cym. How? me?

Commission would shall assist lach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that world

Which torments me to conceal. By Villany I got this Ring; 'twas Leonains Jewel,

Whom thou didft banish : and, which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne'er liv'd to it was a land Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this. The artist and the state of the state o

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter, north and the For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my falle Spirits

Quail

Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint ___ Swoonds Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy strength I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will, Than die e'er I hear more : strive Man, and speal.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock That struck the Hour, it was in Rome, accurs'd The Mansion where, 'twas at a Feast, oh would Our Viands had been poison'd! or at least Those which I heav'd to head: the good Posthunus-What should I say? he was too good to be about the same and the same a Where ill Men were, and was the best of all Amongst the rar'st of good ones-fitting sadly be or had Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast of base of Of him that best could speak; for Feature, laming www 18 The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva, Postures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition, A Shop of all the qualities, that Man

Loves Woman for, befides that hook of Wiving, Fairness, which strikes the Eye

Cym. I stand on Fire. Come to the matter. The salved I

Iach. All too foon I shall, won mid and exhausted Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus, Most like a noble Lord, in love, and one That had a Royal Lover, took his hint, and and an analysis of the state of the stat And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein dans and I He was as calm as Virtue, he began and a land of the land of the His Mistress Picture, which by his Tongue, being made, And then a mind put in't, either our brags and annuno T roll Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Description lis and I Prov'd us unspeaking Sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose. The work that ted I

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity; there it begins: 100 and T He spake of her, as Dian had hot Dreams, I would have And the alone were cold; whereat, I wretch and all the sure of the second of the secon Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore sold and Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain In fuit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring, By hers, and mine Adultery; he, true Knight, No lesser of her Honour confident

Than I dd truly find her, stakes this Ring, manual trul And would to, had it been a Carbuncle Of Pheebus Wheel; and might fo fafely, had it Been all the worth of's Car. Away to Britain Post f in this design: well may you, Sir, and a standard Remember me at Court, where I was taught Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference Twixt Anorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd Of hope, not longing; mine Italian Brain, 'Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely: for my Vantage excellent. And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd That I return'd with fimular proof enough, account games to To make the Noble Leonatus mad, sharings a suspensed By wounding his belief in her Renown, With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes Of Chamber Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet (Oh cunning how I got it) nay fome marks in the door A Of fecret on her Person, that he could not of men of a sound But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd, and was alleged I having then the forfeit; whereupon, the hash Methinks I fee him now ____ | Methinks I fee him now ____

Post. As, so thou do'st, [Coming forward. Italian Fiend! Ay me, most credulous Fool, Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing the best sand That's due to all the Villains past, in being, which the bush To come-Oh give me Cord, Knife, or Poison, Some upright Justicer. Thou King, fend out For Tortuers ingenious: it is I as well that the boat and boat That all th'abhorred things o'th' Earth amend By being vorse than they. I am Posthumus, almost by vond That kill'd thy Daughter : Willain-like, I lie, That caus'd a lesser Villain than my felf, and the same A facrilegicus Thief to do't. The Temple and to should be Of Virtue was she; yea, and she her self. who was the bush Spit, and throw Stones, cast myre upon me, fet The Dogs o'th' Street to bait me : every Villain Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and the state of the state Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh Imogen! Wood and and the My Queen, my Life, my Wife : oh Imogen, Imogen, Imigen. No sederal de proprior de la companie de la compani

Imo.

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear-

Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part. [Striking her, she falls. Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistress—Oh, my Lord Posthumus: You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now—help, help!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistress.
Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,

Thou gav'st me Poison: dangerous Fellow hence, Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen.

Pif. Lady, the gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if That Box I gave you, was not thought by me A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd, Which must approve thee honest. If Pifanio Have, said she, given his Mistress that Confection Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd, As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Corn. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem; I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would seize
The present power of Life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Guid.

Guid. This is fure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you? Think that you are upon a Rock, and now Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,

'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Child? What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this A&?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Bleffing, Sir. Bel. Though you did love this Youth, I blame you not, You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall

Prove Holy-water on thee; Imogen,

Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am forry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet here fo strangely; but her Son Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pif. My Lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten, Upon my Lady's missing, came to me With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the Mouth, and fwore If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident I had a feigned Letter of my Master's

Then in my Pocket, which directed her To feek him on the Mountains near to Milford, Where in a frenzy, in my Master's Garments,

Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts With unchast purpose, and with Oath to violate My Lady's honour; what became of him,

I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story; I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds should from my Lips Pluck a hard Sentence: Prithee valiant youth Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me With Language that would make me spurn the Sea, If it could so roar to me. I cut off's Head, And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am forry for thee; an allow History By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless Man I thought had been my Lord. Cym. Bind the Offender,

And take him from our presence, was a moy to boold

Bel. Stay, Sir King. This Man is better than the Man he flew, As well descended as thy felf, and hath More of thee merited, than a Band of Clotens and and a merited Had ever fcar for. Let his Arms alone, and had all They were not born for bondage. It I was and the as W

Cym. Why old Soldier, was wast of his about 109 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for ment I svall By tasting of our wrath? how of descent to be my blued As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far. which and not month Cym. And thou shalt die for't. I mandings you nog U

Bel. We will die all three, soldling and harroon gnivett But I will prove that two on's are as good and wish to As I have given out of him. My Sons, I must som bestoned For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech, o stomed I Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave a state to nondificated on I Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who was I had no list Was call'd Bellarius.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd Traitor, Bel. He it is that hath hath and said entries of Affum'd this Age; indeed a banish'd Man, and mad existing. I know not how a Traitor. Wed you won't we'd ad aled II

Cym. Take him hence, and made my to may A The whole World shall not save him and was baselo all

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy; here's my Knee:

E'er I arise, I will prefer my Sons,

Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,

These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,

And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,

They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's; I, old Morgan, Am that Bellarius, whom you sometime banish'd; Your pleasure was my near Offence, my Punishment It felf, and all my Treason that I suffer'd, which have been Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes, For fuch, and so they are, these twenty Years Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I and and the Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir, As your Highness knows, their Nurse Euriphile, as bong as Whom for the Theft I wedded, stole these Children Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't, Having receiv'd the Punishment before For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty, Excited me to Treason. Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir, Here are your Sons again; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World. The benediction of these covering Heav'ns Fall on their Heads like dew, for they are worthy To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my ChildrenIf these be they, I know not how to wish

A pair of worthier Sons.

Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Arviragus, Your younger Princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' Hand Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a fanguine Star,
It was a Mark of wonder:

Bel. This is he; Who hath upon him still that natural stamp: It was wife Nature's end, in the donation, To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I

A Mother to the birth of three? Ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleft, may you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;

Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Corn. By the Queen's Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this sierce abridgment
Harh to it circumstantial Branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why sled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three Motives to the Battel; with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by dependances
From chance to chance? But not the time, nor place

Will

Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,

Posthumus Anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless Lightning, throws her Eye
On him, her Brothers, Me, her Master, hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.

Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [To Bellarius.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me:

To fee this gracious feafon! brook to be the blook.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd The thankings of a King,

Post. I am, Sir,
The Soldier that did Company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.
Iach. I am down again:

But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. Take that Life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your Ring sirst,
And here your Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our freeness of a Son-in-Law;

Pardon's the word to all.

Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rame.
Vol. VI.

Call forth your Sooth Jayer: As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads. 2101 doldwar b dlingv oc

When as a Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peacand Plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the Lion's Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We term it Mulier: which Mulier I divine
Is this most constant Wise, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The losty Cedar, Royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sons forth: who by Bellarius stoll'n
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
Tothe Majestick Cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises Britain, Peace and Plenty.

My Peace wewill begin: And Caius Lucius,
Although the Victor, we submit to Cafar,
And to the Raman Empire; promising

To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which We were diffuaded by our wicked Queen, Whom Heav'ns in justice both on her, and hers, Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune The Harmony of this Peace: the Vision Which I made known to Lucius e'er the stroke Of this yet scarce-cold Battel, at this instant Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman Eagle From South to West, on Wing soaring alost Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o'th' Sun So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle Th' Imperial Casar, should again unite His savour, with the Radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the West.

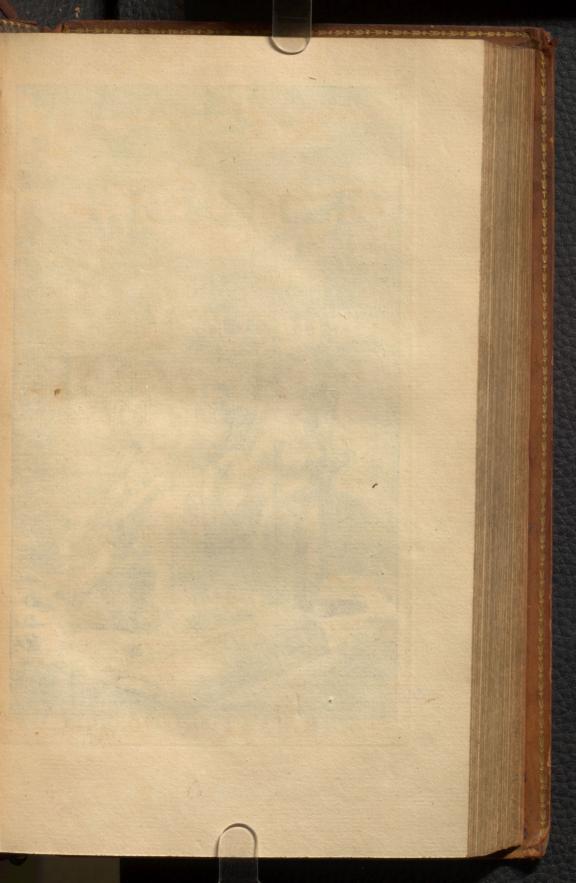
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman, and a British Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's Town march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace we'll ratisse. Seal it with Feasts.
Set on there: Never was a War did cease
E'er bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

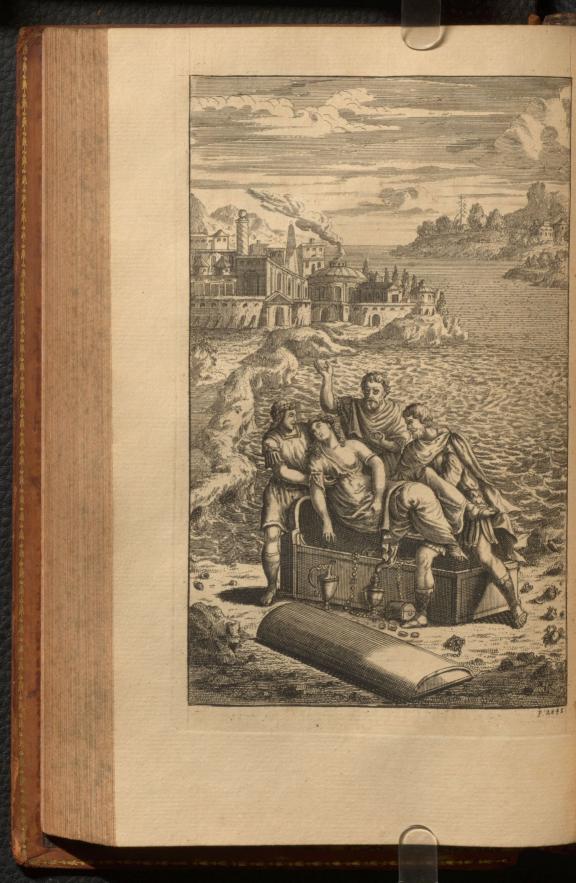
Exeunt omnes



has treet a viewall became And Caine Lane

The past of the Austrianian a sport will a sent to the Princed in the YEAR' 1700.





PERICLES,

PRINCE

OF

TYRE.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Ntiochus, a Tyrant of Greece.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Hellicanus, two Lords of Tyre.

Escanes,

Symonides, King of Pentapolis.

Cleon, Governor of Tharsus.

Lysimachus, Governor of Metaline.

Cerimon, a Lord of Ephesus.

Thaliard, Servant to Antiochus.

Leonine, a Murtherer, Servant to Dionysia.

Gower.

Lords, &c.

Knights tilting in Honour of Thaisa.

Hesperides, Daughter to Antiochus.

Dionysia, Wife to Cleon.

Thaisa, Daughter to Symonides.

Marina, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

Lychorida, Nurse to Marina.

Philoten, Daughter to Cleon.

Diana, a Goddess appearing to Pericles.

Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

This Ancioch, then, Antiochus the greats

tell you what wine Anthors lays

P.E.R. J. Strike shi chiefest Sear-



PERICLES,

Prince of Tyre.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.



O sing a Song that old was sung,
From Ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming Man's Instrmities,
Toglad your Ear, and please your Eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember Eves, and Holy-Days,

And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.

The purchace is to make Men glorious.

Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times,
When Wit's more ripe, accept my Rhimes;
And that to hear an old Man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I Life would wish, and that I might
Waste is for you like Taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great,
Built up this City for his chiefest Seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors say:

N 4

This

This King unto him took a Peer, the day to see a wond Who died, and left a Female Heir, O blim and ad saven blank So buck some, blithe, and full of face, and some and and As Heav'n had lent her all his grace: 1136 bombon aved and I With whom the Father liking took, and to sure of affect of Or die in the adventure, And her to Incest did provoke. Bad Child, worse Father, to entice his own to bus not me I aA To evil (hould be done by none: all bounds dout also of Anis Prince Pericles. But custom, what they did begin. Was with long use, counted no Sin. noted bloow sent was The beauty of this sinful Dame, Ans. Before there Rands With golden Fruit, but c Made many Princes thither frame, for Death like Dragons here al To seek her as a Bed-fellow, In Marriage pleasures, Play-fellow : 10 of voor Held Paces Tell Her countless Clory, which Which to prevent, he made a Law, To keep her still, and Men in awe, halabandons daidw bnA Prefumes to reach, all the That who so askt her for his Wife, His Riddle told not, lost his Life: 11 Tomas esmissmol no So for her many a Wight did die, moves more ve ower C As you grim looks do testifie. Want dold soul die woods lis? What ensues to the judgment of your Eye, was modified and I I give my cause, who best can testifie.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and Followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd The danger of the task you undertake. The floor first you

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a Soul emboldned With the glory of her praife, think death no hazard, and

In this enterprize.

Ant. Musick, bring in our Daughter, clothed like a Bride For embracements, even of Fove himfelf; was a sam it Who know that At whose conception, 'till Lucina reign'd, Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence, le ton squad The Senate House of Planets all did fire and some part I of To knit in her their best Perfections. The back land land the back Enter Hesperides. and Millian contain a M

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring, Graces her Subjects, and her Thoughts the King, and I Of every Virtue gives Renown to Men: Miss of thew I Her Face the Book of praifes, where is read who games Nothing but curious Pleasures, as from thence

Sprrow

Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild Companion.
You gods that made me Man, and sway in love,
That have instant'd desire within my Breast,
To taste the Fruit of yon celestial Tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am Son and Servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness.

Ant. Prince Pericles.

Per. That would be Son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden Fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd:
For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard:
Her Face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless Glory, which desert must gain:
And which without desert, because thine Eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy self
Drawn by report, adventrous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless Tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering save yon field of Stars,
Here they stand Martyrs stain in Cupid's Wars:
And with dead Cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on Death's Net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus I thank thee, who hath taught My frail mortality to know it felf, dear only to reeneb on I And by those fearful objects to prepare This Body, like to them, to what I must: and addid! For Death remembred, should be like a Mirrour, Who tells us, Life's but breath, to trust in error: I'll make my Will then, and as fick Men do, Who know the World, fee Heav'n, but feeling woe, Gripe not at earthly Joys, as erst they did. So I bequeath a happy Peace to you And all good Men, as every Prince should do, My riches to the Earth from whence they came: But my unspotted fire of Love to you. To Hesperides. Thus ready for the way of Life or Death, I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus, Scorning advice. Read the conclusion then. thing but curious Pleatures, as from theater

WOLLOW ,

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed'
As these before so thou thy self shalt bleed:

Hesp. Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought, But faithfulness, and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp Physick is the last? but O you Powers! I daim aW That gives Heav'n countless Eyes to view Mens acts, on 19 1 Why could they not their fights perpetually? The Thory &A If this be true, which makes me pale to read it, and wood Fair Glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still, www woll Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill: But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt; thou bank For he's no Man on whom perfections wait, and another That knowing Sin within, will touch the Gate: You're a fair Viol, and your sense the strings, Who finger'd to make Man his lawful Musick, adw madW Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken, But being plaid upon before your time, washe and all Hell only danceth at fo harsh a chime state of stow and I Good footh I care not for you. I do not have all and out of the A. Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy Life, on and W

For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expired,
Lither expound now, or receive your Sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the Sins they love to act,
'Twould braid your felf too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more fecure to keep it shut, than shewn:

For

For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind, Blows dust in others Eyes, to spread it self; And yet the end of all is bought thus dear. The breath is gone, and the sore Eyes see clear. To stop the air would hurt them, the blind Mole cast Copt Hills toward Heav'n, to tell the Earth is throng'd By Man's oppression, and the poor Worm doth die for't. Kings are Earth's Gods: In Vice their Law's their will, And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill. It is enough you know it, and 'tis sit; What being more known, grows worse to smother it. All love the Womb that there being bred, Then give my Tongue like leave to love my Head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it; he has found the meaning.
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our first Edict,
Your Exposition missinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a Tree,
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty Days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a Son:

As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

Manes Pericles solus.

Per. How Courtesse would seem to cover Sin,
When what is done is like an Hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight;
If it be true that I interpret salse,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,
As with soul Incest to abuse your Soul:
Where now you're both a Father and a Son,
By your untimely classings with your Child,
(Which pleasures sits an Husband, not a Father,)
And she an eater of her Mother's slesh,
By the desiling of her Parents Bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poison breed.
Antioch farewel, for wisdom sees, those Men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,

And until then, your entertain shall be

Will

Will shew no course to keep them from the light:
One Sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to Lust, as slame to smoak.
Poison and Treason are the Hands of Sin,
Ay, and the Targets to put off the shame:
Then lest my Life be cropt to keep you clear,
By slight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

Enter Antiochus.

Exit.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his Head:
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the World Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber,
And our mind partakes her private Actions
To your secresse; and for your faithfulness
We will advance you, Thaliard.
Behold, here's Poison and here's Gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the reason why:
Because we bid it: Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger. And him bal

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your felf, telling your hafte.

Mef. My Lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and as an Arrow, shot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his Eye doth level at: So do thou never return, unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: So farewel to your Highness.

[Exit.

Ant. Thaliard adieu, 'till Pericles be dead,
My Heart can lend no succour to my Head.

They do abule the King that fatter him.

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords. Per. Let none disturb us: Why should this change of thoughts, The fad Companion dull-ey'd melancholy, By me so us'd, a Guest as not an hour, In the days glorious walk or peaceful Night, The Tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet, Here pleasures court mine Eyes, and mine Eyes shun them, And danger which I feared, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here, Yet neither pleasures art can joy my Spirits, Nor yet the others distance comfort me: Then it is thus, that passions of the Mind, That have their first conception by mis-dread, Have after nourishment and Life by care; And what was first by fear, what might be done, Grows elder now, and cares it be not done. And so 'tis with me, the great Antiochus, 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend, Since he's fo great, can make his will his act, Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence, Nor boots it me to fay I honour him, If he suspect I may dishonour him. And what may make him bluth in being known, He'll stop the course by which it might be known, With hostile Forces he'll o'er-spread the Land, And with the stint of War will look so huge, Amazement shall drive Courage from the State: Our Men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist, And Subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence, Which care of them, not pity of my felf, Who once no more but as the tops of Trees, Which fence the Roots they grow by, and defend them, Make both my Body pine, and Soul to languish, And punish that before that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your facred Breaft. 2 Lord. And keep your mind 'till ye return to us

Peaceful and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience Tongue : They do abuse the King that flatter him, For flattery is the Bellows blows up fin,

2854 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are Men, for they may err,
When Signior Sooth here doth proclaim Peace,
He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my Knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares o'er-look What Shipping, and what Lading's in our Haven, And then return to us: Hellicanus, thou hast Mov'd us: what sees thou in our Looks?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a Dart in Princes frowns, How durst thy Tongue move anger to our Face?

Hell. How dares the Planets look up unto Heavin, From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy Life from thee.
Hell. I have ground the Ax my self,

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no Flatterer, I thank thee for it, and Heav'n forbid,
That Kings should let their Ears hear their faults hid.
Fit Counsellor, and Servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy Servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Heil. To bear with patience such griefs,
As you your self do lay upon your self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a Physician, Hellicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy self.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, (against the Face of Death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious Beauty,
From whence an Issue I might propagate,
Are Arms to Princes, and bring Joys to Subjects.
Her Face was to mine Eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (hark in thine Ear) as black as Incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful Father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this,
Tis time to fear, when Tyrants seem to kiss.

Which

Which fear fo grew in me, I hither fled, do and good and Under the covering of a careful Night, linguistic of Who feem'd my good Protector: and being here, Bethought me what was past, what might succeed; and and I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears and months and W Decrease not, but grow faster than the years : nov ment of And should he think, as no doubt he doth, months and applied That I should open to the listening Air, I down and bourse d How many worthy Princes Blood were thed, To keep his Bed of blackness unlaid ope, a special salve To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him, When all for mine, if I may call offence, Must feel Wars blow, who fears not innocence: Which love to all, of which thy felf art one, Who now reproved ft me for it. 119 and and world and

Hell. Alas, Sir, manufactures study avent went panerty month Per. Drew Sleep out of my Eyes, Blood from my Cheeks, Musings into my Mind, with a thousand doubts How I might stop their tempest e'er it came, if and now of And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them. and should !

Hell. Well, my Lord, fince you have given me leave to speak, Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, bear all stand me And justly too, I think, you fear the Tyrant. When you we Who either by publick War or private Treason, brown and W Will take away your Life. It arrived disk as do at allast Therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while, he would be a 'Till that his rage and anger be forgot; I was a said and Or 'till the Destinies do cut the thread of his Life: Your Rule direct to any, if to me, days feblus mode and Day ferves not Light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy Faith, Al work work as a read,

But should he wrong my Liberties in my absence? Hell. We'll mingle our bloods together in the Earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth. Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharfus Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee; And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self: The care I had and have of Subjects good, and the same and have of Subjects good, On thee I lay, whole wildom's Arength can bear it. I'll take thy Word for Faith, not ask thine Oath,
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our Orbs we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou shewest a Subject's shine, I a true Prince.

Enter Thaliard solum.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the Court, here must I kill King Pericles, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd

at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wife Fellow, and had good difcretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, defired he might know none of his Secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: For if a King bid a Man be a Villain, he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Husht, here come the Lords of Tyre.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my Fellow-Peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your King's departure.

His seal'd Commission left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the King gone ?

Hell. If further yet you will be fatisfied.
Why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves)
He would depart? I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

Hell. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:
And doubting that he had erred or sinned,
To shew his forrow, he would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the Shipman's toyl,
With whom each minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; but since he's gone, the King's Seas must please: he 'scap'd the Land, to perish at the Sea: I'll present my self. Peace to the Lords of Tyre.

Hell. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With Message unto Princely Pericles;
But since my Landing I have understood,

Your

Your Lord hath betook himself to unknown Travels, My Message must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, Commended to our Master, not to us; Yet e'er you shall depart, this we desire, As Friends to Antioch, we may Feast in Tyre.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharfus, with Diopysia and others.

Cle. My Dionysia, shall we rest us here, And by relating Tales of others Griess, See if twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at Fire in hope to quench it, For who digs Hills because they do aspire, Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher: O my distressed Lord, even such our Griess are, Here they're but felt, and seen with Mischiess Eyes, But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionysia,
Who wanteth Food, and will not say he wants it.
Or can conceal his Hunger 'till he famish?
Our Tongues and Sorrows do sound deep:
Our Woes into the Air, our Eyes to weep,
'Till Tongues fetch Breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heav'n slumber, while
Their Creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our Woes felt several Years,
And wanting Breath to speak, help me with Tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I've the Government,

A City, on whom Plenty held full Hand,

For Riches strew'd her self even in the Streets,

Whose Towers bore heads so high, they kist the Clouds,

And Strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;

Whose Men and Dames so jetted and adorn'd,

Like one anothers Glass to trim them by;

Their Tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

And not so much to feed on, as delight,

All Poverty was scorn'd, and Pride so great,

The Name of Help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh'tis true.

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Cle. But fee what Heav'n can do by this our Change: These Mouths, who but of late, Earth, Sea, and Air, Were all too little to content and please, Although they gave their Creatures in abundance; As Houses are defil'd for want of use, They are now starv'd for want of Exercise; Those Pallats, who, not yet to savers younger, Must have Inventions to delight the Taste, Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it; These Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes, Thought nought too curious, are ready now, To eat those little Darlings whom they lov'd, So sharp are hungers Teeth, that Man and Wife, Draw Lots who first shall dye to lengthen Life. Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping, Here many fink, yet those which see them fall, Have scarce Strength left to give them Burial. Is not this true?

Dio. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witness it.
Cle. O let those Cities that of Plenty's Cup,
And her Prosperities so largely tast,
With their superfluous Riots hear these Tears;
The Misery of Thar sus may be theirs.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here, speak out thy Sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste, for Comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have described, upon our neighbouring Shore,

A portly fail of Ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One Sorrow never comes but brings an Heir,
That may succeed as his Inheritor:
And so in ours: Some neighbouring Nation,
Taking Advantage of our Misery,
That stuft the hollow Vessels with their Pow'r,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a Conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no Glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least Fear.

For by the semblance of their Flags displaid,

They bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers, Not as Foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like Hymns untutor'd to repeat, Who makes the fairest Shew, means most Deceit.

But bring they what they will, and what they can, What need we fear, the Ground's the lowest,

And we are half way there: Go tell their General we attend him here.

To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cle. Welcome is Peace, if he on Peace confist; If Wars, we are unable to refist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for fo we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our Men,
Be like a Beacon fir'd, to amaze your Eyes,
We've heard your Miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the Desolation of your Streets:
Nor come we to add Sorrow to your Tears,
But to release them of their heavy load,
And these our Ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan Horse, was stuft within,
With bloody Veins expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with Corn to make your needy Bread,
And give them Life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,

And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, arise;

We do not look for Reverence, but for Love, And harbourage for our felf, our Ships, and Men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with Unthankfulness in Thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selves,
The Curse of Heav'n and Men succeed their Evils:
'Till when, the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, Feast here a while, Until our Stars that frown, lend us a Smile. Exempter

0 :

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

Gow. T TEre have you seen a mighty King, His Child, I wis, to Incest bring: A better Prince and benign Lord, That will prove awful both in Deed and Word. Be quiet then, as Men should be, 'Till he hath past Necessity: I'll shew you those in Troubles Reign, Losing a Mite, a Mountain gain: The Good in Conversation, To whom I give my Benizon, Is still at Tharfus, where each Man Thinks all is writ he spoken can: And to remember what he does, Build his Statue to make him glorious: But Tydings to the contrary, Are brought t' your Eyes, what need speak I.

Dumb Show. What a dead swed of

Enter at one Door Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Train with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a Letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the Letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a Reward, and Knights him.

[Exit Pericles at one Door, and Cleon at another.

Good Hellican that staid at home,
Not to eat Honey like a Drone,
From others Labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive:
And to fulfil his Prince's Desire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with Sin,
And had intent to murther him;
And that in Tharsus was not dest,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put forth to Seas,
Where when Men bin, there's seldom Ease,

For now the Wind begins to blow. Thunder above, and Deeps below, Makes such unquiet, that the Ship Should House him safe, is wrackt and split, And be, good Prince, having all loft, By Waves, from Coast to Coast is tost: All Perishen of Man, of Pelf, Ne ought escapen'd but himself; 'Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad, Threw him ashore to give him glad: And here he comes; what shall be next, Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your Ire, you angry Stars of Heav'n, Wind, Rain, and Thunder; remember earthly Man Is but a Substance that must yield to you: And I, as fits my Nature, do obey you. Alas, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks, Washt me from Shore to Shore, and left my Breath Nothing to think on, but enfuing Death; Let it suffice the greatness of your Powers, To have bereft a Prince of all his Fortunes, And having thrown him from your watry Grave, Here to have Death in Peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

I Fish. What, to pelch?

2 Fish. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

I Fish. What patch Breech, I say. 3 Fish. What fay you, Master? I Fish. Look how thou stirrest now.

Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a Wannion.

3 Fish. Faith, Master, I am thinking of the poor Men

That were cast away before us, even now.

I Fish. Alas, poor Souls, it griev'd my Heart to hear What pitiful Cries they made to us, to help them, When, well-a-day, we could fcarcely help our felves.

3 Fish. Nay, Master, said not I as much, When I faw the Porpus how he bounc'd and tumbled? They fay, they are half Fish, half Flesh; A Plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washt.

0 3

Master,

Master, I marvel how the Fishes live in the Sea?

1. Fish. Why, as Men do a Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Msers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at last devours them ill at a Mouthful.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th Land,
Who never leave gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Moral.

3 Fish. But, Master, it I had been the Sexton; I would have been that Day in the Belfrey.

2 Fish. Why, Man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too:
And when I had been in his Belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the Bells,
That he should never have left,

'Till he cast Bells, Steepl, Church and Parish up again.
But if the good King Synonides were of my mind,

Per. Symonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the Land of these Drones,

That rob the Bee of her Honey.

Per. How from the ferny subject of the Sea
These Fishers tell the Instruities of Mer,
And from their watry Enpire recollect,
All that may Men approve, or Men detect.
Peace be at your Labour, honest Fishermen,

2 Fish. Honest, good Fellow, what's that, if it be a Day fits you,

Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

Per. Y'may see the See hath cast me upon your Coast.

2 Fish. What a drunker Knave was the Sea,

To cast thee in our way.

Per. A Man whom bott the Waters and the Wind, In that vast Tennis-Cour, hath made the Ball For them to play upon, intreats you pity him: He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

r Fish. No, Friend, annot you beg?

Here's them in our Country of Greece,

Get more with Begging, than we can do with Working.

2 Fish.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any Fishes then? Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, Want teaches me to think on; A Man throng'd up with Cold, my Yeins are chill, And have no more of Life, than may suffice To give my Tongue that heat to ask your help: Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a Man, pray see me buried.

I Fish. Die ko-tha, now Gods forbid, I have a Gown here, come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a handsome Fellow: Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have Flesh for all Day, Fish for fasting Days and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my Friend, you said you could not beg. Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? then I'll tum Craver too.
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your Beggars whipt then?

2 Fish. Oh not all, my Friend, not all; for if all your Beggars were whipt, I would wish no better Office, than to be Beadle. But, Master, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest Minth becomes their Labour? I Fish. Hark you, Sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

And our King, the good Symoniaes.

Per. The good King Symonides, do you call him? I Fish. Ay, Sir, and he deserves so to be call'd, For his peaceable Reign, and good Government.

Per. He is a happy King, fince he gains from His Subjects, the name of good, by his Government. How far is his Court distant from this Shore?

r Fish. Marry, Sir, half a Day's Journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair Daughter, and to morrow is her Birthday, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the World, to Just and Turney for her Love.

Per. Were my Fortunes equal to my Desires,

04

I could wish to make one there.

2 Fish. Oh Sir, things must be as they may; and what a Man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his Wise's Soul.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, Master, help, here's a Fish hangs in the Net, like a poor Man's Right in the Law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armor, Friends! I pray you let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all Crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair my self;
And though it was mine own, part of mine Heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict Charge, even as he left his Life:
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a Shield
'Twixt me and Death; and pointed to this Brayse;
For that it sav'd me; keep it in like necessity;
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
'Till the rough Seas, that spares not any Man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my Shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my Father's Gift in's Will.

Per. To beg of you, kind Friends, this Coat of Worth, of For it was fometime Target to a King, I know it by this Mark; he lov'd me dearly, And for his fake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your Soveraign's Court, Where with it I may appear a Gentleman; And if that ever my low Fortune's better,

I'll pay your Bounties; 'till then rest your Debor. And has a Fish. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'll shew the vertue I have born in Arms.

I Fish. Why, take it, and the Gods give thee good on't.

2 Fish. But hark you, my Friend, 'twas we that made up this Garment through the rough Seams of the Waters; there are certain Condolements, certain Vails; I hope, Sir, if you Thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will;

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in Steel, And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,

This

This Jewel holds his building on my Arm; Unto thy value I will mount my felf Upon a Courfer, whose delightful steps, Shall make the Gazer joy to fee him tread: Only, my Friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of Bases. 2 Fish. We'll fure provide, thou shalt have

My best Gown to make thee a pair;

And I'll bring thee to the Court my felf.

Per. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will, This Day I'll rife, or elfe add ill to ill.

Exeunt. Enter Symonides with Attendants, and Thaila. King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph ? I Lord. They are, my Liege, and stay your coming, To present themselves.

King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter In Honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are, Sits here like Beauty's Child, whom Nature gat,

For Men to fee, and feeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal Father, to express My Commendations great, whose Merit's less.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are A Model which Heav'n makes like it felf: As Jewels lose their Glory, if neglected, So Princes their Renowns, if not respected. 'Tis now your Honour, Daughter, to entertain The Labour of each Knight, in his Device.

Thai. Which to preferve mine Honour, I'll perform.

The first Knight passes by. Ring. Who is the first that doth prefer himself? Thai. A Knight of Sparta, my renowned Father, And the Device he bears upon his Shield, Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun; The word, Lux tua vita mibi.

King. He loves you well, that holds his Life of you.

The third Knight.

Thai.

The second Knight. Who is the second, that presents himself? Thai. A Prince of Macedon, my royal Father, And the Device he bears upon his Shield, Is an arm'd Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady. The Motto thus in Spanish, Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.

King. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his Device

A wreath of Chivalry; the word, Me Pompey provexit apex.

[The fourth Knight.

King. What is the Fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upside down;

The word, Qui me alit, me extinguit.

King. Which shews that Beauty hath his Power and Will, Which can as well enslame, as it can kill.

The fifth Knight.

Thai. The fifth, an Hand environed with Clouds, Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone try'd: The Motto thus, Sic spectanda sides.

[The sixth Knight.

King. And what's the fixth and last, the which the Knight himself with such a graceful Courtesie deliver'd? Thai. He seems to be a Stranger; but his Present is A wither'd Branch, that's only green at top;

The Motto, In hac spe vivo.
King. A pretty Moral;

From the dejected State wherein he is,

He hopes by you his Fortunes yet may flourish.

Lord. He had need mean better than his outward Shew

Can any way speak in his just commend: For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To'ave practis'd more the Whipstock than the Lance.
2 Lord. He well may be a Stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd Triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 Lord. And on sec purpose let his Armour rust

Until this Day, to scowre it in the Dust.

King. Opinion's but a Fool, that makes us scan The outward Habit by the inward Man. But stay, the Knights are coming, We will withdraw into the Gallery.

Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight. Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous. To place upon the Volumn of your Deeds, As in a Title Page, your worth in Arms, Were more than you expect, or more than's sit, Since every worth in shew commends it self;

Prepare

Exeunt.

Prepare for Mirth, for Mirth comes at a Feast. You are Princes, and my Guests.

Thai. But you, my Knight and Guest, To whom this wreath of Victory I give,

And Crown you King of this Day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by Fortune, Lady, than by Merit.

King, Call it by what you will the Day's yours.

King. Call it by what you will, the Day is yours, And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed, And you her labour'd Scholar: Come, Queen o'ch' Feast, For, Daughter, so you are, here take your Place: Martial the rest, as thy deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

King. Your Presence glads our Days, Honour we love,

For who hates Honour, hates the Gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your Place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

I Knight. Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen, That neither in our Hearts, nor outward Eyes, Envy the Great, nor do the Low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights. King. Sit, sit, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is King of Thoughts, These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is Queen of Marriage, All Viands that I eat do feem unfavoury,

Wishing him my Meat; sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

King. He's but a Country Gentleman; has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a Staff,
Or so; let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems a Diamond to Glass.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's Picture,
Which tells me in that Glory once he was,
And Princes sat like Stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser Lights,
Did vail their Crowns to his Supremacy;
Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the Night,
The which hath Fire in Darkness, none in Light;
Whereby I see that Time's the King of Men,

For

For he's their Parents, and he is their Grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this Royal Presence? King. Here, with a Cup that's stirr'd unto the brim.

As you do love, fill to your Mistress Lips,

We drink this Health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while, stated as a mond law was all w

Yon Knight doth fit too melancholy,

As if the Entertainment in our Court,

Had not a shew might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaifa?

Thai. What is't to me, my Father?

King. O, attend, my Daughter, Princes, in this, should live like Gods above,

Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,

Which make a found, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more fweet,

Here say we drink this standing Bowl of Wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my Father, it besits not me, Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold, He may my Proser take for an Ossence, Since Men take Womens Gifts for Impudence.

King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the Gods, he could not please me better.

King. And furthermore tell him,

We defire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.

Thai. The King my Father, Sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Withing it so much Blood unto your Life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage.

Per. A Gentleman of Tyre, my Name Pericles, My Education been in Arts and Arms, Who looking for Adventures in the World, Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and Men, And after Shipwrack, driv'n upon this Shore.

Thai.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles, A Gentleman of Tyre, who only by Missortune of the Seas, Berest of Ships and Men, cast on the Shore.

King. Now, by the Gods, I pity his Missortune, And will awake him from his Melancholy.

Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on Trisles, And waste the time, which looks for other Revels.

Ev'n in your Armors, as you are addrest, Will very well become a Soldier's Dance:

I will not have excuse, with saying that Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies Heads,

Since they love Men in Arms, as well as Beds.

They dance.

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you Knights of Tyre,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their Measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my Lord.

King. Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd

Of your fair Courtesse, unclass, unclass. [They dance.

Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

But you the best. Pages and Lights, to conduct

These Knights unto their several Lodgings:

Yours, Sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talk of Love, And that's the mark I know you level at: Therefore each one betake him to his Rest, To Morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus, and Escanes.

Hell. No, Escanes, know this of me,

Antiochus from Incest liv'd not free:

For which, the most high Gods not minding

Longer to with-hold the Vengeance that

They had in store, due to his heinous

Capital Offence; even in the height and pride

Of all his Glory, when he was seated in

A Chariot of an inestimable Value, and his Daughter

With him; a Fire from Heav'n came and shrivel'd

Up those Bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk

That

2870 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

That all those Eyes ador'd them, e'er their fall, Scorn now their Hand should give them Burial.

Esca. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but Justice;

For though this King were great,

His Greatness was no guard to bare Heav'ns shaft,

By Sin had his teward.

Esca. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

or Counsel, hath respect with him but he.

Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

Lord. Follow me then: Lord Hellican, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy Day, my Lords.

Lord. Know that our Griess are risen to the top,

And now at length they over-flow their Banks.

Hell. Your Griefs, for what? wrong not your Prince you love.

But if the Prince do live, let us falute him,
Or know what Ground's made happy by his Breath:
If in the World he live, we'll feek him out:
If in his Grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, give's Cause to mourn his Funeral,
And leave us to our free Election.

And knowing this Kingdom is without a Head,
Like goodly Buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to ruin: Your noble felf,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto our Soveraign.

Omn. Live, noble Hellican.

Hell. Try Honours Cause; forbear your Suffrages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear:

(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,

Where's hourly trouble, for a Minutes ease,)

A twelve Month longer, let me entreat you

To forbear the absence of your King;

TE

If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged Patience bear your Yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this Love,
Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crown.

I Lord. To Wisdom, he's a Fool that will not yield, And fince Lord Hellican enjoineth us, We with our Travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll class Hands, When Peers thus knit, a Kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt. Enter the King reading of a Letter at one Door, and the

Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Symonides.

King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve Month, she'll not undertake
A married Life: Her Reason to her self is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my Lord?

King. Faith, by no means, she hath so strictly
Ty'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:
One twelve Moons more she'll wear Diana's Livery:
This by the Eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her Virgin honour will not break.

3 Knight. Loth to bid farewel, we take our leaves. [Exe. King. So, they are well dispatch'd,
Now to my Daughter's Letter; she tells me here,
She'll wed the stranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor Day nor Light.
'Tis well, Mistress, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well; nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
Have it be delay'd: Soft, here he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All Fortune to the good Symonides.

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,

For your sweet Musick this last Night:

2872 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

I do protest, my Ears were never sed With such delightful pleasing Harmony. Per. It is your Grace's Pleasure to commend, Not my Desert.

King. Sir, you are Musick's Master.

Per. The worst of all her Scholars, my good Lord. King. Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?

Per. A most virtuous Princess.
King. And she's fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair Day in Summer: Wondrous Fair. King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,

I so well, that you must be her Master,

And she will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her School-master.

King. She thinks not so, peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here, a Letter,

That she loves the Knight of Tyre?
'Tis the King's Subtilty to have my Life:
Oh seek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger and distressed Gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,
But bent all Offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitch'd my Daughter, And thou art a Villain.

Per. By the Gods I have not; Never did thought of mine levy Offence; Nor never did my Actions yet commence

A Deed might gain her Love, or your Displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

King. Ay, Traitor.

Per. Even in his Throat, unless it be a King, That calls me Traitor, I return the Lie.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his Courage.

Per. My Actions are as noble as my Thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base Descent:

I came unto the Court for Honour's Cause,

And not to be a Rebel to her State:

And he that otherwise accounts of me, This Sword shall prove, he's Honour's Enemy.

King.

King. No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as Virtuous, as Fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my Tongue
Did e'er sollicit, or my Hand subscribe
To any Syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, Sir, if you had, who takes offence,

At that would make me glad?

King. Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory?

I am glad of it with all my Heart.

I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my Consent,

Bestow your Love and your Affections

Upon a Stranger? who, for ought I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in Blood as I my self.

Therefore hear you, Mistress, either frame

Your Will to mine; and you, Sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you

Man and Wise; nay, come, your Hands

And Lips must seal it too: And being join'd,

I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further Grief,

God give you Joy; what, are you both pleas'd? Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Ev'n as my Life, or Blood that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed, And then with what haste you can, get you to Bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleep slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the House,
Made louder by the o'er-fee Beast,
Of this most pompous Marriage Feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning Coal,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket Sing at the Ovens Mouth,
Are the blither for their Drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to Bed,
Where, by the loss of Maidenhead,

Vol. VI.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

A Babe is moulded, by attent,

And time that is so briefly spent,

With your fine fancies quaintly each,

What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with Speech.

2874

Enter Pericles and Symonides at one Door with Attendants, a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter, Pericles shews it Symonides, the Lords kneel to him; then enter Thaisa with Child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shews her the Letter, she rejoices: She and Pericles take leave of her Father, and depart.

By many a dearn and painful pearch Of Pericles, the careful search, By the four opposing Crignes, Which the World together joynes, Is made with all due diligence, That Horse and Sail, and high Expence, Can steed the quest at last from Tyre, Fame answering the most strange Enquires To th' Court of King Symonides, Are Letters brought, the tenour thefe. Antiochus and his Daughter's dead, The Men of Tyrus, on the Head Of Hellicanus would set on The Crown of Tyre, but he will none: The mutiny he there hastes t'oppress, Sayes to them, if King Pericles Come not home in twice fix Moons, He, obedient to their dooms, Will take the Crown: The sum of this Brought hither to Pentapolis, Irmy shed the Regions round, And every one with claps can found, Our Heir apparent is a King: Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing? Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre, His Queen with Child, makes her desire. Which who shall cross, along to go, Omit we all their dole and woe: Lychorida her Nurse she takes, And so to Sea; then vessel shakes

On Neptune's billow, half the Flood Hath their Keel cut; but Fortune mov'd, Varies again, the grifly North Disgorges such a Tempest forth, That as a Duck for life that dives, So up and down the poor Ship drives: The Lady shreeks, and well-a-near, Doth fall in travel with her fear: -And what ensues in this self storm, Shall for it self, it self perform: I nill relate, Action may Conveniently the rest convey; Which might not? what by me is told, In your imagination hold: This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck The Seas tost Pericles appears to speak.

Enter Pericles on Shipboard. Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these Surges Which wash both Heav'n and Hell; and thou that hast Upon the Winds command, bind them in Brass, Having call'd them from the Deep; O still Thy deafning dreadful Thunders; daily quench Thy nimble sulphurous Flashes: O how, Lychorida? How does my Queen? then storm venomously, Wilt thou spit all thy self? the Seamans whistle Is a whisper in the Ears of Death, Unheard Lychorida? Lucina, oh-Divinest Patroness, and my Wife, gentle To those that cry by Night, convey thy Deity Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs Of my Queen's Travels. Now, Lychorida. Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place, Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe Take in your Arms this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How? how, Lychorida?

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, do not affift the Storm,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the fake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Pa

Per. Oh you Gods! Why do you make us love your goodly Gifts, And fnatch them straight away? We here below, recal not what we give, And we therein may use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, even for this charge. Per. Now mild may be thy Life,

For a more blustrous Birth had never Babe: Quiet and gentle thy Conditions; For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this World, That ever was Prince's Child; happy that follows, Thou hast as chiding a Nativity. As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heav'n can make, To harold thee from the Womb: Ev'n at the first, thy loss is more than can

Thy Portage quit, with all thou canst find here: Now the good Gods throw their best Eyes upon it. Enter two Sailors.

I Sail. What courage, Sir? God fave you. Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the Flaw, It hath done to me the worst: Yet for the love Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,

I would it would be quiet. I Sail, Slack the Bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou

blow and split thy self?

2 Sail. But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy Billow kiss the Moon, I care not.

r Sail. Sir, your Queen must over-board, The Sea works high, the Wind is loud, And will not lye'till the Ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your Superstition. 1 Sail. Pardon us, Sir, with us at Sea it still hath been observ'd, And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her. Per. As you think meet, for she must o'er-board straight,

Most wretched Queen.

Lyc. Here she lyes, Sir. Per. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had, my Dear; No Light, no Fire, the unfriendly Elements Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time To bring thee hallow'd to thy Grave, but straight

Must

Must cast thee scarcely Coffin'd, in oar, Where for a Monument upon thy Bones. The Air remaining Lamps, the belching Whale, And humming Water must o'erwhelm thy Corps, Lying with simple Shells: Oh, Lychorida, Bid Neftor bring me Spices, Ink and Paper, My Casket and my Jewels, and bid Nicander Bring me the Sattin Coffin: Lay the Babe Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I fay A Priestly farewel to her: Suddenly, Woman.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a Chest beneath the Hatches, Caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee: Mariner, fay, what Coast is this? 2 Sail. We are near Tharfus.

Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre: When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease. Per. O make for Tharfus,

There will I visit Cleon, for the Babe Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it At careful Nursing: Go thy ways, good Mariner, I'll bring the Body presently. [Exeum.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get Fire and Meat for these poor Men, It hath been a turbulent and stormy Night.

Ser. I have been in many; but fuch a Night as this,

'Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your Master will be dead e'er you return, There's nothing can be ministred to Nature, That can recover him: Give this to the Pothecary, And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

I Gent. Good morrow.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early? I Gent. Sir, our Lodging standing bleak upon the Sea, Shook as if the Earth did quake:

P 3 The

The very Principles did feem to rend and all to topple, Pure surprise and fear made me to leave the House. 2 Gent. That is the Cause we trouble you so early,

'Tis not our Husbandry.

Cer. O you say well. I Gent. But I much marvel that your Lordship Having rich Attire about you, should at these early Hours Shake off the golden Slumber of repose; 'tis most strange, Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning. Were Endowments greater, than Nobleness and Riches; Careless Heirs may the two latter darken and expend; But Immortality attends the former,

Making a Man a God:

'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick, Through which fecret Art, by turning o'er Authority, I have together with my Practice, made familiar To me and to my aid, the best Infusions that dwell In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones; and can speak of the Disturbances that Nature works, and of her Cures; Which doth give me a more content In course of true Delight Than to be thirsty after tottering Honour, Or tie my Pleasure up in filken Bags, To please the Fool and Death.

2 Gent. Your Honour hath through Ephefus, Pour'd forth your Charity, and hundreds call themselves Your Creatures; who by you have been restor'd, And not your Knowledge, your personal Pain, But even your Purse still open, hath built Lord Cerymon Such strong Renown, as never shall decay:

Enter two or three with a Chest:

Ser. So, lift there. Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea tofs up upon our Shore This Chest; 'tis of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let us look upon it. 2 Gent. 'Tis like a Costin, Sir.

Cer. What e'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ; it is so doubt Wrench it open straight;

H

If the Seas Stomach be o'er charg'd with Gold,
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the Sea cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a Billow, Sir, as tost it upon Shore: Cer. Wrench it open; it smells most sweetly in my Sence, 2 Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As ever hit my Nostril; so, up with it. Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Coarse? I Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of State, balm'd and entreasured With full Bags of Spices, a Passport to Apollo,

Perfect me in the Characters,

Here I give to understand,
If e'er this Coffin drive a-land;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost;
Who finds her, give her Burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Besides this Treasure for a Fee,
The Gods requite his Charity.

If thou livest Pericles, thou hast a Heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to Night.
2 Gent. Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to Night. For look how fresh she looks!

They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.

Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closer, Death may usurp on Nature many Hours,

And yet the Fire of Life kindle again the o'er-prest Spirits. I heard of an Agyptian that had nine Hours been dead, Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well faid, well faid, the Fire and Cloaths, The rough and woful Musick that we have,

Cause it to sound I beseech you:

The Vial once more; how thou stirrest, thou Block?
The Musick there; I pray you give her Air;

P4

Gentle-

Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm Breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five Hours.
See how the gins to blow into Life's Flower again.

I Gent. The Heav'ns, through you, encrease our Wonder,

And fets up your Fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her Eye-lids,
Cases to those heav nly Jewels which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their Fringes of bright Gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised Water doth appear,
To make the World twice rich, live, and make us weep
To hear your Fate, fair Creature, rare as you seem to be.

[She moves.]

Thai. O dear Diana, where am 1? where's my Lord? What World is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

I Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle Neighbours, lend me your Hands, To the next Chamber bear her, get Linnen; Now this matter must be look'd to, for the Relapse Is mortal: Come, come, and, Esculapius, guide us.

[Exeunt, carrying her away.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Per. MOST honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone,
My twelve Months are expir'd, and Tyre stands
In a peace; you and your Lady take from my Heart
All Thankfulness. The Gods make up the rest upon you.
Cle. Your shakes of Fortune, though they hate you

Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet Queen!
That the strict Fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither.
To have blest mine Eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the Pow'rs above us; Could I rage and roar as doth the Sea she lyes in, Yet the end must be as 'tis: My gentle Babe, Marina, Whom, for she was born at Sea, I have nam'd so,

Here,

Here, I charge your Charity withal; leaving her The Infant of your Care, befeeching you to give her Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my Lady, but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn; for which,
The Peoples Prayers daily fall upon you, must in your Child
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common Body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that,
My Nature need a Spur, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of Generation,

Per. I believe you, your Honour and your Goodness, Teach me to't without your Vows, 'till she be married, Madam, by bright Diana, whom we honour, All unsister'd shall this Heir of mine remain, Though I shew will in't: So I take my leave: Good Madam, make me blessed, in your care In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I've one my felf, who shall not be more dear

To my respect than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my Thanks and Prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace to the Edge of the Shore, then give you up to the masked Neptune, and the gentlest Winds of Heav'n.

Per. I will embrace your Offer. Come, dearest Madam: O, no Tears, Lychorida, no Tears; look to your little Mistress, on whose Grace you may depend hereafter: Come, my Lord.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels,

Lay with you in your Coffer,

Which are at your Command: Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lord's; that I was ship'd at Sea,

I well remember, ev'n on my eaning time;
But whether there delivered, by the holy Gods,
I cannot rightly fay; but fince King Pericles,
My wedded Lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal Livery will I take me to,
And never more have Joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak, Diana's Temple is not distant far,

Where

Where you may abide 'till your date expire; Moreover if you please, a Niece of mine, Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all, Yet my good will is great, though the Gift small: [Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre. Welcom'd and setled to his own desire: His woful Queen we leave at Ephesus, Unto Diana, there's a Votaress. New to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast growing Scene must find At Tharfus, and by Cleon train'd In Musicks Letters, who hath gain'd Of Education all the Grace, Which makes high both the Art and Place Of general Wonder: But alack, That Monster Envy, oft the Wrack Of earned praise, Marina's Life Seeks to take off by Treason's Knife, And in this kind, our Cleon bath One Daughter and a full grown Wench, Even ripe for Marriage sight: This Maid Hight Philoten: And it is said For certain in our Story, she Would ever with Marina be, Be't when they wear'd the stedded Silk, With Fingers long, small, white as Milk's Or when she would with sharp Needle wound The Cambrick, which she made more sound By burting it, or when to th' Lute She sung, and made the Night Bed mute, That still records within one, or when She would with rich and constant Pen. Vail to her Mistress Dion still, This Philoten contends in skill With absolute Marina: So The Dove of Paphos might with the Crow Vy Feathers white. Marina gets All Praises, which are paid as Debts.

And

And not as given, this so darks In Philoten all graceful Marks, That Cleon's Wife with Envy rare. A present Murderer do's prepare For good Marina, that her Daughter Might stand Peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile Thoughts to stead, Lychorida our Nurse is dead, And cursed Dionysia hath The pregnant Instrument of wrath Prest for this blow, the unborn Event, I do commend to your Content, Only I carried winged Time, Post on the lame Feet of my Rhime, Which never could I so convey, Unless your Thoughts went on my way. Dionysia doth appear, With Leonine a Murderer.

[Exit.]

Enter Dionysia, and Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it,
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known,
Thou canst not do a thing in the World so soon,
To yield thee so much profit, let not Conscience
Which is but cold, inflaming thy love Bosom,
Enslame too nicely; nor let Pity, which
Even Women have cast off, melt thee,
But be a Soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet she is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only Mistress Deaths

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob gay Tellus of her Weed,
To strew thy Grave with Flowers: The yellows, blews,
The purple Violets and Marigolds,
Shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave,
While Summer Days dorn last. Ay me, poor Maid,
Born in a Tempest, when my Mother dy'd:
This World to me is like a lasting Storm,
Hurrying me from my Friends.

2884 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Dion. How now, Marina? why de'ye weep alone? How chance my Daughter is not with you? Do not confume your Blood with forrowing. You have a Nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe: Come give me your Flowers, e'er the Sea mar it, Walk with Leonine, the Air is quick there. And it pierces and sharpens the Stomach: Come, Leonine, take her by the Arm, walk with her. Mar. No I pray you,

I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the King your Father, and your felf, With more than foreign Heart; we every day Expect him here, when he shall come and find Our Paragon, to all Reports thus blafted, He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, Blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken No care to your best Courses. Go I pray you, Walk and be Chearful once again; referve That excellent Complexion, which did steal The Eyes of Young and Old. Care not for me. I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you; Walk half an Hour, Leonine, at the least. Remember what I have faid.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion, I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while; Pray walk foftly, do not heat your Blood: What, I must have a care of you,

Exit. Mar. My thanks, fweet Madam. Is the Wind Westerly that blows?

Leon. South-West.

Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.

Leon. Was't fo?

Mar. My Father, as Nurse faith, did never fear, But cryed, good Seamen to the Sailors, galling His kingly Hands, a tento M was re-Hailing the Ropes, and clasping to the Mast, Endur'd a Sea that almost burst the Deck. Leon.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born,

Never was Waves nor Wind more violent,

And from the Ladder-Tackle, washes off

A Canvas Climer: Ha, saith one, wilt out?

And with a dropping Industry they skip

From Stern to Stern:

The Boat-swain whistles, and the Master calls

And trebbles their Confusion.

Leon. Come, fay your Prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for Prayer, I grant it; pray, but be not tedious, For the Gods are quick of Ear,
And I am sworn to do my Work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me? Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can Remember by my Troth, I never did hurt her In all my Life, I never spake bad word, Nor did ill turn to any living Creature; Believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouse, Nor hurt a Fly. I trode upon a Worm once Against my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, Wherein my Death might yield her any prosit, Or my Life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission
Is not to reason of the Deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the World, I hope: You are well-favour'd, and your Looks fore-shew You have a very gentle Heart. I saw you lately, When you caught Hurt in parting two that fought: Good sooth, it shewed well in you, do so now, Your Lady seeks my Life, come you between, And save poor Me the weaker.

Leon. I am fworn, and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

I Pirat. Hold, Villain.

2 Pirat. A prize! a prize!

3 Pirat. Half part, Mates, half part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt.

2886 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing Thieves serve the great Pirate Valdes, And they have seized Marina, let her go, There's no hope she will return: I'll swear she's dead, And thrown into the Sea; but I'll see further, Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, Not carry her aboard, if she remain, Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit. Enter Pander, Boult and Bawd.

Pand. Boult. Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the Market narrowly, Metalline is full of Gallants, we lost too much Mony this Mart, by being too Wenchless.

Band. We were never so much out of Creatures, we have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continual Action, are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones what e'er we pay for them, if there be not a Conscience to be us'd in every Trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor

Bastards, as I think, I brought some eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again, But shall I search the Market?

Band. What else, Man? The Stuff we have, a strong Wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true, there's two unwholesome in Conficience, the poor Transilvanian is dead that lay with the little Baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poup'd him, she made him Roast. Meat for Worms, but I'll go search the Market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand Chickens were as pretty a Proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Band. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame

to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our Credit comes not in like the Commodity, nor the Commodity wages not with the Danger: Therefore, if in our Youths we could pick up some pretty Estate, twere not amiss to keep our Door hatch'd; besides the fore terms we stand upon with the Gods, will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd.

Bawd. Come, other forts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, ay, and better too, we offend worle, neither is our Profession any Trade, it's no Calling: But here comes Boult.

Enter Boult with Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your ways, my Masters, you say she's a Virgin?

Pirat. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this Piece you see, if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my Earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has the any Qualities?

Boult. She has a good Face, speaks well, and hath excellent good Cloaths: There's no farther necessity of Qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her Price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand Pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Masters, you shall have your Mony presently: Wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her Entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the Marks of her, the Colour of her Hair, Complexion, Height, Age, with warrant of her Virginity, and Cry: He that will give most shall have her first. Such a Maiden-head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was fo flack, fo flow:

He should have struck, not spoke;

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,

Had not o'er-board thrown me, for to feek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the Gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my Hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my Fault to 'scape his Hands, Where I was like to dve.

Band. Ay, and you shall live in Pleasure.

Mar. No.

2888 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all Fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all Complexions: What, de'ye stop your Ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honest Woman, or not a Woman.

Band. Marry whip thee, Gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, y'are a young soolish Sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd. If it please the Gods to defend you by Men, then Men must comfort you, Men must feed you, Men must stir you up: Boult's return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, Sir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her Hairs,
I have drawn her Picture with my Voice.

Bawd. And prithee tell me, how dost thou find the Inclination of the People, especially of the younger fort?

Boult. Faith they listed to me, as they would have hearkened to their Father's Testament. There was a Spaniard's Mouth so watered, that he went to Bed to her very Description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to Morrow with his best

Ruff on.

Boult. To Night, to Night. But, Mistress, do you know the French Knight that cowres i'th' Hams?

Bawd. Who, Monfieur Verollus?

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a Caper at the Proclamation, but he made a Groan at it, and swore he would see her to Morrow.

Band. Well, well, as for him, he brought his Disease hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our Shadow, to scatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we

should lodge them with this Sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you must feem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; despise Prosit, where you have most Gain; to weep that you live as you

do, makes pity in your Lovers feldom, but that pity begets you a good Opinion, and that Opinion a meer profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home, Mistress, take her home, these Blushes of hers must be quencht with some present Practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true i'faith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not; but Mistress, if I have bargain'd for the Joynt.

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a Morsel off the Spit.

Boult. I may fo.

Bawd. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your Garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my Faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the Town, report what
a Sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by Custom. When
Nature framed this Piece, she meant thee a good Turn,
therefore say what a Paragon she is, and thou hast the Harvest out of thine own Report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistress, Thunder shall not so awake the Beds of Eels, as my giving out of her Beauty stirs up the Lewdly enclined, I'll bring home some to Night.

Band. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If Pires be hot, Knives sharp, or Waters deep, Unty'd I still my Virgin-knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose.

Band. What have we to do with Diana? pray you go with us.

Enter Cleon and Dionysia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone? Cle. O Dionysia, such a piece of Slaughter, The Sun and Moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cle. Were I chief Lord of all this spacious World, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much less in Blood than Virtue, yet a Princess to equal any single Crown of the Earth, in the justice of compare: O Villain, Leonine, whom thou hast Poisoned too, if thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness becoming well thy Face; what can'st thou say, when Noble Pericles shall demand his Child?

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Q

Dien.

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates to foster it, nor ever to preserve; she dy'd at Night, I'll say so, who can cross it, unless you play the Innocent? and for an honest Attribute, cry out, she dy'd by foul Play.

Cle. O go to, well, well, of all the Faults beneath the

Heav'ns, the Gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pretty Wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, and open this to Pericles; I do shame to think of what a noble Strain you are, and of how coward a Spirit.

Cle. To fuch proceeding, who ever but his Approbation added, though not his whole Confent, he did not flow

from honourable Courfes.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my Child, and stood between her and her Fortunes: None would look on her, but cast their Gazes on Marina's Face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my Course unnatural, you not your Child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of Kindness perform'd to your sole Daughter.

Cle. Heav'ns forgive it.

Dion. And as for Pericles, what should he say? We wept after her Hearse, and yet we mourn: Her Monument almost finished, and her Epitaph In glittering golden Characters, express A general Praise to her, and Care in us, At whose Expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie, Which to betray, dost with thy Angel's Face,

Seize with thine Eagle's Talons.

Dien. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to th' Gods, that Winter kills the Flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. [Exemt.

ACT IV. SCENE

Enter Gower.

HUS Time we waste, and longest Leagues make shore, Sail Seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't, Making to take our Imagination, From bourn to bourn, Region to Region. By you being Pard'ned, we commit no Crime To use one Language, in each several Clime, Where our Scenes seem to live. I do beseech you To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you The Stages of our Story, Pericles Is now again thwarting the wayward Seas; (Attended on by many a Lord and Knight) To see his Daughter, all his Life's Delight. Old Hellicanus goes along behind, Is left to govern it: You bear in Mind Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late Advanc'd in time to great and high Estate. Well sailing Ships, and bounteous Winds have brought This King to Tharsus, think this Pilate thought, So with his Steerage, shall your Thoughts grone To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone; Like Motes and Shadows see them move a while, Your Ears unto your Eyes I'll reconcile.

Enter Pericles at one Door with all his Train, Cleon and Dionysia at the other: Cleon shews Pericles the Tomb, whereat Pericles makes Lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty Passion departs.

Gower. See how Belief may Suffer by foul show, This borrow'd Passion stands for true old Woe: And Pericles in forrow all devour'd, With Sighs shot through, and biggest Tears o'er-show'de Leaves Tharfus, and again imbarks, he swears Never to wash his Face, nor cut his Hairs, He put on Sackcloth, and to Sea he bears, A Tempest which his mortal Vessel tears. And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionysia.

The

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her Spring of Year:
She was of Tyrus the King's Daughter,
On whom foul Death hath made this Slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th'earth:
Therefore the Earth fearing to be o'esslow'd,
Hath Thesis Birth-child on the Heav'ns bestow'd.
Wherefore she does and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging Battry upon Shores of Flint.

No Vizor does become black Villany,
So well as foft and tender Flattery.
Let Pericles believe his Daughter's dead,
And bear his Courfes to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, while our stear must Play
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a day,
In her unholy Service: Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

I Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

I Gent. But to have Divinity preacht there, did you

ever dream of fuch a thing?

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2 Gent. No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy-houses,

shall we go hear the Vestals sing?

am out of the road of Rutting for ever.

Enter the three Bands.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her

she had ne'er come here.

SAT

Band. Fie, fie upon her, she is able too freeze the God-Priapus, and undo a whole Generation, we must either get her Ravisht, or be rid of her; when she should do for Clyents her fitment, and do me the kindness of our Profession, she has me her Quirks, her Reasons, her Master-reasons, her Prayers, her Knees, that she would make a Puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen a Kiss of her.

Boult. Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all

our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Priests.

Pand.

Pand. Now the Pox upon her Green-fickness for me.

Band. Faith there's no way to be rid of ir, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguis'd.

Boult. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the pee-

vish Baggage would but give way to Customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now, how a dozen of Virginities? Bawd. Now the Gods bless your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good Health.

Lys. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your Reforters stand upon sound Legs, how now? wholsome Impunity have you, that a Man may deal withal, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if the would

But there never came her like in Metaline.

Lys. If she'd do the Deeds of Darkness, thou would'st say' Band. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For Flesh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What prethee?

Boult. O Sir, I can be Modest.

Lys. That dignifies the Renown of a Bawd, no less than it gives a good Report to a number to be Chast.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk, Never pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is she not a fair Creature?

Lys. Faith she would serve after a long Voyage at Sea, Well, there's for you, leave us.

Band. I beseech your Honour give me leave a word, And I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Band. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable Man.

Mar. I defire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a
Man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Q 3

Band

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully re-

ceive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not pac'd yet, you must take some Pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his Honour and her together.

[Exit Bawd.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this

Trade?

Mar. What Trade, Sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.
Mar. I cannot be offended with my Trade.
Pleaserou to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this Profession?

Mar. E'er fince I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young, were you a Gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lyf. Why the House you dwell in, proclaims you to be Creature of Sale.

Mar. Do you know this House to be a Place of such refort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable Parts, and the Governor of this place.

Lys. Why? hath your Principal made known unto you,

who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Lys. Why your Herb-woman, she that sets Seeds and Roots of Shame and Iniquity. O you have heard something of my Power, and so stand aloof for more serious Wooing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my Authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private Place, come, come.

Mar. If you were born to Honour, shew it now;

If put upon you, make the Judgment good,

That thought you worthy of it.

Would

Would fet me free from this unhallow'd Place, Though they did change me to the meanest Bird That flies i'th' purer Air,

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne'er dream'd thou could'st;

Had I brought hither a corrupted Mind,

Thy Speech had alter'd it; hold, here's Gold for thee, Persevere in that clear way thou goess,

And the Gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preserve you.

Lys. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me The very Doors and Windows savour vilely.

Fare thee well,

Thou art a piece of Virtue, and I doubt not But thy training hath been Noble;

Hold, here's more Gold for thee;

A Curse upon him, die he like a Thief

That robs thee of thy Goodness; if thou dost hear from me, It shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your Honour, one Piece for me.

Lys. Avant thou damn'd Door-keeper, and ob vant soul

Your House, but for this Virgin that doth prop it, Would fink and overwhelm you. Away.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you? If your peevish Chastity, which is not worth a Breakfast in the cheapest Country under the coap, shall undo a whole Houshold, let me be gelded like a Spaniel; come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me? work any bloom

Boult. I must have your Maidenhead taken off, or the common Hangman shall execute it; come your way, we'll have no more Gentlemen driv'n away; come your ways, I say.

Enter Bawd.

Band. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, Mistress, she hath here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. She makes our Profession as it were to stink before the Face of the Gods.

Band. Marry hang her up for ever.

Q4

Boult.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she fent him away as cold as a Snow-ball; faying his Prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away, use her at thy Pleasure, crack the Glass of her Virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boule. And if she were a thornier Piece of Ground than she is, she shall be Ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods.

Band. She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my Doors, marry hang you, she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of Women-kind? Marry come up my Dish of Chastity, with Rosemary and Bays. [Exit.

Boult. Come, Mistress, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the Jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first. Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'ft thou wish thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather

my Mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their Command;
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st Fiend

In Hell would not in Reputation change:

Thou art the damn'd Door-keeper to every Cusherel that comes Enquiring for his Tib; To the cholerick Fishing of every Rogue Thy Ear is liable, thy Food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infectious Lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the Wars, would you, where a Man may serve seven Years for the loss of a Leg, and have not Mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost,
Empty old Receptacies, or Common-shores of Filth;
Serve by Indenture to the common Hangman,
Any of these ways are yet better than this:
For what thou professes, a Baboon, could he speak,
Would own a Name too dear:
Oh, that the Gods would safely deliver me from this Place;

Here, here's Gold for thee, if that thy Master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can Sing, Weave, Sow, and Dance,
With With other Virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest Groom
That doth frequent your House.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can

place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest Women.

Boult. Faith my Acquaintance lies little among them; but fince my Master and Mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: Therefore I will make them acquainted with your Purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can, come your ways.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothel scapes, and chances Into an honest House, our Story says: She fings like one immortal, and the dances As Goddess-like to her admired Laies: Deep Clerks she dumbs, and with her Needle composes Natures own Shape, of Bud, Bird, Branch or Berry, That even her Art sisters the natural Roses, Her Incle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry, That Pupils lacks she none of noble Race, Who pour their Bounty on her, and her Gain She gives the cursed Bawd. Leave we her place, And to her Father turn our Thoughts again, Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and tost, And driv'n before the Wind, he is arriv'd Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coast, Suppose him now at Anchor: The City striv'd God Neptune's annual Feast to keep, from whence Lysimachus our Tyrian Ship espies, His Banners sable, trim'd with rich Expence, And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes, In your supposing, once more put your fight Our heavy Pericles, think this his Bark,

Where

Where what is done in Action, more of might Shall be discover'd, please you sit and hark.

Exit.

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Sailors.

of Sail. Where is the Lord Hellicanus? he can resolve you. O here he is. Sir, there is a Barge put off from Metaline, and in it is Lysimachus the Governor, who craves to come aboard; what is your Will?

Hell. That he have his-call up some Gentlemen.

2 Sail. Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

Enter Lysimachus.

I Sail. Sir, this is the Man that can, in ought you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir, the Gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well;

Being on Shore, honouring of Neptune's Triumphs, Seeing this goodly Vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your Place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this Place you lye before.

Hell. Sir, our Vessel's of Tyre, in it the King, A Man, who for this three Months hath not spoken To any one, nor taken Sustenance, But to prolong his Grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his Distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main Grief springs from the loss of a beloved Daughter, and a Wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootless is your fight, he will not speak to any.

Lys. Let me obtain my Wish.

Hell. Behold him; this was a goodly Person, 'till the Distaster that one mortal wight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all hail, the Gods preserve you, hail, Royal Sir.

Hell.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a Maid in Metaline, I durst wager

would win some words from him.

Lyf. 'Tis well bethought, she questionless with her sweet Harmony, and other chosen Attractions, would allure and make a Battery through his defended Parts, which now are mid-way stopr, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow Maids, now upon the levy shelter that abuts against the Island side.

Hell. Sure all effectless, yet nothing we'll omit that bears recoveries Name. But since your Kindness we have strecht thus far, let us beseech you, that for our Gold we may have Provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but

weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, Sir, a Courtesse, which if we should deny, the most just God for every Graff would send a Caterpillar, and so instict our Province; yet once more let me entreat to know at large the Cause of your King's Sorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but fee, I am

prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O here's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome, Fair One: Is't not a goodly Present?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lyf. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd, Came of a gentle Kind, and noble Stock, I'd wish no better Choice, and think me rarely wed. Fair, and all Goodness that consists in Beauty, Expect even here, where is a kingly Patient, If that thy prosperous and artificial Fate Can draw him but to answer thee in ought, Thy sacred Physick shall receive such Pay, As thy Desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost Skill in his Recovery, provided that none but I and my Companion Maid be suf-

fered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her prosperous. The Song.

Lys. Mark'd he your Musick? Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him. Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend Ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a Maid, my Lord, that ne'er before invited Eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: She speaks, my Lord, that, may be, hath endured a Grief might equal yours, if both were justly weighed; though wayward Fortune did maligne my State, my Derivation was from Ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my Parentage, and to the Word and aukward Casualties bound me in servitude; I wil desist, but there is something glows upon my Cheek, and whispers in mine Ear, Go not 'till he speak.

Per. My Fortunes, Parentage, good Parentage to equal

mine; was it not thus? what fay you?

Mar. I said, my Lord, if you did know my Parentage,

you would not do me Violence.

Per. I do think fo, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Country-women hear of these shews?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was morally brought

forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliver weeping: My dearest Wife was like this Maid, and such a one my Daughter might have been: My Queen's square Brows, her Stature to an Inch, as wand-like straight, as silver voic'd, her Eyes as Jewel-like, and cast as richly, in pace another Juno. Who starves the Ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them Speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a Stranger, from the Deck you

may discern the Place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how atthiev'd you these Endowments which you make more rich o owe?

Mar. If I should tell my History, it would seem like

Lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee speak, falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as Justice, and thou seen'st a Pallas for the crowned Truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and

make my Senses credit thy Relation, to points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy Friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee back: Which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'st from good Descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy Parentage, I think thou faidst thou hadst been tost from Wrong to Injury, and that thou thought'st thy Griess might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some fuch thing I faid, and faid no more but what

my Thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy Story, if thine confidered prove the thoufand Part of my Endurance, thou art a Man, and I have fuffered like a Girl; yet thou dost look like Patience, gazing on Kings Graves, and smiling Extremity out of act. What were thy Friends? how lost thou thy Name, my most kind Virgin? recount I do beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. Ny Name is Marina.

Per. Oh I am mock'd, and thou by some incensed God sent hither to make the World to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou doest starte me to call thy self Marina.

Mar. The Name was given me by one that had some

Power, my Father and a King.

Per. How, a King's Daughter, and call'd Marina?

Mar. You faid you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your Peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you Flesh and Blood?

Have you a working Pulse, and are no Fairy?

Motion? vell, speak on, where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the Minute I was born, as my good Nurse Lychorida hath oft delivered weeping.

2902 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest Dream That e'er dull Sleep did mock sad Fools withal: This cannot be my Daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottom of your Story, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the Syllable of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these Parts?

where were you bred?

Mar. The King, my Father, did in Tharsus leave me. 'Till cruel Cleon with his wicked Wife,
Did seek to murther me: And having woed a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of Pyrats came and rescued me,
Brought me to Metaline.

But, good Sir, whither will you have me? why do you weep? It may be you think me an Impostor, no, good faith. I am the Daughter to King Pericles, if good King Pericles

be.

Per. Ho, Hellicanus? Hell. Calls my Lord?

Though Doubts did ever sleep.

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor, Most wise in general, tell me, if thou can'st, what this Maid is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of Metaline, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her Parentage.

Being demanded that, she would fit still and weep.

Per. Oh Hellicanns, strike me, honoured Sir, give me a gash, put me to present Pain, lest this great Sea of Joys rushing upon me, o'er-bear the Shores of my Mortality, and drown me with their Sweetness: Oh come hither.

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast born at Sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at Sea again: O Hellicanus,
Down on thy Knees, thank the holy Gods, as loud
As Thunder threatens us; this is Marina.

What was thy Mother's Name? tell me but that,
For Truth can never be confirm'd enough,

Mar.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre, but tell me now my
Drown'd Queen's Name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like persect, the Heir of Kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to fay, my Mother's Name is Thaifa? Thaifa was my Mother, who

did end the minute I began.

Per. Now bleffing on thee, rife, thou art my Child. Give me fresh Garments, mine own Hellicanns, she is not dead at Tharfus, as she should have been by savage Cleon, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel, and justifie in Knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governor of Metaline, who hearing of

your Melancholy, did come to fee you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my Robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n bless my Girl.
But hark, what Musick's this, Hellicanus? my Marina,
Tell him o'er point by point, for yet he seems to doat,
How sure you are my Daughter; but where's this Musick?
Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? The Musick of the Sphears, lift, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not hear?
Lys. Musick, my Lord, I hear.
Per. Most Heav'nly Musick,

It nips me unto liftning, and thick Slumber

Hangs upon mine Eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his Head, so leave him all. Well my Companion Friends, if this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.

ACT

ACT V. SCENEI.

Diana appearing to Pericles asleep.

Dia. MY Temple stands in Ephesus, hie thee thither,
And do upon mine Altar Sacrifice.
There, when my Maiden Priests are met together,
Before all the People reveal
How thou at Sea didst lose thy Wise,
To mourn thy Crosses with thy Daughters call,
And give them Repetition to the like:
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe:
Do't, and happy by my Silver Bow;
Awake, and tell thy Dream.

Per Celestial Dian Goddess Argentine.

Per. Celestial Dian, Goddess Argentine, I will obey thee. Hellicanus.

Enter Lysimachus.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike The inhospitable Cleon, but I am for other Service first, Toward Ephesus turn our blown Sails, Estsoons I'll tell why. Shall we refresh us, Sir, upon your Shore, and give you Gold for such Provision as our Intents will need.

Lys. Sir, with all my Heart, and when you come ashore,

I have another fleight.

Per. You shall prevail, were it to woe my Daughter, for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your Arm. Per. Come, my Marina.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Now our Sands are almost run,
More a little, and then done.
This my last boon give me,
For such kindness must relieve me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Metalin,

To greet the King; so he thriv'd, That he is promis'd to be wiv'd To fair Marina, but in no wise, 'Till he had done his Sacrifice, As Dian bad, whereto being bound, The interim pray, you all confound. In fether'd briefness Sails are fill'd, And wishes fall out as they're will'd. At Ephesus the Temple see, Our King, and all his Company. That he can hither come so soon, Is by your Fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit.

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, Thaifa, Cerymon, and others.

Per. Hail Dian, to perform thy just command, I here confess my self the King of Tyre. Who frighted from my Country, did wed At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa, At Sea in Child-bed died she, but brought forth A Maid Child called Marina; who, O Goddess, Wears yet thy Silver Livery. She at Tharsus Was Nurst with Cleon, who at sourteen Years. He sought to Murder, but her better Stars Brought her to Metaline, 'gainst whose Shore riding, Her Fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us, Where by her own most clear remembrance, she Made known her self my Daughter.

Thai. Voice and Favour! You are, you are, O Royal Pericles. [She faints away.

Per. What means the Woman? she dies! help, Gentle-

Cer. Sir, if you have told Diana's Altar true, This is your Wife.

Per. Reverend Appearer, no, I threw her over-board with these very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.

Early in bluff'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon this Vol. VI. R Shore.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. 2006 Shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich Jewels, recover'd her, and placed her here in Diana's Temple. Per. May we see them? Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to my House, whither I invite you; look, Thaisa is recovered. Thai. O let me look if he be none of mine, My Sanctity will to my Sense bend no licentious Ear, O my Lord, are you not Pericles? Dio J you live I But curb it spight of seeing: Like him you speak, like him you are: Did you not name a Tempest, a Birth, and Death? Per. The Voice of dead Thaifa. Thai. That Thaifa am I, supposed dead and drown'd. Thai. Now I know you better, Per. Immortal Dian! When we with Tears parted Pentapolis,
The King, my Father, gave you luch a Ring. Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, Your present Kindness makes my past Miseries Sport, You shall do well, that on the touching of her Lips I may melt, and no more be feen; O come, be buried a second time within these Arms. Mar. My Heart leaps to be gone into my Mother's Bofom. Per. Look who kneels here, Flesh of thy Flesh, Thaisa, Thy Burden at the Sea, and call'd Marina, For the was yielded there. Lord Corymon, we do our Thai. Blest, and mine own. Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen. Is and read of Thai. I know you not. Per. You have heard me fay when I did fly from Tyre, I left behind an ancient Substitute; Can you remember what I call'd the Man? I have nam'd him oft. Thai. 'Twas Hellicanus then. Per. Still Confirmation, Embrace him dear Thaisa, this is he, Now do I long to hear how you were found?

How possibly preserved? And who to thank, Besides the Gods, for this great Miracle?

Thai. Lord Cerymon, my Lord, this Man, through whom The Gods have shewn their Power, that can from first To last refolve you bound ad lied yad

Per. Reverend Sir,

The Gods can have no mortal Officer

More like a God than you,

Will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord, befeech you first go with me Unto my House, where shall be shewn you all Was found with her;

How she came plac'd here in the Temple,

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy Vision, I will offer Night Oblations to thee. Thaifa, this Prince, the fair betroth'd of your Daughter,

Shall marry at Pentapolis, And now this Ornament that makes me look difmal,

Will I clip to form,

And what this fourteen Years no Razor touch'd, To grace thy Marriage Day, I'll beautifie.

Thai. Lord Cerymon hath Letters of good Credit,

Sir, my Father's dead.

Per. Heav'ns make a Star of him; yet here, my Queen, We'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves Will in that Kingdom spend our following Days; Our Son and Daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerymon, we do our longing stay, To hear the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way. [Ex. omnes.

Enter Gower.

In Antiochus and his Daughter, you have heard Of monstrous Lust, the due and just Reward: In Pericles, his Queen and Daughter feen, Although assail d with Fortunes sierce and keen, Virtue preferr'd from fell Destruction's blast, Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with Joy at last. In Hellicanus may you well descry, A Figure of Truth, of Faith, of Loyalty: In reverend Cerymon there well appears, The worth that learned Charity aye wears.

3008 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

For wicked Cleon and his Wife, when Fame
Had spread their cursed Deed, and honour'd Name
Of Pericles, to rage the City turn,
That him and his, they is his Palace burn.
The Gods for Murder semed so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patiences ever more attending,
New Joy wait on you, here our Play hath ending.







THE

LONDON PRODIGAL.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

STATE OF THE SECOND STATE
M. Flowerdale, a Merchant, trading at Venice.
IVI Venice. A H T
Matthew Flowerdale, his Prodigal Son.
Mr. Flowerdale, Brother to the Merchant.
Sir Lancelot Spurcock, of Lewfome in Kent.
Sir Arthur Greenshood, a Commander, In love
Oliver, a Cornish Clothier, Swith Luce.
Weathercock, a Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock
Tom Civet, in love with Frances.
Daffidill, Servants to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.
Dick and Ralph, two cheating Gamesters.
Dick and Ralph, two cheating Gamejiers.
Ruffin, a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.
Onc. Platch, Brother, for as you will
Luce, Baughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.
Fath. Why bow is to Brother! What, dor! Che fe, silad
Bryond the allowance I left him?
Sheriff and Officers of dead of sound word word
A Citizen and his Wife O day bettere byworld
Mony from me, by the loved bote his Father, sensor
done, I have had fince his Bond, his Friend and Friends
SCENE London, and the
Fath Brother transfirm Transfir Lites how to
Fath. Brother, the adjacent, lifet how to the name of his Oriences they do not will altogether of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wanconnels:
significant As sin assistant Asin minor sin Cuchining to

I my felf ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost Hilfferff well, you see how I ma For Vice once looked



THE

London Prodigal.

ACTORING SCENEI.

Enter Flowerdale the Merchant, and his Brother.

Ser. And H. T. A. Ancelot Spurcock.



Rother, from Venice, being thus disguis'd, I come, to prove the humours of my Son: How hath he born himself since my departure, I leaving you his Patron and his Guide?

Onc. I faith, Brother, so, as you will

grieve to hear,

And I almost asham d to report its to and Co

Fath. Why how is't, Brother? What, doth he spend

Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more; why, your Exhibition is nothing, he hath spent that, and since hath borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to wring Mony stom me, by the love I bore his Father, by the Fortunes might fall upon himself, to surnish his Wants: That done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend and Friends Bond; although I know that he spends is yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled Wildness that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his Life? how is the name of his Offences? if they do not relish altogether of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonness: I my self ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost 'till forty; well, you see how I am: For Vice once looked

into with the Eyes of Discretion, and well ballanced with the weights of Reason, the Course past, seems so abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himself in the Earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all these Vices, and lest 'em, than those that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die most Virtuous, have in their Youth liv'd most Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the Course of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swear-

er, and a breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping those Oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by

the worst.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it: For what brings a Man or Child, more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Fath. O best of all, Vice should be forgotten, let him drink on, so he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be the worst, I hold it rather Happiness in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man. Fath. Why you see so doth the Sea, it borrows of all the

small Currents in the World to encrease himself.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and so will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

V.c. Then, Brother, I fee you rather like thefe Vices in

your Son, than any way condemn them. I man not savist allo

Fath. Nay mistake me not, Brother, for though I slur them over now, as things slight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart, they should ever sign in him.

Flow. Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

-animode of smoot flag street Flowerdale knocks within,

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Mony. Fath. For God's sake give it out I am dead,

See how he'll take it.

Say I have brought you News from his Father.

I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from my felf, Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? Within.

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from Venice, and my Name is Christopher.

-gnigood at the Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Uncle.

Onc. In truth would a ferv'd, Coufin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of Truth. A couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me for my Purfe. . Thew out to sned and

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your Mouth of some child, note to druoM

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me ten Pound.

Onc. Give my Cousin some small Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by this Light, I should ride to Groydon Fair, to meet Sir Lancelot Spurcock, I should have his Daughter Luce, and for scurvy ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore and odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Uncle, 'tis true.

Onc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Bond, Uncle, Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's; as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in England; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damn our selves for ten Pound. A pox of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd hem over hower of the charge their and nothing her Communey

Flores

toy bloom will profit on his bloom to had on Flow

The London Prodigal. 3014 Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall: if one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I should not need ten Pound, but when a Man cannot be be-After fell Sick, and Died. liev'd, there's it. Unc. Why what is it, Coufin to and on very and Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the Katern Hue be come home or no? Isth I some ave (I sends to own Unc. Ay marry is't romal boog ni baib at agod I sull Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News. W. Asa ? What is't in the Pool can you tell? when I has rebro Uncl. It is; what of that? allie adr ils wel I be and Flow. What? why then I have fix Pieces of Velvet fent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus faid the Letter, a Piece of Ash-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd deroy, a Crimson, a sad Green, and a Purple: Yes i'faith. Unc. From whom should you receive this? Flow. From who? why from my Father; with commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, faith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing at my return I will fee amply fatisfied; amply, I remember was the very word; fo God help me. Unc. Have you the Letter here? ... avideh or belliw Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me fee, what Breeches wore I on Saturday: Let me fee, a Tuesday, my Calamanka, a Wednesday, my Peach-colour Sattir, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Calamanka again, a Saturday, let me see, a Saturday, for in those Breeches I wore a Saturday is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been Velvet, in those very Breeches is the Letters And Unc. When should it be dated? Flow. Marry Didissimo tersios Septembris, no, no, tridissimo tertios Octobris, Ay Octobris, fo it is. I wo onos sianu Unc. Dieditimo tersios Octobris: And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in June: How say you, Kefter? awo I as and I way a daul year or chauby herb Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, these Hands of mine holp to wind him. Flow. Dead? wol bus used algad available coil ollet lo Fath, Ay, Sir, dead. and comes bas gaier T rete off Find you assured and hood sedw boold? w. Flow.

Flow. 'Sblood, how should my Father come dead?

Futh. I'faith Sir, 'according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cryed, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Coufin, do not take it so heavily.

two or three Days hence I shall weep without any stintance.

But I hope he died in good Memory,

Fath. Very well, Sir, and fet down every thing in good order, and the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came over in; and I faw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that you talkt of, there is no fuch aboard.

Flow. By Gad, I affure you, then there is Knavery a-

broad.

tho' there were never a piece of Velvet in Venice.

Flow. I hope he died in good Estate, we man

Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

I Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the presence of your Uncle I was willed to deliver it.

Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

of this ten Pound very hardly.

va Ono. Nay, I deny'd you not. wings salasme's you

O Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly and slods of rol

bar Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow and goibir you

Fath. Not directly, Sir. and your storis or review

Flow. Why, he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old Phrase hold: Well. Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies, in the Name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my Brother Flowerdale, three Hundred Pounds, to pay such trivial Debts as I owe in London.

Item, To my Son Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two Bail of false Dice, videlicet, high Men and low Men, Fullomes, stop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Pro-

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These Precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest Woman, for the other will keep her felf. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty Conscience may bring him to his destinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his last Will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his Beds feet while he made it. 'Sbloud, what doth he think to fop off his Posterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this Ten Pound, imagine you have lost it, or robb'd of it, or mifreckon'd your felf fo much: any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my felf have an Estate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll ingage for him, he faith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay marry doth it, this is a Fellow of some Sense,

this: Come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your word for it, Kefter?

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Coufin, come to me an Hour hence, you shall have it ready. Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or fend. Fran Indeed-law, Fathe

Flow. Nay I'll come my felf.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your Worship's Man.

Flow. What? would'ft thou ferve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou faist thou hast twenty Pound, go into Birchin-Lane, put thy self into Cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to Croydon Fair.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Cousin.

Flow. What's thy name, Kefter ? was as well and and and and

Fath. Av. Sir.

Meath. The more tool the learn with the wol or wild in it and mirlew. Flow. Well, provide thy self: Uncle, farewel 'till anon.

[Exit Flowerdale.

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt.

Or as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:

The one must be tamed with an Iron bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild,

Such is my Son, a while let him be so;

For Counsel still is Folly's deadly Foe.

I'll serve his Youth, for Youth must have his course,

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse:

His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recal, and all his Madness tam'd.

Enter Sir Lancelot. Master Weathercock Dasfidil

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Dassidil, Artichoak, Luce, and Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah, Artichoak, get you home before;
And as you prov'd your felf a Calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow Calves that you have bought.
Art. Yes, forfooth, shall not my Fellow Daffidil go

along with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

Art. Dassidil, sarewel, good fellow Dassidil,
You may see, Mistress, I am set up by the halves,
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith Frank, I must turn away this Dassidil,

He's grown a very foolish sawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was so since I had him: Before he was wise enough for a foolish Serving-Man.

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir Lancelot?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward, Here's two of them, God fave them; but the third, O she's a Stranger in her course of Life, She hath resused you, Master Weathercock.

Weath. Ay by the Rood, Sir Lancelot, that she hath, but had she try'd me, she should have found a Man of me indeed.

Lanc. Nay be not angry, Sir, at her denial, she hath refus'd seven of the worshipfull'st and worthiest House-keepers this day in Kent: Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

Weath. The more Fool she.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chastity?

Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir Lancelot,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go: But who shall marry with Mistress Frances?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me,

Sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk: Nodw and and wall

Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

You have a Wit, and it were your Alablaster.

Luce. I faith and thy Tongue trips trench more.

Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Suiter yet;

Alas, God help her, filly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool; But there's the other black Brows a shrewd Girl,

She hath Wit at Will, and Suiters two or three: Sir Arthur Green sheild one, a gallant Knight,

A valiant Soldier, but his Power but poor.

Then there's young Oliver, the Devonsbire Lad,

Daf.

beltow

DAF

Caver

A wary Fellow, marry full of Wit,

And rich by the Rood, but there's a third all Air, Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind:

Young Flowerdale,

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a desperate Dick indeed.

Bar him your House.

Weath. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay marry, there's the point, Sir Lancelor:

For there's an old faying, Be he rich, or be he poor, Be he high, or be he low: Be he born in Barn or Hall,

Tis Manners makes the Man and all and hos all of the

Lanc. You are in the right, Master Weathercock.

Civ. Soul, I think I am crossed sure, or witcht with an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's she, I hope

hope to God 'tis she, pay, I know 'tis she now, for she treads her Shoe a little awry on bas drawers blo as art to

Lanc. Where is this Ino? We are past it, Daffidil.

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate is is the Mafs, I think it be, and therefore leestoned

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you grading sucy distribution of the brown are

Daf. No pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole, ales made to sole

I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and Mortality work. Wit, and it were your Alablaste

Civ. What's her Name, Sir. of vely bus dugt I wand Daf. Mistress Frances Spurcock, Sir Lancelot Spurcock's Daughter of view of cold should red gled book and Civ. Is the a Maid, Sir?

Daf. You may ask Pluto, and Dame Proferpine that : I would be loth to be ridled. Sir. and blind asord mouth in

Civ. Is the married I mean, Sir? and analysis

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir? I would be very glad to bestow the Wine of that Gentlewoman. Januar & St. 100

Daf. At the George, Sir. Civ. God fave you, Sire and a send on the or O deader

Daf. I pray your Name, Sir? ... shoot woy and ...

Civ. My Name is Master Civet, Sir. of son sel and

Daf. A sweet Name, God be with you, good Master Civet. boon ad had rigoons ragong [Ewit. Civet.

Lanc. A, have we spi'd you stout St. George? For all your Dragon, you had best sell's good Wine, That needs no Ivy-bush: well, we'll not fit by it, and all As you do on your Horse, this Room shall serve: Drawer, let me have Sack for us Old Men: an mod adad For these Girls and Knaves small Wines are best, around Mail A Pint of Sack, no more and an ent of analy

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns. Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint. Daffidil, June and

Call for Wine to make your selves drink. amuse avail the

Fran. And a Cup of small Beer, and a Cake, good Daffidil.

Enter

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, fit in the open Room, now good Sir Lancelot, and my kind Friend, worshipful Master Weathereock. What at your Pint? a Quart for shame.

Lanc. Nay Royster, by your leave we will away. Flow. Come, give's some Musick, we'll go Dance,

Be gone, Sir Lancelot, what, and fair day too?

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you fay so, fairest of all Fairs, then I'll not dance, a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath spoil'd me a Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but if ever the Rascal serve me such another Trick, I'll give him leave, i'saith, to put me in the Calendar of Fools, and you, and you, Sir Lancelot; and Master Weathercock, my Goldsmith too on t'other side, I bespoke thee, Luce, a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou should'st a had it for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Rerages for Orient Pearl: but thou shalt have it by Sunday Night, Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath fent you a Pottle of Rhenish Wine, brewed with Rose-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and defires his more Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? what's he that proves fo kind?

Daf. I have a trick to know his Name, Sir, he hath a Month's Mind here to Mistress Francis, his name is Master Civer.

Lanc. Call him in, Daffidil.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reasonable rich, his Father was one of these Lease-mongers, these Cornmongers, these Mony-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Civet.

Lane. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much charge. Civ. The charge is small charge, Sir, I thank God my Father lest me wherewithal, if it please you, Sir, I have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir: please you to come to Lew-

knew

knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here, Drawer ?

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all. Lanc. I'faith you do us wrong,

But we shall live to make amends e'er long:

Master Flowerdale, is that your Man? Flow. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wife,

Now you take fuch a Servant:

Come, you'll ride with us to Lewsome, let's away,

'Tis scarce two Hours to the end of Day Exeunt. Enter Sir Arthur Greenshood, Oliver, Lieutenant and Soldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships, There let them have their Coats, at their arrival They shall have pay; farewel, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now fent away, and cannot fo much as

speak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you used a zutch a Fashion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant lead them off. Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths, I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't. Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue.

Exeunt Soldiers.

Oli. Bin you a Presser, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Commander, Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid a gone, so shud. Arth. Content your self Man, my Authority will stretch

to press so good a Man as you,

Oli. Press me? I devy, press Scoundrels, and thy Mefsels; Press me, chee scorns thee i'faith : For seest thee, here's a worshipful Knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sir Arthur, welcome to Lewsome, welcome by my Troth: What's the matter Man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why Man he would press me.

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Lanc. O fie, Sir Arthur, press him?

He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir Arthur, he hath the Nobles, The golden Ruddocks he.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars :

And were he not in favour

With your Worships, he should see,

That I have Power to press so good as he. Oli. Chill stand to the Trial, so chill.

Flow. Ay marry shall he, press Cloth and Karsy, White-Pot and drowsen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you see vlouten Cloth and Karsy, chee a zeen zutch a Karsy-Coat wear out the Town sick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well fed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell too: What doest think cham aveard of thy Zilken-Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends. Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master Oliver. Flow. Is your name Master Oliver, I pray you? Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have

a foolish Plot out of Master Oliver to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, stand aside, work thy foolish Plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrrha, Zyrrha, if it were not for shame, chee would a given thee zutch a whister poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet: Stand aside, let me loose, cham all of a vlaming Fire-brand; Rand aside.

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friends sake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'ft thou tell me of my vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Master Oliver, no more, Sir Arthur. And Maiden, here in the fight of all your Suitors, every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I fainest would prefer to the hard Bargain of your Marriage Bed; shall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth.

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'cis best.

Lanc. Then, Sir, first to you, I do confess you a most gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honest Man : But Honesty maintains a French-hood, goes very seldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small train of Servants; hath few Friends: And for this wild Oats here, young Flowerdale, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my fide, why, Master Weathercock,

you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weath. Now by my troth I know no otherwise, O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed: Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust: And your good Father, honest Gentleman, He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough. He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradife, And left me to cut a Caper against Care. Luce look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I'faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth,

I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there: Look on this Devonshire Lad:

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threefcore pack of Karfay, and Blackem Hall, and chief Credit beside, and my Fortunes may be so good as anothers, zo it may.

Lanc. 'Tis you I love, whatfoever others fay.

Arth. Thanks, fairest.

Flow. What, would'st thou have me quarrel with him ?

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howfoever I prefer this Devonshire Suitor, I'll enforce no love, my Daughter shall have her liberty to chuse whom she likes best. In your Love-suit proceed:

Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have faid well: Indeed right well.

Enter

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Mistress, here's one would speak with you, my sollow Dassidill hath him in the Cellar already, he knows him, he met him at Croydon Fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man. Art. Ay, a very little Man. Lanc. And yet a proper Man. Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His name is Monsieur Civet.

Art. The same, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come, My foolish Daughter will be fitted too:

But Delia my Saint, no Man dare move.

[Exeunt all but young Flowerdale, Oliver, and old Flowerdale. Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you fay to me now?

Flow. Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.

[Exit Oliver.

Flow. What if he should come more? I am fairly drest. Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him, But presently we'll go and draw a Will; Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw, And we will have it of so large a Sum,

Sir Lancelot stall intreat you take his Daughter: This being formed, give it Master Weathercock, And make Sir Lancelot's Daughter Heir of all: And make him swear never to shew the Will To any one, until that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changling Weathercock Will straight discourse unto Sir Lancelot, The Form and Tenor of your Testament. Nor stand to pause of it, be rul'd by me: What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, sweet Kit, Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy Wit. [Exeunt.

Enter Daffidil and Luce.

Daf. Mistress, still froward?

No kind looks unto your Daffidil, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away my soolish Knave, let my Hand go.

Daf.

Daf. There's your Hand, but this shall go with me: My Heart is thine, this is my true Loves Fee.

Luce. I'll have your Coat stript o'er your Ear for tois'

You sawcy Rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Luce. Your Man is fomething fawcy. [Exit Luce.

Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon. Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,

I am no Horse, I trow;

I know my Strength, then no more than fo.

Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir Lancelot, I saw him the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an Hercules, I faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.

Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a cup

of Wine,

That e'er I part with Master Weathercock,

We may drink down our farewel in French Wine.

Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight, I'll come and visit you, by the Mouse-soot I will; In the mean time, take heed of cutting Flowerdale. He is a desperate Dick, I warrant you.

Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, Daffidil, fill me some Wine,

Ha, what wears he on his Arm?

My Daughter Luce's Bracelet, ay, 'tis the same;

Ha to you, Master Weathercock.

Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, Daffidil, an honest Fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well; I'll take my leave, good Night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at my poor House, in good sooth I must.

Lanc. Thanks, Master Weathercock, I shall be bold to

trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewel. [Exit Weath. Lanc. Sirrah, I faw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my Livery too. Have I care to fee my Daughter match'd with Men of Worship, and are you grown so bold? Go, Sirrah, from my House, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery,

This is a Servingman's reward, what care I,

I have means to trust to, I scorn Service, I. [Exit Daffidi].

S

Lanc

Lane. Ay a lusty Knave, but I must let him go.
Our Servants must be taught what they should know.

Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Suitor that I have, although that Soldiers scarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman Knows what belongs to War, what to a Lady: What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right: What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love, But there be some that bear a Soldier's form, That swear by him they never think upon, Go swaggering up and down from House to House,

Crying, God pays: And-

Arth. I'faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man. Of them there be many which you have spoke of, That bear the name and shape of Soldiers, Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War: That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries, Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like, To uphold the brutish humour of their Minds, Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair: Their mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood, Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves,

Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless Graves.

Luce. Both for your self, and for your form of Life,

If I may chuse I'll be a Soldier's Wife

If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver,

Oli. And tut trust to it, so then. Lanc. Assure your self,

You shall be married with all speed we may: One Day shall serve for Francis and for Luce.

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing

Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that dispatch'd, we will in two Days make Provision.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by to Morrow.

Lanc.

Lanc. To Morrow be it then, let's meet at the King's-Head in Fish-street.

Oli. No, fie Man, no, let's meet at the Rose at Temple-Bar, that will be nearer your Counsellor and mine.

Lanc. At the Rose be it then, the hour nine, He that comes last forseits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no Payment,

Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Master, here is a Man would speak with Master Oliver; he comes from young Master Flowerdale.

Oli. Why chil speak with him, chil speak with him. Lanc. Nay, Son Oliver, I'll surely see

What young Flowerdale hath fent to you.

I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chil give him his Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God fave you, good Sir Lancelot.

Lanc. Welcome, honest Friend.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth Health, But unto you, Sir, this, and this he sends:
There is the length, Sir, of his Rapier,

And in that Paper shall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you shall not meet the Russian, sie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you leave to call Me Cut. Where is't, firrah? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter shows both Time and Place, And if you be a Man, then keep your word.

Lanc. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet. Fath. Why let him chuse, he'll be the better known

For a base Rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah; and 'twere not an old Fellow, and fent after an Errant, chid give thee fomething, but chud be no Mony: But hold thee, for I fee thou art somewhat testorn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring thy Master a veeld, chil give thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chil mar his dancing Tressels, chil use him, he was ne'er so used since his Dam bound his Head, chil make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

5 4

Fath. You feem a Man, stout and resolute, And I will so report, whate'er befall.

Lanc. And fall out ill, affure thy Master this, I'll make him sly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, Sir, deserves not this of you,

And that you'll shortly find.

Lanc. Thy Master is an Unthrift, you a Knave, And I'll attach you first, next clap him up: Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I wood you were a Sprite if you do him any harm for this: And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours, while chil have Eyes open: What do you think, chil be abaffelled up and down the Town for a messel, and a scoundrel, no chy bor you: Zirrha chil come, zay no more, chil come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Master deserves not this of you, And that you'll shortly find. [Exit.

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I defie him. Lanc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place. Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a Trick. But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the worse.

Lane. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love &

Venture your State and hers for a loose brawl?

Oti. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him too, and again; and zo God be with you vather.

What, Man, we shall meet to Morrow. [Exit. Lane. Who would have thought he had been so desperate.

Come forth my honest Servant Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the Matter? some brawl toward, I

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright scower'd, thy Buckler mended, O for that Knave, that Villain Daffidil would have

done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good Fellow. O for that Daffidil, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging

wagging of a Straw, then out a Doors with the Knave, turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the humor of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that lufty Daffidil.

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our Years Wages and our Vails will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if Dasfidil be a

t'other side, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no fuch matter, man, get Weapons ready, and be at London e'er the break of Day; watch near the Lodging of the Devonshire Youth, but be unseen; and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him.

And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate Flowerdale: Take thou the part of Oliver my Son, for he shall be my Son, and marry Luce: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow

Daffidil.

Lanc. No more; Daffidil is a Knave.
That Daffidil is a most notorious Knave.
Enter Weathercock.

[Exit Arti.

Master Weathercock, you come in a happy time; the desperate Flowerdale hath writ a Challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the Devonshire Man, my Son Oliver?

Weath. Marry I am forry for it, good Sir Lancelor, But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll ftay the Fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'lltell you, by promising young Flowerdale the red-lip'd Luce.

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir Lancelot, I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceived in him; come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Specacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry, God bless your Eyes, mine have been dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc.

Lanc. Ha, what is this ? what is this ?

Weath. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morn, and bad me keep it unseen from any one; good Youth, to see how Men may be deceived.

Lanc. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my Luce he

loves fo dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the Straits, and homeward, bound;

Two Lordships of two hundred Pound a Year; The one in Wales, the other Gloucester-shire: Debts and Accounts are thirty thousand Pound; Plate, Mony, Jewels, sixteen thousand more; Two Housen furnish'd well in Coleman-street; Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him, Being of great Demeans and Wealth at Peckham.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight? How like you this? Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,

The Divonsbire Man shall whistle for a Wife. He many Luce! Luce shall be Flowerdale's.

Weath. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to Londo and prevent their match, by promising your Daughter to that lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to London, or it shall not need, We'll cross to Dedford-strand, and take a Boat. Where be these Knaves? what Artichoak? what Fop?

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to Dedford.

Art. Sir, we have been fcouring of our Swords and

Buckless for your Defence,

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords rust,
I'll have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid Delia see all
things be in readiness against the Wedding, we'll have two
at once, and that will save Charges, Master Weathercock.

Art. Well we will do it, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this.

In good footh I have even my Heart's defire: Sifter Delia,

now I may boldly call you so, for your Father hath frank

and freely given me his Daughter Frank.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, Tom, thou half my good will too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I might never stir, for one his name was Tom.

Del. Why, Sifter, now you have your Wish.

Civ. You say very true, Sister Delia, and I prethee call me nothing but Tom; and I'll call thee sweet Heart, and Frank, Will it not do well, Sifter Delia?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But Tom, must I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No Frank, I'll have thee go like a Citizen In a garded Gown, and a French Hood.

Frank. By my Troth that will be excellent indeed, Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Estate,

Apparel you your felf like to your Father: And let her go like to your ancient Mother; He sparing got his Wealth, left it to you,

Brother take heed of Pride, some bids Thrift adieu. Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jest

indeed, why she went in a fring'd Gown, a single Russ, and a white Cap; and my Father in a Mocado Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Estate, my Estate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leases and Tenements; besides twenty Mark a Year at Cuckolds Haven, and that comes to

us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied, I know not how it comes, but so it falls out That those whose Fathers have died wondrous rich, And took no Pleasure but to gather Wealth, Thinking of little that they leave behind; For them they hope, will be of their like mind. But falls out contrary, forty Years sparing Is scarce three seven Years spending, never caring What will ensue, when all their Coin is gone, And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon; Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kift, And then Repentance cries, for had I wist?

Civ. You say well, Sister Delia, you say well; but I mean to live within my Bounds; for look you, I have set down my rest thus sar, but to maintain my Wise in her French Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sifter, you forget that at Cuckolds Haven. Civ. By my Troth well remembred, Frank,

I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for Points, alas the Day, Fools shall have Wealth though all the World say nay: Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Sifter, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my Troth, Tom, for I have a good Stomach. Civ. And I the like, sweet Frank; no Sister,

Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not.

Enter young Flowerdale, and his Father, with foils in their Hands.

Flow. Sirrah, Kit, tarry you there, I have spied Sir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honest Friend, thou dost belong to Master Flowerdale?

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within.

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me speak with him. Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal; there be some terms that stands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath shook them off.

Lance. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir Lance-

lot Spurcock intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the Devonsbire Man, you do but beguile your hopes, and lose your Labour.

Lanc.

Lanc. Honest Friend, I have not any such thing to him,

I come to speak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Master, Sir, hath set down his Resolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Mafter or any other Person, my Business is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee fo tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the Devonshire Man is, My Master's Mind is bloody; that's a round O,

And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no fuch thing to him, I tell thee once g ain.

Fath. I will then so fignifie to him. Exit Father. Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I fee this Matter is hotly carried. But I'll labour to disswade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father.

Good morrow, Master Flowerdale.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir Lancelot, Good morrow, Master Weathercock; By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over Nick Machiavel; I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed: A pestilent human Fellow, I have made Certain Annotations of him fuch as they be; And how is't, Sir Lancelot? ha? how is't?

A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it. Lanc. Master Flowerdale, I do understand there is some

Jar between the Devon shire Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Master Oliver and I ? as good Friends as can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous filence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir, fuch a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No fuch thing, Sir Lancelot, at my reputation, as

I am an honest Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do Ingage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my Reputation there is not, You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness:

But if there be any thing between us, then there is, If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is one. Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something be-

tween you, and I am very forry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir Lancelot, the Italian Hath a pretty faying, Questo ? I have forgot it too, 'Tis out of my Head, but in my Translation If't hold thus, thou hast a Friend, keep him; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do fee by this there is somewhat between And before God I could wish it otherwise. (vou, Flow. Well what is between us, can hardly be alter'd:

Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth to morrow, That way which I must ride, no Man must deay Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man, Be denied common and general Passage. If any one Saith, Flowerdale, thou passest not this way; My answer is, I must either on or return: But return is not my Word, I must on: If I cannot, then make my way, nature Hath done the last for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. Flowerdale, every Man hath one Tongue, And two Ears; Nature in her Building,

Is a most curious Work-master.

Flow. That is as much as to fay, a Man should hear more Than he should speak.

Lanc. You say true, and indeed I have heard more,

Than at this time I will speak.

Flow. You fay well,

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Master Flowerdale, but Proof is the Rule for both. Flow. You fay true, what do you call him

Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lanc. But I have feen somewhat of late in you, That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of

Goodness toward you.

Flow. I'Faith, Sir, I am fure I never did you harm: Some good I have done, either to you or yours, I am fure you know not, neither is it my will you should. Lanco

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know ought of Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd.

Lanc. Go, Mr. Flowerdale, what I know, I know; (my Will? And know you thus much out of my Knowledge, That I truly love you. For my Daughter, She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better Than a Brawl, all quirks of Reputation fet aside, go with me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battel, you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir Lancelot?

Lanc. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet affure your felt thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir Lancelot.

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour,

'Tis meerly unfound, unprofitable, and idle Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your present word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it? Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting, So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay; fall out, what may fall, my Love

Is above all: I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and fo fare you well.

Exit Sir Lancelot. Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel? Flow. By the Mass that's true; now help Kit, The Marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride, We will not want for Cloaths, whatfoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower, In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour: As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin, It is her Gold must bring my Pleasures in.

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living, Forfaking God, himself to the Devil giving; But that I knew his Mother firm and chaft, My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd: Else would I swear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind so foul a deed did shun.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uscle.

The Common of th

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me;

Brother, to morrow he's to be married

To beauteous Luce, Sir Lancelot Spurcock's Daughter.

Unc. Is't possible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him; This Day, Brother, I will you shall arrest him; If any thing will tame him, it must be that, For he is rank in Mischief, chain'd to a Life, That will encrease his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arrest him on his wedding Day? That were unchristian, and an unhuman part: How many couple ev'n for that very Day, Have purchast seen Years sorrow afterward? Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow, And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day, And in the view of all, as he c mes from Church. Do but observe the Course that he will take, Upon my life he will forswear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum shall not be slight, Say that he owes you near three thousand Pound: Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so, Brother I'll do'r, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath.

Enter

Fath. So Brother, by this means shall we perceive What Sir Lancelot in this pinch will do:
And how his Wife doth stand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. Exeums.

Oli. Cham ashured thick be the Place, that the scoundrel Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: If a come not, zo. And che war avise, he would make a Coystrel an us, Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would Hoyst him, and give it him too and again, zo chud; Who a been there, Sir Arthur? chil stay aside.

Arth. I have dog'd the Devonshire Man into the Field, For fear of any harm that should befal him: I had an inckling of that yesternight, That Flowerdale and he should meet this Morning, Though of my Soul, Oliver fears him not, Yet for I'd see fair play on either side, Made me to come, to see their Valours try'd——. Good morrow to Master Oliver.

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Arth. What, Master Oliver, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine
By your being here thus arm'd,

You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, ché would not dezire you to take his part.

Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not, For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war ashure of that, ched avese him in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir Arthur, Master Oliver, ay me, Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress Luce This Morning is married to young Flowerdale.

Arth. Married to Flowerdale! 'tis impossible.
Oli. Married, Man? che hope thou dost but jest:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.
Daff. O'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.
Vo 1. VI.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir Arthur, good morrow, Master Oliver.

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. Flowerdale. I pray tellen

us, is your scoundrel Kinsman married?

Arth. Mr. Oliver, call him what you will, but he is married
To Sir Lancelot's Daughter here.

Unc. Sir Arthur, unto her ?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? Why Man, he was a promise, chil chud a had her, Is a zitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Une. The Musick plays; they are coming from the Church. Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and some Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me, I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Justice, and sworn to

keep the Peace, you must not disturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir, if you do,

I'll have an order taken for you. Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Mr. Flowerdale, Sir Lancelot, look you, who here is? Mr. Flowerdale.

Lanc. Mr. Flowerdale, welcome with all my Heart.
Flow. Uncle, this is the i'faith: Master Under-Sheriff,
Arrest me? At whose Suit? Draw, Kit.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the Matter, Mr. Flowerdale? Onc. This is the matter, Sir, the Unthrift here with the state of the state

Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me In feveral Sums three thousand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncled me,

And if you be not flaid, you'll prove

A cozener unto all that know you.

Lans.

Lanc. Why, Sir, suppose he be to you in debt Ten thousand Pound, his State to me appears, To be at least three thousand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot, How that he went about to cozen you: And form'd a Will, and fent it to your good Friend there, Master Weathercock, in which was Nothing true, but brags and lies. and making flower work

Lanc. Ha, bath he not such Lordships,

Lands, and Ships ?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he. Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young Flowerdale. Flow. My Uncle here's mad,

And dispos'd to do me wrong, But here's my Man an honest Fellow

By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true. Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lie; I rather know. You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,

You studied where to quote your Lands might lye. Weath. And I prithee where be thy honest Friends? Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all. Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'st Child undone. Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,

They slander me, by this Light, they slander me: Look you, my Uncle here's an Usurer, and would undo me, But I'll stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do no You Brother Civet, and Master Weathercock, do but [more:

Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Mony

Paid me, and we'll ride down,

And there your own Eyes shall fee was a source and a sour How my poor Tenants there will welcome me. You shall but bail me, you shall do no more,

And you, greedy Gnat, their bail will serve. Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better bail.

Lanc. No, Sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his, Nor my Son Civet's, I'll not be cheated, I. Sheriff, take your Prisoner, I'll not deal with him : Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false Bones, I will not have to do with him: Mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!

Comea

Come, Girl, though it be late, it falls out well, Thou shalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth know, With what unwillingness I went to Church, But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it : sale les The holy Church-man pronounc'd these Words but now,

I must not leave my Husband in distress: Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my curse forsake him? Luce. This day you caus'd me on your Curse to take him:

Do not, I pray, my grieved Soul oppress; God knows my Heart doth bleed at his distress.

Lanc. O Master Weathercock,

I must confess I forc'd her to this match. Led with Opinion his false Will was true. Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like Delia, in a happy Virgin's State.

Del. Father, be patient, Sorrow comes too late.

Lanc. And on her Knees she begg'd and did intreat, If the must needs taste a sad Marriage Life,

She crav'd to be Sir Arthur Green shield's Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong. Lanc. O take her yet.

*3100m2

Lanc. Or, Master Oliver, accept my Child, and half my Wealth is yours. The day bed and the the the same to the

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, the will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Sifter, in this Passion do not run headlong to

Confusion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him. Frank. Do, Sifter, hang him, let him go. Weath. Do faith, Mistress Luce, leave him.

Luce. You are three gross Fools, let me alone, I fwear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty, the particular Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Arth. Ay, but he is now in Hucksters handling for running away. The the transfer and work at the holy hard The second line desired seconds to missing the contact lands of

Langi

Chileten at the sec. 2

Lanc. Huswise, you hear how you and I are wrong'd, And if you will redress it yet you may:
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,
For all the Portion I will this Day give
Unto thy Sister Frances.

Fran. How fay you to that, Tom? I wan bed and of the I shall have a good deal,

Befides, I'll be a good Wife; and a good Wife Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, Frank, I would be forry to see thy Sister call away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet refolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd. and an allowance I both

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feast,

And I to weep, that am with Grief opprest.

Lanc. For ever fly my fight: Come, Gentlemen, Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.

Delia, upon my Blessing talk not to her,
Base Baggage, in such haste to Beggary?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Prisoner to your charge. Flow. Uncle, be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,

By my troth, upon my Wedding-day.

Exeunt all but Luce, young Flowerdale, his Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.

Luce. O Master Flowerdale, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while, good Master Sherist,
If not for him, for my sake pity him:
Good Sir, stop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, the kneels to you.

Onc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart, And grieve, sweet Soul, thy Fortune is so bad, That thou should'st match with such a graceless Youth, Go to thy Father, think not upon him,

Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent:

Alas, what good or gain can you receive,

T 3

To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?

And where nought is, the King doth lose his due;

O pity him as God shall pity you.

Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well, And nothing in the World can do him good,

But mifery it felf to chain him with.

Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free? Onc. Ay, Virgin, that being answer'd, I have done.

But to him that is all as impossible, As I to scale the high Pyramids.

Sheriff, take your Prisoner; Maiden, fare thee well,

Luce. O go not yet, good Master Flowerdale: Take my word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond. Flow. Ay, by Gad, Uncle, and my Bond too.

Luce. Alas, I sne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have some Friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefest Friends do seek his Misery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away:
Methinks within a Face so reverend,
So well experienc'd in this tottering World,
Should have some feeling of a Maiden's Grief:
For my sake, his Father's and your Brother's sake,
Ay, for your Soul's sake that doth hope for Joy,
Pity my state, do not two Souls destroy.

Onc. Fair Maid, stand up; not in regard of him, But in pity of thy haples Choice, I do release him: Master Sheriff, I thank you: And Officers, there is for you to drink. Here, Maid, take this Mony, there is a hundred Angels; And, for I will be sure he shall not have it, Here, Kester, take it you, and use it sparingly, But let not her have any want at all. Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament For him, whose Life hath been in riot spent:

If well he useth thee, he gets him Friends,

If ill, a shameful end on him depends

[Exit Uncle.

Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator:

Come, Kit, the Mony, come, honest Kit.

Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow.

Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? give me the Mony, you old Rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honest Friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my Heart. Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood she shall be content

Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me? Go, get you gone to the greasse Chuff your Father, Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, she hath forsook her Father, and all her Friends

for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father all together.
Fath. Yet part with something to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a Post. I'll rather throw them at a cast of Dice, as I have done a thousand of their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy, Thou hadst a Father would have been asham'd.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain: What are you at your foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me, I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy Father: Go hang, beg, starve, Dice, Game, that when all's gone, Thou may'st after despair and hang thy self.

Luce. O do not curse him.

Fath. I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain, It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascal, I shall meet with you. Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the Livery Over your Ears, because you paid for it: But do not use my Name, Sirrah, Do you hear? Look you do not Use my Name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you, Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny, And for Security I'll give thee none. Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not: If you do, Beggar, I shall slit your Nose.

T 4

Luce. Alas, what shall I do? Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade, And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born. Fath. Sweet Mistress, do not weep, I'll stick to you. Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do, My Father and my Friends, they have despis'd me: And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away,

Knows neither where to go, nor what to fay. Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to fee her Tears Thus stain the Crimson Roses of her Cheeks: Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain, I have a little living in this Town, The which I think comes to a hundred Pound, All that and more shall be at your dispose; I'll strait go help you to some strange disguise, And place you in a Service in this Town: Where you shall know all, yet your felf unknown: Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had, Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.

[Exeuns. Luce. I thank you, Sir. Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock and the rest. Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a fluttish Trick, 1915 But fuch a lerripoop as thick yeh was ne'er a farved.

Lanc. Son Civet, Daughter Frances, bear with me, You see how I am press'd down with inward Grief, About that luckless Girl, your Sister Luce. But 'tis faln out with me, as with many Families belide, They are most unhappy, that are most belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis fo, 'tis even faln out fo, But what remedy? set Hand to your Heart, and let it pass, Here is your Daughter Frances and I, and we'll not lay, We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty Children as ever she was; tho' she had the prick and well And praise for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is The Mouse, you'll come?

Lanc. Ay, Son Civet, I'll come. Civ. And you, Master Oliver?

Oli. Ay, for che a vezt out this yeaft, chil see if a gan Make a better vealt there.

Civ.

Civ. And you, Sir Arthur?

Arth. Ay, Sir, although my Heart be full,

I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come Frank, are you ready?

Frank. Jeshue, how hasty these Husbands are, I pray,

Father, pray to God to bless me.

Lanc. God bless thee, and I do; God make thee wife,

Send you both Joy, I wish it with wet Eyes.

Frank, But, Father, shall not my Sister Delia go along with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and such things.

Lanc. Yes marry shall she: Delia, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will first go to Greenwich,

From thence to my Cousin Chesterfield, and so to London.

Civ. It shall suffice, good Sister Delia, it shall suffice, but fail us not, good Sister, give order to Cooks and others, for I would not have my sweet Frank to soil her Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks,

And Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I fcorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet Heart, thou sees I do not go about it; well, farewel too: You Gods pity Mr. Weathercock, we shall have your Company too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer. Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, Frank.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir Arthur, Master Oliver, and Master Weathercock, Sister, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one,

Weath. Why, how now, Sir Arthur, all a mort, Master

Oliver, how now, Man?

Cheerly, Sir Lancelot, and merrily fay,

Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone, But when these be self-will'd, Children must smart.

Art. But, Sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest Cause, therefore 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir Lancelot, you must.

Lanc.

Lanc. Must? who can compel me, Mr. Weathercock?

I hope I may do what I lift.

Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you lift.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well evisen, it were not good,
By this vrampolness, and vrowardness, to cast away
As pretty a dowssabel, as am chould chance to see
In a Summers Day; chil tell you what chall do,
Chil go spy up and down the Town, and see if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Messel, vor cham
Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your Son Civet's.

Lane. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.

Arth. To find her out, I'll spendmy dearest Blood.

So well I lov'd her, to affect her Good. [Exeunt Ambo.

Lanc. O Master Weathercock,

What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Master Oliver, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodness in his Thought?

Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a Remedy,

Young Flowerdale is fure a Prisoner. Weath. Sure? nothing more sure.

Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.
Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lanc. Well if he be in Prifon, I'll have Warrants
To tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tried,

For I will fue him upon Cozenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lanc. Nay that's not fo; I may chance be scoft,

And sentence past with him.

Weath. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants.

In Prison, or at Liberty, all's one:

You will help to serve them, Master Weathercock?

Enter Flowerdale. [Exeunt.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice. The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together;
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:

A

A pox of come a five, what shall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
But I have borrowed more or less of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purse,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
Gods lid my Sister Delia,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

Del. I prethee, Artichoak, go not fo fast, The Weather is hot, and I am something weary.

Art. Nay I warrant you, Mistress Delia, I'll not tire you With leading, we'll go an extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliver your Purse.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [Exit Artichoak. Flow. Come, come, your Purse, Lady, your Purse. Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time,

What, Brother Flowerdale become a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father But Sifter, come, your Mony, come: What the World must find me, I am born to live, 'Tis not a Sin to steal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace banisht from thy Heart, Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purse; I'll bind you, Sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have, And would that Mony would redeem thy Shame. Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, Mistress Delia. Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, Master Oliver, 'tis Master Flowerdale, he did but jest with me.

Oli. How, Flowerdale, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us well, vang the that.

Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother Flowerdale, I'll lend you this fame Mony.

Flow. I thank you, Sifter.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the Mezel have a Penny; but fince you cannot keep it, chil keep it my felf.

Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this fort, Who makes a triumphant Life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men censure you,

Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you fafe enough From twenty such Scoundrels as thick an one is, Farewel and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou Wilt be shortly; come, Sir Arthur.

Exeunt all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague go with you for a karfie Rascal; This Devonshire Man I think is made all of Pork, His Hands made only for to heave up Packs: His Heart as fat and big as his Face, As differing far from all brave gallant Minds, As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds, As I am very near now; well what remedy, When Money, Means, and Friends, do grow fo small, Then farewel Life, and there's an end of all. Exit. Enter young Flowerdale's Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Civet and his Wife Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good Christopher, I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost

thou like her, Frances?

Fran. In good Sadness, Tom, very well, excellent well, She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name ?

Luce. My name, forfooth, be called Tanikin.

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O Tanikin, you are excellent for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me fall do every ting about da Head. Civ. What Countrywoman is she, Kester?

Fath. A Dutch Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not? us will be the stand a full erro

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks

Luce. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears, why, Mistress Frances, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones. ng sted ed line allend , require not an Fran.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed, Tom, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, Kester, 'tis such as they wear a their Heads, I prithee, Kit, have her in, and shew her my House.

Fath. I will, Sir; come Tanikin.

Fran. O Tom, you have not bussed me to day, Tom. Civ. No Frances, we must not kiss afore Folks.

God fave my Franck.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

See yonder, my Sister Delia is come, welcome, good Sister. Fran. Welcome, good Sister, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well, Sifter.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister Delia, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not ferv'd, she had Not been here now, filching Flowerdale had like

Topepper'd us, but for Master Oliver, we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, firrah, no more. Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by Flowerdale, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be prais'd For your Escape, will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither, would Flowerdale, he that was my Master, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

Art. Yes i'Faith, even that Flowerdale that was thy Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French Crown, and speak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a word, now do I smell Knavery: In every Purse Flowerdale takes, he is half: And gives me this to keep Counsel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new Dutch Maid, And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the way, I'll follow you.

[Exeunt all but Delia and Luce]

Hark you, Datch Frow, a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Del. Sister Luce, 'tis not your broken Language, Nor this same Habit, can disguise your Face From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret;
This borrowed Shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep my self a space unknown,
Both from my Father, and my nearest Friends;
Until I see how time will bring to pass,
The desperate Course of Master Flowerdale.

Del. O he is worfe than bad, I prethee leave him, And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me once to such a Thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought;
Yet one good time may all that Ill undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate,
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind,

I'll not disclose you, that art wilful blind.

Luce. Delia, I thank you. I now must please her Eyes,
My Sister Frances, neither fair nor wise.

Enter Flowerdale Solus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
I have no Course now but to hang my self;
I have liv'd since Yesterday two a Clock, of a
Spice-cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Mony indeed.
I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony-catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.
What Mr. Richard, how do you?
How dost thou Ralph? By Gad, Gentlemen, the world
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend

Me an Angel between you both, you know you Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we lost not every

Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prethee lend me fo much as will pay for my Supper;

I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mitel; I wonder at it, Mr. Flowerdale, You will so carelesly undo your self; Why you will lofe more Mony in an Hour, Than any honest Man spends in a Year; For Shame betake you to some honest Trade, And live not thus fo like a Vagabond. [Exeunt.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you: They gave me Counfel that first cozen'd me; Those Devils first brought me to this I am, And being thus, the first that do me wrong. Well, yet I have one Friend left in store. Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice, One that I first put in a Sattin Gown, And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head, But stands me at the least in twenty Pound : Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone, And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman, What ho, is Mistress Apricock within ? Enter Ruffin.

Ruf. What fawcy Rascal is that which knocks so bold? O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here? One that is turned Cozener about the Town: My Mistress saw you, and fends this Word by me, Either be packing quickly from the Door, Or you shall have such a Greeting sent you straight, As you will little like on, you had best be gone. [Exit.

Flow. Why fo, this is as it should be, being poor, Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted Whore. Well, fince thy damned crew do so abuse thee, I'll try of honest Men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen. Sir, I beseech you to take Compassion of a Man; One whose Fortunes have been better than at this Instant they feem to be : but if I might crave of you fo much little

Portion.

Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would rest thankful, until I had requited so great a Courtesse.

Cit. Fie, fie, young Man, this Course is very bad,
Too many such have we about this City;
Yet for I have not seen you in this fort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend.
Such bad Beginnings oft have worser Ends.

[Exit Cit.

Flow. Worser ends: nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had such a fortunate Beginning;
I'll not let a sixpenny Purse escape me:
By the Mass here comes another:

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.

God bless you, fair Mistress.

Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny, nor Farthing.

Cir. Wife. Stay, Alexander, now by my Troth a very proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold, my Friend, there's all the Mony I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and

God blefs thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, fweet Lady; if you have any Friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command in all secret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brass Shilling,

give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

Now out upon thee, Rascal: secret Service! what dost thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Mony again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service? on, good Alexander.

[Exeunt Ambo.

Flow. This is villanous luck, I perceive Dishonesty Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me. Sir Athur and Mr. Oliver, aforegod I'll speak to them.

God save you, Sir Arthur; God save you, Mr. Oliver.

Oli. Been you there, zirrah, come will you taken your self to your Tools, Coystrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. Oliver, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doings, It was only a Plot to get Sir Lancelot's Daughter: By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel ?

Whore is the, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth, Mr. Oliver, fick, very fick; And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick? tell me true itch' vise thee. Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. Oliver, if you would do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty Shillings: So Gad help me, I will pay you so soon as my Ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaist thy Wife is zick; hold, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. I'faith, Mr. Oliver, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her. Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir Arthur, as I am a Gentleman. Oli. Well, farewel zirrah: come, Sir Arthur.

[Exeunt Ambo.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent: Five golden Angels compast in an Hour, If this Trade hold, I'll never feek a new. Welcome, sweet Gold, and Beggary adieu. Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, Kester, if you can find the House.
Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man Kester?
By the Mass 'tis they.
How do you Uncle, how dost thou, Kester?
By my troth, Uncle, you must needs lend
Me some Mony, the poor Gentlewoman
My Wise, so Gad help me, is very sick.
I was rob'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.

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Unc.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, Kefter, away. Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle? Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak, Come, leave him, Kester, de bloom to all

Flow. Kester, honest Kester. Fath. Sir, I have nought to fay to you, which you Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'ft best Lock't fast, for there's a false Knave without. Flow. You are an old lying Rafcal,

So you are.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Luce. bus

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you, Yonker? Flow. By this light a Dutch Frow, they fay they are called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not speak?

Flow. By my troth, Sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman that would defire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of your Purse.

Enter young Flowerdale's Father.

Luce. O here God, to young an Armine. Flow. Armine, Sweet-heart, I know not what you mean

by that, but I am almost a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Vife? Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave. am I of Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not, vere be your Vife?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me? Spenc me all I had, and kept Rafcals under my Nose to brave me. Luce. Did you use her vell?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in England could be better used than I did her; I could but Coach her; her Diet stood me in forty pound a Month, but she is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried. Luce. Indeed dar vas not scone. 25 to and W anna

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou dost belong to Master Civet here, dost thou I'll as, him : Do; you hear, wi not?
Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:
If I had fuch a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in England would make more
Of her, than I would do, to she had any stock.

[They call within.

O why Tanikin.

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I shall come by and by a-gain.

Flow. By this Hand, this Dutch Wench is in love with me, Were it not admirable to make her steal

All Civer's Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beaftly. O Master Flowerdale,
Have you no fear of God, nor Conscience:
What do you mean, by this vile course you take?
Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.
Fath. To live in this fort, sie upon the course.

Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward. Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'S nails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in England, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you?
Delia might hang you now, did not her Heart
Take pity of you for her Sister's sake.
Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here you stay,
You fall into their Hands you look not for.

If all the Devils in Hell were here.

[Exit Father:

Enter Sir Lancelot, Mr. Weathercock, and Artichoak.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not past it, Arti-

choak? By th' Mass here's one,

I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir?
What, are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way
U?

To Mr. Civet's House? what, will you not freak?

O me, this is filching Flowerdale.

Lanc. O wonderful, is this lewd Villain here? O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher, What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave? A cozening Rascal, that must make a Will, Take on him that strict Habit, very that: When he should turn to Angel, a dying Grace, I'll Father-in-Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will: Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter? Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head: And to abuse good Master Weathercock, with His forg'd Will, and Master Weathercock,

To make my grounded Resolution; Than to abuse the Devon Shire Gentieman: Go, away with him to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison? Sir, I will not go.

Enter Master Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, young Flowerdale's Father, Uncle, and Delia.

Lanc. Ohere's his Uncle:

Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome all:

Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too

For any thing I know, my Daughter is missing, Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Unc. He is my Kinsman, although his Life be vile, Therefore, in God's name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Prilon.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison, Inick-up ? I owe you no-

thing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him. Flow. Go teek your Daughter, what do you lay to my

Charge?

Lanc. Suspicion of Murder, go, away with him. Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter?

Come, Uncle, I know you'll Bail me. Unc. Not I, were there no more,

Than I the Jaylor, thou the Prisoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my Life, where will you hade Man? Vat ha de Yonker done?

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife.

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not feen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huswife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,

He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Prison! why, Tom, will you fuffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, Father, she is no Vagrant: She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows herc.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son Civet, of my Life this is a Plot,
Some stragling Counterfeit profer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:

I'll have you led away to Prison, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandish Frow,
Nor he, nor I shall to the Prison go:
Knows you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you.
And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleness.

Lanc. Bastard in Nature, kneel to such a Slave?

Luce. O Master Flowerdale, if too much Grief

Have not stopt up the Organs of your Voice,

Then speak to her that is thy faithful Wife,

Or doth Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue?

Turn not away, I am no Æthiope,

No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Hellen:

But rather one made wretched by thy Loss.

What turn'st thou still from me? O then

I guess thee wosull'st among hapless Men.

Thy Chastity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame,
For in my blushing Cheeks is feen me.

For in my blushing Cheeks is seen my Shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him?——by the hopes of after Blifs, I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

 U_3

Lanc.

Lanc. Well, fince thou wert ordain'd to Beggary, Follow thy Fortune, I defie thee.

Oli. Ywood che were so well ydoussed as was ever white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Fath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my troth I must weep, I cannot chuse. Unc. None but a Beast would such a Maid misuse. Flow. Content thy self, I hope to win his Favour,

And to redeem my Reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you, I hope your Eyes shall behold such Change, As shall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him. Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. Flowerdale, in hope you been so, hold there's vorty pound toward your zetting up; what be not ashamed, vang it Man, vang it, be a good Husband, loven to your Wise: And you shall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,

I will instruct you in my ablest Power: But to your Wife I give this Diamond,

And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life. Flow. Thanks, good Sir Arthur: Mr. Oliver, You being my Enemy, and grown so kind,

Binds me in all endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me no restorings, Man, I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:

Zouth chil devie London else: What, do not think me

A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Mony? che have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spotation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my zamplas.

Unc. You have guest right of me, if he leave off this

course of Life, he shall be mine Heir.

3000

A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful

Father,

Father, honest Gentleman,

That pass'd the fearful danger of the Sea,

To get him living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile Courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'st me so thy felf. Fath. I wrong'd him then:

And toward my Master's Stock,

There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.

Flow. No, Kester, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee What thou in love gives, I in love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha, Sister, there you plaid bo-peep with

Tom, what shall I give her toward Houshold?

Sister Delia, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, Tom?

Civ. Ay, do, Frank, I'll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle. A on a way to be worked the w

Fran. A russet one, Tom.

Civ. Ay with ruffet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Sister, there's my Fan toward Houshold, to keep you warm. was the Toleran was a party

Luce. I thank you, Sifter.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair Luce's Stock, here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more, I'll give her, marry. Come Sir Lancelot, I must have you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit, He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had she been married to an honest Man,

It had been better than a thousand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond,

To make her Jointure better worth than three. Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! why, what are you?

Fath. One whose word in London, tho' I say it,

Will pass there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrift's Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off: Ne'er muse Man, at this Metamorphosie.

Lanc. Master Flowerdale!

Flow. My Father! O I shame to look on him. I wo of Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are past.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change, And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid, Whom Heav'n hath fent to thee to fave thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. Flowerdale, welcome from Death, good Mr.

'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumstance is needless:
And Sirrah, see you run no more into that same Disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure:
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the course as Hell. Unc. Say it, and do it, Cousin, all is well.

Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest Man, I take you to my favour. Brother Flowerdale, Welcome with all my Heart: I see your Care Hath brought these Acts to this Conclusion, And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oli. Nay zost you a while, you promis'd to make Sir Arthur and me amends, here is your wisest Daughter, see which an's she'll have.

Lanc. A God's name, you have my good will, get hers. Oli. How say you then, Damsel.

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then fend for a Vicar, and chil have it Dispatched in a trice, so chil.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.
But not to love as Wife, shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Artho

Arth. Do not condemn your self for ever, Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

Oli. Why you say true, Sir Arthur, she was ybore to it, So well as her Mother; but I pray you shew us

Some Zamples or Reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,

For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:

But for the care and crosses of a Wife,

The trouble in this World that Children bring.

The trouble in this World that Children bring, My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone, Husbands, howfoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too, Che zet not a vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a vig By me: Come, shall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To morrow I crave your Companies in Mark-lane: To Night we'll frolick in Mr. Civet's House, And to each Health drink down a full Carouse.

And falls again into the like diffress,

That Fever is deadly, doch 'till Death endure

Ost Pardon me, Sir, I heard any yours,

In Love, in Dury, and Affection ...

atelia was oursed, married, our a Maid



Moss. Heav'n helping me. 1st have the courte as Hell.

LANC. Well being to hepe you'll prove an honell Man,

HEHRY TO COM POTECT OF A MADERITY

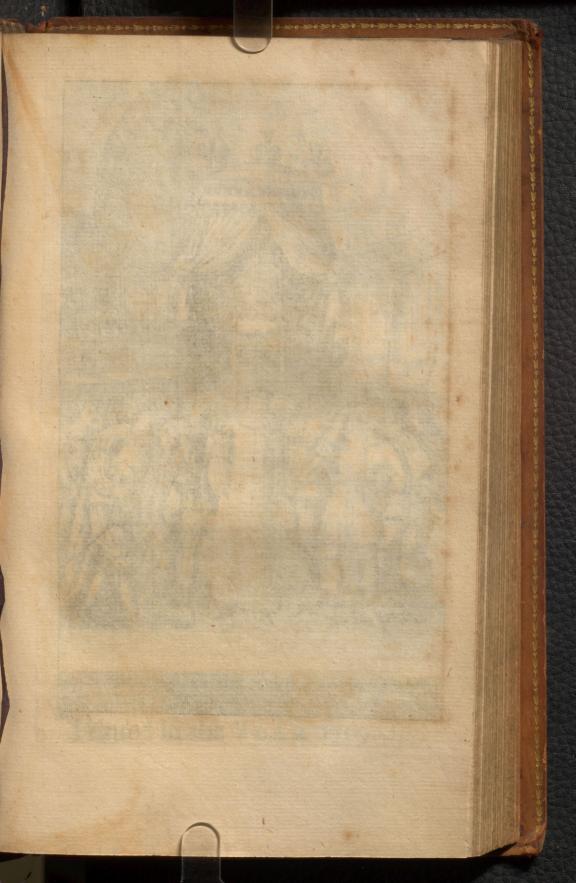
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DEATO

Thomas Lord Cramwell.

OF OKCUSO STORES OF STORES

Printed in the YEAR 1709.





THE

LIFE

AND

DEATH

OF

Thomas Lord Cromwell.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

UKE of Norfolk. Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Bedford and his Hoft. Cardinal Wolfey. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Sir Thomas Moor. Sir Christopher Hales. Sir Ralph Sadler. Old Cromwell, a Blacksmith of Putney. Toung Thomas Cromwell, his Son. Master Bouser, a Merchant. Banister, a broken Merchant, and his Wife. Bagot, a cruel covetous Broker. Friskiball, a Florentine Merchant. The Governors of the English House at Antwerp. States and Officers of Bononia. Goodman Seely, and his Wife Joan. A Lieutenant of the Tower. Hodge, Will and Tom, old Cromwell's Servants. Two Citizens. Two Merchants. A Post. Messengers . A Man Man Ushers, and Servants. Secretaril whether my old Ma-

all carely execute Afternoons Map, for my

HE E hell and out the TEAR INOU.



THE LIFE and DEATH

OF

Thomas Lord Cromwell.

ACT I. SCENE I.

of the English House to Antwerp.

Enter Hodge, and two other Smiths, Servants to old Cromwell.

HODGE.

OME, Masters, I think it be past five a Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Master he'll be stirring anon.

I Smith. I cannot tell whether my old Mafter will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my Afternoons Nap, for my

young Master Thomas, he keeps such a quile in his Study, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

Hodge.

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars ? There's Goodman Car of Fulham, He that carried us to the strong Ale, where Goody Trundel Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars, He'll tickle you Charles's Wain in nine Degrees : That same Man will tell Goody Trundel When her Ale shall miscarry, only by the Stars.

2 Smith. Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed; I think Thomas

Be no Body in comparison to him.

I Smith. Well, Masters, come, shall we to our Hammers? Hodge. Ay, content; first let's take our Mornings

Draught, and then to work roundly. 2 Smith. Ay, agreed, go in, Hodge.

Exeunt. Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good Morrow, Morn, I do falute thy brightness, The Night seems tedious to my troubled Soul: Whose black Obscurity binds in my Mind A thousand fundry Cogitations: And now Aurora with a lively die, Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high.

Too high indeed, my state being so mean : My Study like a mineral of Gold,

Makes my Heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd; My Books are all the Wealth I do posses,

And unto them I have ingag'd my Heart; O, Learning, how divine thou seem'st to me!

Within whose Arms is all Felicity.

Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there, Here within they beat with their Hammers.

You do disturb my Study and my Rest; Leave off, I say, you mad me with the Noise.

Enter Hodge, and the two Men. Hodge. Why, how now, Master Thomas, how now;

Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noise. Hodge. How, fret your Heart? Ay, but Thomas, you'll Fret your Father's Purse if you let us from Working.

2 Smith. Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman: Shall we leave work for your musing ? that's well i'faith; But here comes my old Master now.

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 3067

Enter old Cromwell.

No Hammers walking, and my work to do?
What not a Heat among your work to day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son Thomas will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why Knave I fay, have I thus cark'd and car'd, And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,

And dost thou let my Servants at their work;

That sweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.

Old Crom. Out of my Doors, Knave, if thou lik'st it not;

I cry you Mercy, are your Ears so fine?

I tell thee, Knave, these get when I do sleep;

I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's Mony, Father, I will pay your Men.

He throws Mony among them.

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my Cost, In hope that one Day thou would'st relieve my Age, and And art thou now so lavish of thy Coin,
To scatter it among these idle Knaves?

Crom. Father be patient, and content your felf,
The time will come I shall hold Gold as trash:
And here I speak with a presaging Soul,

To build a Palace where now this Cottage stands,

As fine as is King Henry's House at Sheen. (Beggar; Old Crom. You build a House? you Knave, you'll be a

Now afore God all is but cast away
That is bestow'd upon this thristless Lad:
Well, had I bound him to some honest Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To send him to the University:

How? build a House where now this Cottage stands, As fair as that at Sheen? he shall not hear me.

A good Boy Tom, I con thee thank Tom,

Well said Tom, Grammarcies Tom:

In to your work, Knaves; hence faucy Boy.

Crom. Why should my Birth keep down my mounting Are not all Creatures subject unto time? (Spirit? To time, who doth abuse the World,

And

And fills it full of hodge podge Baftardy; There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth, That their Original did spring from Kings; Get between And many Monarchs now, whose Fathers were The riff-raff of their Age; for Time and Fortine Wears out a noble train to Beggary; I chank was And from the Dunghil Minions do advance giro i alt To State; and mark, in this admiring World This is but Course, which in the name of Fate Is feen as often as it whirls about: The River Thames that by our Door doth pass, His first beginning is but small and shallow, Yet keeping on his Course grows to a Sea. And likewise Wolfey, the wonder of our Age, His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son; Now who within this Land a greater Man? Then, Cromwell, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul, That thou may'ft live to flourish and controul. Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what Tom I fay. Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Master Bowser come to know if you have dispatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Counsel, or no.

Crom. Father, I have, please you to call him in. Old Crom. That's well faid, Tom, a good Lad, Tom. Enter Master Bowser.

Bow. Now, Master Cromwell, have you dispatch'd this

Petition? Crom. I have, Sir, here it is, please you peruse it. Bow. It shall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water. And, Master Cromwell, I have made a Motion May do you good, and if you like of it. Our Secretary at Antwerp, Sir, is dead, and and the And the Merchants there have fent to me, For to provide a Man fit for the place : all admit ows and I Now I do know none fitter than your felf, ad dans ob I 2A If with your liking it stand, Master Cromwell.

Crom. With all my Heart, Sir, and I much am bound, In Love and Duty for your Kindness shown. The stand book new Paris vin the min thank Wold

I know the Man's misfortunes to be fuch,

of Thomas Lord Cromwell.

3069

Exeunt.

Old Crom. Body of me, Tom, Make hafte, lest some Body Get between thee and home, Tom. I thank you, good Master Bowser, I thank you for my Boy,

I thank you always, I thank you most heartily, Sir: Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Master Bowser.

Bow. It shall not need, Sir: Master Cromvell, will you go?

Crom. I vill attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewel, Tom, God bless thee, Tom,

God speed thee, good Tom. Enter Bagot, a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some, And by their loss must Bagot seek to gain. This is the Lodging of Master Friskibal, A liberal Merchant, and a Florentine, To whom Eanister owes a thousand Pound, A Merchant Bankrupt, whose Father was my Master.

What do I care for pity or regard, He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n, And this Morning have I got him arrested At the Suit of Master Friskibal,

And by this means shall I be fure of Coin, For doing this same good to him unknown:

And in good time, see where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskibal. Good morrow to kind Master Friskibal.

Fris. Good morrow to your felf, good Master Bagot, And what's the News you are so early stirring? It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, Sir, that I bear to you. When did you see your Debtor Banister?

Fris. I promise you, I have not seen the Man This two Months day, his Poverty is fuch,

As I do think he shames to see his Friends. Bag. Why then affure your felf to fee him straight, For at your Sait I have arrested him,

And here they will be with him presently.

Fris. Arrest him at my Suit ? you were to blame, I know the Man's misfortunes to be such,

As he's not able for to pay the Debt, work and Add W

And were it known to some, he were undone. I don't do

Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it log But you are much deceiv'd in Banister : Why, fuch as he will break for Fashion sake, And unto those they owe a thousand Pound, Pay scarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him, The Man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs, and I am I Spends all he hath in Harlots companies, and anothe Hold It is no mercy for to pity him : he was drawed how worsh wo's I speak the truth of him, for nothing else, and say stall But for the kindness that I bear to you.

Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much, ad an veq And to deal strictly with such a one as he, and the modu Better severe than too much lenity : as another base 1504 1 But here is Master Banister himself, and month bood for

And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, his Wife, and two Officers. Ban. O Master Friskibal, you have undone me: My state was well nigh overthrown before, and a small of

Now altogether down-cast by your means. Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. Friskibal, pity my Husbind's cate, He is a Man bath liv'd as well as any, or have known a Man

'Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea and Andrew Did rob, difrobe, and spoil us of our own. Fris. Mistress Banister, I envy not your Hisband, blott

Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus: 1000 fguodilA But that I hear he is so lewdly given, at home and son avid Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough the out and sall To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.

B.in. This is that damned Broker, that fam: Bagot, and Whom I have often from my Trencher fed : and a stally M

Ingrateful Villain for to use me thus.

Bay. What I have faid to him is nought but Truth. Mrs. Ban. What thou hast faid springs from anenvious Heart.

A Cannibal that doth eat Men alive and hood shall nonline But here upon my Knee believe me, Sir, and safely And what I speak, so help me God, is true, would die !! We fearce have Meat to feed our little Babes: low I also W Most of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand, be and of I'l Which the Local and the Which

Which had we Mony to defray our Debts,
O think, we would not bide that Penury:
Be merciful, kind Master Friskibal,
My Husband, Children, and my self will eat
But one Meal a day, the other will we keep and selk

Fris. Go to, I see thou art an envious Man.
Good Mistress Banister, kneel not to me,
I pray rise up, you shall have your desire.
Hold Officers; be gone, there's for your pains,
You know you owe to me a thousand Pound,
Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me: but if still your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown:
I never yet dd wrong to Men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my self may fall.

Ban. This unexpected Favour undeserv'd, Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with joy: Ne'er may ought prosper with me is my own, If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and day,

For your good Fortune and Success shall pray.

Fris. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me, Within these three Days, if God give me leave, I will to Florence to my native home.

Hold, Bagot, there's a Portague to drink, Although you ill deserv'd it by your merit; Give not such cruel scope unto your Heart; Be sure the ill you do will be requited: Remember what I say, Bagot, sarewel.

Come, Master Banister, you shall with me,

My Fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

Bag. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your last, Is this the thanks I have for all my pains? Confusion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a score of Crowns, Doth he now soist me with a Portague?
Well, I will be revened upon this Banister.
I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes, As seeming tha: I do it for good will,

I am fure to have them at an easie rate;
And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not,
But I'll make his Heart t'ake with forrow,
And if that Banister become my Debtor,
B, Heaven and Earth I'll make his Plague the greater.

[Exit Bagot.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now, Gentlemen, imagine
That Young Cromwell is in Antwerp,
Ledger for the English Merchants:
And Banister, to shun this Bagot's hate,
Hearing that he hash got some of his Debts,
I sled to Antwerp, with his Wife and Children,
Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them:
And thither sends his Bills of Debt before,
To be reveng'd on wretched Banister:
What doth fall out, with Patience sit and see,
A just Requital of false Treachery.

Enter Cromwell in his Study, with Bags of Mony before him, casting of Account.

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and ev'n, But, Cromwell, this same plodding fits not thee;
Thy Mind is altogether set on Travel,
And not to live thus cloyster'd, like a Nun:
It is not this same trash, that I regard,
Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray, Sir, are you ready to dispatch me?

Crom. Yes, here's those Sums of Mony you must carry.
You go so far as Frankford, do you not?

For there be certain English Gentlemen
Are bound for Venice, and may happily want,
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good speed,
There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.

Post. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings indeed.

Crom. Gold is of pow'r to make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistress Banister.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves fo much?

Exit

It feems she doth address her felf to me. Mrs. Ban. God save you, Sir, pray is your Name Master Cromwell?

Crom. My Name is Thomas Cromwell, Gentlewoman. Mrs. Ban. Know you not one Bagot, Sir, that's come to Antwerp ?

Crom. No, trust me, I never saw the Man, But here are Bills of Debt I have received Against one Banister, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch;

I am the Wife to woful Banister, and Dwinger and Banks And by that bloody Villain am purfu'd, on I was a series From London, here to Antwerp:

My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands, And God of Heav'n knows how he'il deal with him; Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,

Be merciful to a distressed Soul,

And the there to me but Billy And God no doubt will treble bless your Gain. Crom. Good Mistress Banister, what I can, I will,

In any thing that lies within my pow'r.

Mrs. Ban. O speak to Bagot, that same wicked Wretch,

An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.

Grom. Why is he come to Antwerp, as you hear? Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed some two Hours since. Crom. Well, Mistrels Bunister, assure your self,

I'll speak to Bagot in your own behalf, and over of ton order And win him t'all the pity that I can: 10 and ald a bound Mean time, to comfort you, in your diffrest, Receive these Angels to relieve your need, And be affur'd, that what I can effect, To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart,

Keep you from trouble, forrow, grief and fmart.

Exit Mistress Banister

Crom. Thanke, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r: It grieves my Soul to fee her mifery, But we that live under the Work of Fate, May hope the best, yet know not to what state Our Stars and Destinies have us assign'd, Fickle is Fortune, and her Face is blind. [Exit. Ent v Ent is of poor E X main an Eagles inced.

Species that with a direct Mafer of Bandles .

Enter Bagot Solus. Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it, Banister, he is with the Governor : 199 1100 And shortly shall have Gyves upon his Heels, have and It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave; I would ! I hope to have his Body rot in Prison, Manual son And after here, his Wife to hang her felf, And all his Children die for want of Food. The Jewels I have brought to Antwerp Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand Pound, same of Which scarcely stood me in three hundred Pound; 1908 I bought them at an easie kind of rate, I care not which way they came by them That fold them me, it comes not near my Heart; and back And lest they should be stoln, as sure they are, by solds I thought it meet to fell them here in Antwerp, I as sail . And so have left them in the Governor's Hand, and all of Who offers me within two hundred Pound Of all my Price: but now no more of that, I must go see and if my Bills be safe, The which I fent to Master Cromwell, as I would be That if the Wind should keep me on the Sea, many it will He might arrest him here before I came: greeds ad fliw al And in good time, see where he is: God save you, Sir,

Enter Cromwell. And Jan mont 19.1 Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not. I had Bag. It may be fo, Sir, but my Name is Bagot, The Man that fent to you the Bills of Debt. I and have I

Crom. O, the Man that pursues Banister, 100 1009 1 Here are the Bills of Debt you fent to me: As for the Man, you know best where he is; It is reported you've a Flinty Heart, A Mind that will not stoop to any Pity; better all sol of An Eye that knows not how to shed a Tear, a work as balk A Hand that's always open for Reward: But, Master Bagot, would you be rul'd by me, You should turn all these to the contrary; and synch of Your Heart should still have feeling of remorfe, which are Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal from I am To those that stand in need, and in distress; Your Hand to help them that do stand in want, Rather than with your Poife to hold them down,

For every ill turn show your self more kind, Thus should I do; pardon, I speak my Mind.

Bag. I, Sir, you speak to hear what I would say, But you must live, I know, as well as I: I know this Place to be Extortion, And 'tis not for a Man to keep fafe here, But he must lye, cog, with his dearest Friend; And as for Pity, scorn it, hate all Conscience: But yet I do commend your Wit in this, To make a show of what I hope you are not, But I commend you, and it is well done: This is the only way to bring your Gain.

Crom. My Gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar, And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life, Before I'd live so base a Slave as thou. I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show Of feeming Virtue, and a Devil within? No Bagot, if thy Conscience were as clear, Poor Banister ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master Cromwell, be not angry, Sir, or I know full well that you are no fuch Man, But if your Conscience were as white as Snow, It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwise? Let them that think to, know they are deceived; Shall Cromwell live to have his Faith misconster'd? Antwerp,, for all the Wealth within thy Town, I will not tarry here full two Hours longer: As good luck ferves, my Accounts are all made even, Therefore I'll straight unto the Treasurer: Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor, Commend me to him, fay I am bound to Travel, To see the fruitful Parts of Italy; And as you ever bore a Christian Mind, Let Banister some Favour of you find.

Bag. For your fake, Sir, I'll help him all I can, To starve his Heart out e'er he gets a Groat; So, Master Cromwell, do I take my leave, For I must straight unto the Governor. [Exit Bagot.

Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I faid. No, Cromwell, no, thy Heart was ne'er fo base, To The the with your AoX to hold them down

To live by Falshood, or by Brokery; and I liv aghor But 't falls out well, I little it repent, and of it arew sylast Hereafter, time in Travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge, his Father's Man, Dominios os

with thee, 20m

Hodge. Your Son Thomas, quoth you, I have been Thomast: I had thought it had been no such matter to a gone by Water; for at Puiney I'll go you to Parish-Garden for two Pence, fit as still as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were scarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of rifing in my Guts: At last, one of the Sailors spying of me, be a good cheer, says he, set down thy Victua's, and up with it, thou halt nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it : At last we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness, for I in kindness told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I, find my Master Thomas in this Dutch Town, he might put some English Beer into my Belly.

Crom. What, Hodge, my Father's Man, by my Hand welcome:

How doth my Father? what's the News at home? Disting W

Hodge. Master Thomas, O God, Master Thomas, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to understanding, that your Father is in Health, and Alice Downing here hath fent you a Nutmeg, and Bess Make-water a Race of Ginger, my Fellows Will and Tom hath between them fent you a dozen of Points, and Goodman Toll, of the Goat, a pair of Mittons, my self came in Parson, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy good Hodge, and thou art welcometo me,

But in as ill a time thou comest as may be;

For I am travelling into Italy,

What fay'st thou, Hodge, wilt thou bear me company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee company, Tom? what tell'st me of Italy? were it to the farthest part of Flanders, I would go with thee, Tom; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to command; what, Tom, I have pass'd the rigorous Waves of Neptune's blasts, I tell you, Thomas, I have been in danger of the Floods, and when I have seen Boreas begin to play the Russian with us, then would I down a my Knees, and call upon Vulcan.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Because, as this same Fellow Neptune is God of the Seas, so Vulcan is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have some care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, hast thou din'd yet?

Hodge. Thomas, to speak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come, go with me, thou shalt have cheer good store:

And farewel, Antwerp, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, sweet Tom, I follow thee.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter the Governor of the English House, Bagot,
Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.
Bloo Gov. Is Cromwell gone then? say you, Mr. Bagot,

What diflike, I pray? what was the cause?

Such Youth as they cannot see when they are well:

He is all bent to Travel, that's his reason,

And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone. We hardly shall find such a Man as he,
To fit our turns, his Dealings were so honest.

But now, Sir, for your Jewels that I have,

What do you say? what, will you take my Price?

Bag. O, Sir, you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Man,

What's that in Payment of five thousand Pound?

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great,

Before I got so much it made me swear.

Gov. Well, Master Bagot, I'll proffer you fairly, You see this Merchant, Master Banister, Is going now to Prison at your Suit: His Substance all is gone, what would you have?

Yet in regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
Never dishonest Dealing, but such Mishaps
Hath fall'n on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred Pound between us,
We will divide the same, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will set him free:
His state is nothing, that you see your self,
And where nought is, the King must lose his Right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, you speak out of your Love, 'Tis foolish Love, Sir, sure to pity him: Therefore content your self, this is my Mind, To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, though thou dost no good,

A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou base Wretch, whom we have softer'd, Even as a Serpent for to poison us, If God did ever right a Woman's wrong, To that same God I bend and bow my Heart, To let his heavy wrath sall on thy Head,

By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bao, Alas! fond Woman, I prethee pray thy worst.

The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Master Bowser a Merchant.

Gov. Master Bowser! you're welcome, Sir, from England, What's the best News? how do all our Friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you! There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I must take my leave,
My Haste and Business doth require so.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of Town?

I must away, there is no remedy.

Gov. Master Bowser, what is your Business, may Iknow it?
Bow. You may, Sir, and so shall all the City.

The King of late hath had his Treasury robb'd, And of the choicest Jewels that he had:

The value of them was seven thousand Pounds,

The Fellow that did steal these Jewels is hang'd,

And did confess that for three hundred Pound,

He sold them to one Bagot dwelling in London.

Now Bagot's sted, and as we hear, to Antwerp,

And

And hither am I come to feek him out, And they that first can tell me of his News, Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.

Ban. How just is God to right the Innocent!
Gov. Master Bowser, you come in happy time,
Here is the Villain Bagor that you seek,
And all those Jewels have I in my Hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him fast.

Bag. The Devil ought me a shame, and now he hath paid it.

Bow. Is this that Bagot? Fellows, bear him hence, We will not now stand for his Reply; Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd In England, where his Villanies are known.

Bag. Mischief, confusion light upon you all, O hang me, drown me, let me kill my self, Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.

Bow. Away, bear him away, stop the Slave's Mouth.

Mrs. Ban. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n. Gov. I heard this Bagot was a wealthy Fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were feiz'd, Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate within his House, Was found the value of five thousand Pound, His Furniture fully worth half so much, Which being all strain'd for the King, He frankly gave it to the Antwerp Merchants, And they again, out of their bounteous Mind, Have to a Brother of their Company, A Man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas, Given Bagot's Wealth, to set him up again, And keep it for him, his Name is Banister.

You have reviv'd two from the Gates of Death, This is that Banister, and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is so good, To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have giv'n Life unto a Man deem'd dead, For by these News my Life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Soveraign

And

And last to you, that these good News do bring.

Gov. The hundred Pound I must receive, as due

For finding Bagor, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Master Banister, if so you please, I'll bear you Company, when you cross the Seas.

Ban. If it please you, Sir, my Company is but mean,

Stands with your liking, I'll wait on you.

Come, Master Bowser, let us to Dinner:

And, Mistress Banister, be merry, Woman,

Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,

Knaves have their due, and you but what you Merit.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their Shirts, and without Hats.

Marry would I had staid at Putney still,

O, Master Thomas, we are spoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, Man, this is but Fortune.

Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-shod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shooe to my Feet; for my Hose, they scorn'd them with their Heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me, and unlac'd me, and took away my Cloaths, and so disgrac'd me.

Crom. Well, Hodge, what Remedy? What shift shall we make now?

Hodge. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for stealing worse; by my troth, I must even fall to my old Trade, to the Hammer and the Horse-heels again; but now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the Horses in this Country; whether they are not coltish, given much to kicking, or no, for when I have one Leg in my Hand, if he should up and lay t'other on me Chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay Hodge.

Crom. Hodge, I believe thou must work for us both.

Hodge. O, Master Thomas, have not I told you of this?
have not I many a time and often said, Tom, or Master
Thomas, learn to make a Horse-shooe, it will be your own
another Day; this was not regarded. Hark you, Thomas,
what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us?

But if you pleafe for to enquire me out, You thall not want for ought that I can do:

Grom, Wealth, you lee, tay Purle Policies

Crom. The Bandetti.

Hodge. The Bandetti, do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am fure we call them plain Thieves in England. O, Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the Ale there.

Life and Death

Crom. Content thee, Man, here set up these two Bills,

And let us keep our standing on the Bridge:
The Fashion of this Country is such,
If any Stranger be oppressed with want,
To write the manner of his Misery,
And such as are disposed to succour him,

Will do it. What, hast thou set them up?

Hodge. Ay they're up, God send some to read them, And not only to read them, but also to look on us:

And not altogether look on us,

But to relieve us. O cold, cold, cold.

[One stands at one end, and one at t'other.

Enter Friskibal the Merchant, and reads the Bills.

Fris. What's here? two Englishmen robb'd by the Bandetti.

One of them seems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pity that his Fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate Hands of Thieves.
I'll question him, of what Estate he is.
God save you, Sir, are you an Englishman?

Grom. I am, Sir, a distressed Englishman. Fris. And what are you, my Friend.

Hodge. Who, I Sir, by my troth I do not know my felf, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of Putney, that's my Master, Sir, yonder, I was robb'd

for his fake, Sir.

Fris. I see you have been met by the Bandetti, And therefore need not ask how you came thus. But Friskibal, why dost thou question them Of their Estate, and not relieve their need? Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much: There's sixteen Duckets for to cloath your selves, There's sixteen more to buy your Diet with, And there's sixteen to pay for your Horse-hire. 'Tis all the Wealth, you see, my Purse possesses; But if you please for to enquire me out, You shall not want for ought that I can do,

My

My Name is Friskibal, a Florence Merchant:

A Man that always lov'd your Nation.

Which God doth know, if ever I shall requite it,
Necessity makes me to take your Bounty,
And for your Gold can yield you nought but thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from despair;
Your Name shall still be in my hearty Prayer.

Fris. It is not worth such thanks, come to my House,

Your want shall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To bear my charges to Bononia,
Whereas a noble Earl is much distress'd:
An Englishman, Russel the Earl of Bedford
Is by the French King sold unto his Death,
It may fall out, that I may do him good:
To save his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood:
Therefore, kind Sir, Thanks for your liberal Gift,
I must be gone to aid him, there's no shift.

Fris. I'll be no hinderer to so good an Act, Heav'n prosper you, in that you go about: If Fortune bring you this way back again, Pray let me see you; so I take my leave,

All good a Man can wish, I do bequeath. [Exit Friskib. Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your Head, There's few such Man within our Climate hand.

There's few such Men within our Climate bred.

How say you now, Hodge, is not this good Fortune?

Hodge. How say you, I'll tell you what, Master Thomas,

If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind,

Let's keep our standings upon this Bridge,
We shall get more here, with begging in on

We shall get more here, with begging in one Day, Than I shall with making Horseshooes in a whole Year.

Crom. No, Hodge, we must be gone unto Bononia, There to relieve the noble Earl of Bedford: Where if I fall not in my Policy,

I shall deceive their subtle Treachery.

Hodge. Nay, I'll follow you, God bless us from the thie ving Bandetti again. [Exeunts

Enter Bedford and his Hoft.

Bed. Am I betray'd? was Bedford born to die

By fuch base Slaves, in such a Place as this?

Have

Have I escap'd so many times in France,
So many Battels have I over-pass'd,
And made the French stir, when they heard my Name:
And am I now betray'd unto my Death?
Some of their Hearts Blood first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do desire to have my Blood,
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name;
By all my Hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.

Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Host. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate Course, They have begirt you, round about the House: Their meaning is to take you Prisoner, And so to send your Body unto France.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as Sand, Before alive they send me unto France:

I'll have my Body first bor'd like a Sieve, And die as Hestor, 'gainst the Mermydons, E'er France shall boast, Bedford's their Prisoner, Treacherous France, that 'gainst the Law of Arms, Hath here betray'd thy Enemy to Death:
But be assured, my Blood shall be reveng'd Upon the best Lives that remain in France.

Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
That they have hired a Neapolitan,
Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them,
Without the shedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their Hands safe to deliver you,
And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
And a poor Swain that attends on him.

[Exit Servant.]

Bed. A Neapolitan? bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As Cicero the famous Man of Rome,
His words would be as Chaff against the Wind.
Sweet tongu'd Olysses, that made Ajax mad,
Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conquest.

Enter Cromwell like a Neopolitan, and Hodge with hims Crom. Sir, are you the Master of the House? Hoft. I am, Sir.

Crom. By this same Token you must leave this Place, And leave none but the Earl and I together,

And this my Peafant here to tend on us. Hoft. With all my Heart, God grant you do some good. Exit Host. Cromwell Shuts the Door.

Bed. Now, Sir, what's your Will with me? Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your felf? Bed. No, good-man Goofe, not while my Sword doth last:

Is this your Eloquence for to perswade me?

Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to fave you; I am not, as you judge, a Neopolitan,

But Cromwell your Servant, and an Englishman. Bed. How? Cromwell? not my Farrier's Son?

Crom. The same, Sir, and am come to succour you. Hodge. Yes Faith, Sir, and I am Hodge, your poor Smith;

Many a time and oft have I shooed your Dapper Gray. Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here? Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me; My Lord, you know the Men of Mantua,

And these Bononians, are at deadly strife, And they, my Lord, both love and honour you; Could you but get out of the Mantua Port, Then were you fafe, despight of all their Force.

Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'ft of things impossible; Dost thou not see, that we are round beset, How then is't possible we should escape?

Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy: Put on the Apparel here that Hodge doth wear, And give him yours; the States they know you not, For, as I think, they never faw your Face, And at a Watch-word must I cal them in, And will defire, that we two fafe may pass To Manina, where I'll fay my Business lyes; How doth your Honour like of this advice?

Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, Hodge? Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing I can; And do agree, to let thee free, do Fortune what she can. Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel streight.

Crom.

Crom. Go, Hodge, make hafte, lest they chance to call. Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.

Exennt Earl and Hodge.

Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Success, And that the Earl may safely scape away. And yet it grieves me for this simple Wretch, For fear they should offer him violence; But of two Evils 'tis best to shun the greatest, And better is it that he live in thrall, Than fuch a noble Earl as He should fall. Their stubborn Hearts, it may be will relent; Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent. My Lord, have you dispatch'd ?

Enter Bedford like the Clown, and Hodge in his Cloak and his Hat.

Bed. How dost thou like us, Cromwell, is it well? Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. Hodge, how doll feel thy felf ?

Hodge. How do I feel my felf? why, as a Noble Man should do.

how I feel Honour come creeping on, My Nobility is wonderful Melancholy:

Is it not most Gentleman-like to be Melancholy ? Crom. Yes, Hodge; now go fit down in thy Study,

And take State upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take State upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?

Bed. No, trust me, Hodge.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Pasture; 'tis a strange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, Hodge, I will call them in. Hodge sits in the Study, and Cromwell calls in the States. All is done, enter and if you pleafe.

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts. Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himself? Crom. I have, an't please you, and the quieo Earl

Doth yield himself to be dispos'd by you, Gov. Give him the Mony that we promis'd him:

So let him go, whither he please himself. VOL. VI. Come then, tel

Crom. My Business, Sir, lyes unto Mantua; Please you to give me safe Conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the Mantua Port,

And see him safe delivered presently.

Exeunt Cromwell and Bedford.

Go draw the Curtains, let us see the Earl: O, he is writing, stand apart a while.

Hodge. Fellow William, I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord; I am at this present writing, among the Polonian Casiges. I do commend my Lordship to Ralph and to Roger, to Bridget and to Dorothy, and so to all the Youth of Putney.

Gov. Sure these are the Names of English Noblemen, Some of his special Friends, to whom he writes:

But stay, he doth address himself to sing.

Here he sings a Song.

My Lord, I am glad you are fo Frolick and fo Blithe; Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all, You'd change your merry Vein to sudden Sorrow.

Hodge. I change my very Vein? no, thou Bononian, no;

I am a Lord, and therefore let me go; And do defie thee and thy Casiges:

Therefore stand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My Lord, this Jesting cannot serve your turn.

Hodge. Dost think, thou black Bononian Beast,

That I do flour, do gibe, or jest? No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I, A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's found ?

[A Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One come from the States of Mantua.

Gov. What, would you with us, speak thou Man of Manua?

Mes. Men of Bononia, this my Message is,
To let you know the Noble Earl of Bedford
Is safe within the Town of Mantua,
And wills you send the Peasant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation;
Or else the States of Mantua have vow'd,
They will recal the Truce that they have made,
And not a Man shall stir from forth your Town,

That

The Neopolitan hath buguil'd us all.

Hence with this Fool, what shall we do with him, The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.

Hodge. No I'll affure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,

One Hodge, a Smith at Putney, Sir;

One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for. Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you. Mel. Farewel, Bononians. Come, Friend, along with me. Hodge. My Friend, afore, my Lordship will follow thee.

Gov. Well, Mantua, since by thee the Earl is lost, Within few Days I hope to fee thee croft. Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far you see how Cromwell's Fortune pass'd. The Earl of Bedford being safe in Mantua,

Desires Cromwell's Company into France,

To make requital for his Courtesie:

But Cromwell doth deny the Earl his Suit,

And tells him that those Parts he meant to see,

He had not yet set footing on the Land, And so directly takes his way to Spain;

The Earl to France, and so they both do part.

Now let your Thoughts as swift as is the Wind,

Skip some few Years, that Cromwell spent in Travel;

And now imagine him to be in England,

Servant unto the Master of the Rolls:

Where in short time he there began to flourish,

An Hour hall show you what few Years did cherish.

The Musick plays, they bring out the Banquet. Enter Str Christopher Hales, Cromwell, and two Servants.

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Master's Credit; And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure

Of common Entertainment, so do you,

With Looks as free as is your Master's Soul, Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,

That shall receive the Cardinal's Followers,

And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.

But

But all my Care, Cromwell, depends on thee: Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form, And by how much thy Spirit is rankt bove thefe, In rules of Art, by fo much it shines brighter by trivel, Whose Observance pleads his Merit, In a most learn'd, yet unaffecting Spirit. Good Cromwell, cast an Eye of fair Regard Bout all my House, and what this ruder Flesh, Through Ignorance, or Wine, do miscreate, Salve thou with Courtefie; if Welcome want, Full Bowls, and ample Banquets will feem fcant.

Crom. Sir, whatfoever lies in me, Exit Crom. Affure you I will shew my utmost Duty.

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight behere: Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sute The Service of the State than of my House: I look upon thee with a loving Eye, That one Day will prefer thy Deftiny.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Sir, the Lords be at hand. Hales. They are welcome, bid Cromwell straight attend us,

And look you all things be in perfect readiness. The Musick Plays. Enter Cardinal Wolfey, Sir Thomas Moore and Gardiner.

Wol. O, Sir Christopher, you are too liberal: What, a

Banquet too ?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could show the ample Welcome, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become a Prater : but I now must deal like a feast Pilitician with your Lordships, defer your Welcome 'till the Banquet end, that it may then falve our defect of Fare : Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Master of the Rolls. Come and fit down, fit down Sir Thomas More: 'Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ, Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner, And they are Men of active disposition: This I gather, that by their sparing Meat, Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars:

And

And if that Famine chance to pinch their Maws,

Being us'd to fast, it breeds less Pain.

Hales. Fill me some Wine; I'll answer Cardinal Wolsey: My Lord, we English Men are of more freer Souls, Than hunger-starv'd, and ill-complexion'd Spaniards; They that are rich in Spain, spare belly Food, To deck their Backs with an Italian Hood, And Silks of Sevil, and the poorest Snake, That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne'er heated His Pallet with sweet Flesh, will bear a case More fat and gallant than his starved Face: Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly-evil,

Are, in my Judgment, Spain's three-headed Devil.

Moor. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,

Who stagger after in blind Imitation.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your Lordships a solemn Health.

Moor. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring Pain to the Head, and Bodies surfeiting:
Then cease I Healths:

Nay spill not Friend, for though the drops be small, Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir Christopher, is that your Man?

Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a Linguist, One that hath travelled many parts of Christendom, my

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller?
Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge, the
France, Spain, Germany, and Italy: (Low Countries.
And tho' small gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it please my Eye, content my Mind.

Wol. What do you think of the feveral States,

And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with England may compare, Neither for State, nor Civil Government:
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor Peasant, to the Prince's Train;
In Germany, and Holland, Riot serves,
And he that most can drink, most he deserves:
England I praise not: For I here was born,

Y 3

But that she laugheth the others unto scorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,

More than can be discern'd by outward Eye;

Sir Christopher, will you part with your Man?

Hales. I have fought to proffer him to your Lordship,

'And now I see he hath preferr'd himself?'

Wol. What is thy Name?

Crom. Cromwell, my Lord.

Wol. Then, Cromwell, here we make thee Sollicitor of And pearest next our self:

Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man,

Gardiner embraces him.

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner, Hath got a Man, besides your bounteous Dinner. Well, Knight, pray we come no more: If we come often, thou may'st shut thy Door.

Wol. Sir Christopher, hadst thou given me Half thy Lands, thou couldest not have pleased me So much as with this Man of thine, My infant Thoughts do spell:

Shortly his Fortune shall be lifted higher,
True Industry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewel.

Hales. Cromwell, farewell.

Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you, That ne'er will leave to love, and honour you.

[Exeunt. The Musick plays as they go out. Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now Cromwell's highest Fortunes do begin. Wolsey that lov'd him, as he did his Life:
Committed all his Treasure to his Hands,
Wolsey is dead, and Gardiner his Man
Is now created Bishop of Winchester:
Pardon if we omit all Wolsey's Life,
Because our Play depends on Cromwell's Death,
Now sit and see his highest State of all;
His height of rising and his sudden fall:
Pardon the Errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last:
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking e'er the end.

[Exit.]

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Moor, Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.

Nor. Master Cromwell, since Cardinal Wolsey's Death, His Majesty is given to understand, There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand, That much concern the State of England; My Lord of Winchester, is it not so?

Gar. My Lord of Norfolk, we two were whilome Fellows, And Master Cromwell, though our Master's love, Did bind us, while his love was to the King, It is no boot now to deny those things, Which may be prejudicial to the State:

And though that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher, Than any way I looked for, or deserv'd, Yet my Life, no longer with me dwell, Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What say you, Master Cromwell? have you those

Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees, I give them up unto the worthy Dukes, Of Suffolk, and of Norfolk; he was my Mister, And each vertuous Part
That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart, But what his Head complotted 'gainst the State, My Country's love commands me that to hate.

His sudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall, Because he sought to work my Countries thrall. Suf. Cromwell, the King shall hear of this thy Duty;

Whom I affure my felf, will well reward thee; My Lord, let's go unto his Majesty,

And show those Writings which he longs to fee.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Bed. How now, whose this, Cromwell?
By my Soul, welcome to England:

Thou once didft fave my Life, didft thou not, Cromwell ?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater Glory'
For me that you remember it,
Than for my self vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, Cromwell, now is the time,

Y 4

I shall commend thee to my Sovereign: Cheer up thy felf, for I will raise thy State, A Russel yet was never found ingrate.

Hal. O how uncertain is the Wheel of State,

Who lately greater than the Cardinal, For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies? Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries, many

And whom this Day Pride and Promotion swells, To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.

Moor. Who fees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly, May boldly fay the Wretch's Death is nigh.

Gard. I know his State, and proud Ambition,

Were too too violent to last over-long.

Hal. Who foars too near the Sun, with golden Wings, Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk. Suf. Cromwell, kneel down in King Henry's Name, Arise, Sir Thomas Cromwell, thus begins thy Fame,

Enter the Duke of Norfolk. Nor. Cromwell, the Majesty of England, For the good liking he conceives of thee, Makes thee Master of the Jewel-house,

Chief Secretary to himself, and withal, Creates thee one of his Highness's Privy-Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford. Bed. Where is Sir Thomas Cromwell? is he Knighted? Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name, The King creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy-Seal,

And Master of the Rolls;

TATRE

Which you, Sir Christopher, do now enjoy: The King determines higher place for you. (fert.

Crom. My Lords, these Honours are too high for my De-Moor. O content thee, Man, who would not chuse it?

Yet thou art wife, in seeming to refuse it. Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions; I fear this climbing will have a fudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring This new-made Counsellor to England's King.

Exeunt all but Gardiner.

Gard.

Exit.

Gard. But Gardiner means his Glory shall be dim'd: Shall Cromwell live a greater Man than I? My Envy with his Honour now is bred, I hope to shorten Cromwell by the Head.

Exit.

Enter Frisbibal very poor. Fris. O Friskibal, what shall become of thee ? Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn? Fortune, that turns her too unconstant Wheel, Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea; All parts abroad where-ever I have been, Grow weary of me, and denies me Succour; My Debtors they, that should relieve my want, Forfwear my Mony, fay they owe me none: They know my State too mean to bear out Law; And here in London, where I oft have been, And have done good to many a wretched Man, And now most wretched here, despis'd my self; In vain it is more of their Hearts to try; Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

He lies down.

Enter Goodman Seely, and his Wife Joan.

Seely. Come Joan, come, let's fee what he will do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and

often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfil the old Proverb, Set Beggars a Horseback and they'll ride: a, well a day for my Cow; fuch as he hath made us come behind hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow else to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well Joan, he'll come this way; and by God's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords; a shall know that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for

nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheese-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now

we'll remember him.

Seely. Ay, we shall have now three slaps with a Fox Tail: But i'faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own; stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes, stand

Enter

Enter Hodge very fine, with a Tip-staff, Cromwell with the Mace carried before him; the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Atendants.

Hodge. Come, away with these Beggars here, Rife up, Sirrah; come out, good People;

Run before there ho.

[Friskibal rifeth, and stands afar off. Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away now, we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a look'd more friendly upon us: And you, Hodge, we know you well enough, tho you are fo fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah : Stay, what Men are these?

My honest Host of Hounslow, and his Wife;

I owe thee Mony, Father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the Body of me, dost thou; would thou wouldest pay me, good four Pound it is, I have a the Post at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels, And look your Wife and you do stay to Dinner: And while you live, I freely give to you, Four pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not chang'd, art old Tom still?

Now God bless thee, good Lord Tom;

Home Joan, home; I'll dine with my Lord Tom to Day,

And thou shalt come next Week.

Fetch my Cow; home Joan, home.

Wife. Now God blefs thee, my good Lord Tom;

I'll fetch my Cow presently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I defire him stay to Dinner: I must speak with him.

Gard. My Lord of Norfolk, see you this same Bubble? That same puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.

Nor. I promife you, I like not fomething he hath done;

But let that pass; the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of Winchester:

I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Have I not reason, when Religion is wrong'd?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of his Popish order for our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But what is done, it is for England's good:
What did they serve for, but to feed a fort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?
They neither plow, nor sow, and yet they reap
The Fat of all the Land, and suck the Poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King Henry's Hands,
His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my Lord, When, God doth know, the Infant yet unborn, Will curse the time, the Abbies were pull'd down; I pray now where is Hospitality? Where now may poor distressed People go, For to relieve their Need, or rest their Bones, When weary Travel doth oppress their Limbs? And where religious Men should take them in, Shall now be kept back by a Massive Dog: And thousand thousand

Nor. O my Lord, no more: things past redress, Tis bootless to complain.

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, like a Farmer.

Old Crom. How? one Cromwell

Made Lord Keeper fince I left Putney,

And dwelt in York shire? I never heard better News;

I'll see that Cromwell, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! State set aside:
Father, on my Knee I crave your Blessing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better Leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I dye how happy were the day, To see this Comfort rains forth showers of Joy.

Nor. This Duty in him shows a kind of Grace.
Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace,

Fris. I wonder what this Lord would have with me, His Man so strictly gave me charge to stay:

I never did offend him to my Knowledge: Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all, Worse than I am, now never can befal.

Enter Banister and his Wife.

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almost Dinner tine, For Mr. Newton, and Mr. Crosby sent to me Last Night, they would come Dine with me, And take their Bond in: I pray thee hie thee home, And see that all things be in readiness.

Mrs. Ban. They shall be welcome, Husband, I'll so before,

But is not that Man Master Friskibal?

She runs and embraces him.

Ban. O Heavens! it is kind Master Friskibal: Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this pass? Fris. The same that brought you to your Misery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?

Is Banister your poor Friend forgot?

Whose Goods, whose Love, whose Life and all is yours. Fris. I thought your usage would be as the rest.

That had more kindness at my Hands than you, Yet look'd ascance when as they saw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If Banister would bear so base a Hear, I never would look my Husband in the Face, But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mightest, should Banister deal so, Since that I saw you, Sir, my state is mended:
And for the thousand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home:
And tho' I grieve your Fortune is so bad:
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, Sir, will it please you walk with me.

Fris. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellos, Hath here commanded me to wait on him, For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you, He is as kind a noble Gentleman,

As ever did possess the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward, if you please, We'll go along and bear you Company;

I know we shall not want for welcome there.

Fris. With all my Heart; but what's become of Bagot?

Ban.

Where

Ban. He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.

Frif. A just Reward for one so Impious,

The time draws on. Sir. will you go close?

The time draws on, Sir, will you go along?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind Master Friskibal.

Enter two Merchants.

bal. [Exeunt.

To keep your Word, in payment of your Mony.

2 Mer. By my Faith I have reason upon a Bond,

Three thousand Pound is too much to forseit,

Yet I doubt not Master Banister.

And yet I am not much behind you too, Confideing that to Day I paid at Court.

2 Mer. Mass, and well remembred: What's the reason the Lord Cromwell's Men Wear such long Skirts upon their Coats? They reach down to their very Hams.

I Mer. I will resolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of Winchester, that loves not Cromwell,
As great Men are envied as well as less,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord Cromwell's Ear,
That Bishop Gardiner would sit on his Skirts,
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himsels:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to sit on:
Which rexed the Bishop to the very Heart;
This is the reason why they wear long Coats.

2 Mer. 'Tis always feen, and mark it for a Rule, That one great Man will envy still another; But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me: What, shall we now to Master Banister's?

I Mer. Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner.

Enter the Usher, and the Shewer, the Meat goes over the Stage. Ush. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, old Cromwell, Friskibal, Goodman Seely, and Attendants.

Your Honours welcome to poor Cromwell's House:

Where

Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Although that Duty to these Noblemen doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.

Your Head doth bear the Calender of Care: What? Cromwell cover'd, and his Father bare? It must not be. Now, Sir, to you;

Is not your Name Friskibal, and a Florentine?

Fris. My Name was Friskibal, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.

Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now? Fris. All other Parts hath left me fuccourles,

Save only this, because of Debts I have I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your Florence Bridge, Help a distressed Man, robb'd by the Bandetti, His Name was Cromwell?

Fris. I never made my Brain A Calender of any good I did,

I always lov'd this Nation with my Heart. Crom. I am that Cromwell that you there reliev'd, Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me, Sixteen to bear my Charges by the way, And fixteen more I had for my Horse-hire, There be those several Sums justly return'd: Yet it Injustice were, that ferving at my need, For to repay them without Interest: Therefore receive of me these four several Bags; In each of them there is four hundred Mark, And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors, And if they will not fee you paid, I will. O God forbid, that I should see him fall, That helpt me in my greatest need of all. Here stands my Father that first gave me Life, Alas, what Duty is too much for him? This Man in time of need did fave my Life, And therefore cannot do too much for him. By this old Man I oftentimes was fed, Else might I have gone supperless to Bed. Such kindness have I had of these three Men,

That Cromwell no way can repay agen,

Now

Now in to Dinner, for we stay too long, And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong. [Exem

Enter Gardiner in his Study, and his Man. Gard. Sirrah, where be those Men I caus'd to stay? Ser. They do attend your Pleasure, Sir, within. Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without, For by those Men the Fox of this same Land, That makes a Goose of better than himself, Must worried be unto his latest home, Or Gardiner will fail in his intent.

As for the Dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk, Whom I have fent for to come speak with me; Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,

Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not. As for the Earl of Bedford, he is but one, And dares not gain-say what we do set down.

Now, my Friends, you know I sav'd your Lives, When by the Law you had deserved Death; And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths, To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We swore no more than that we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words, and that which you must do,

service for your God, and for your King:

Is service for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebel from this flourishing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore must you take your solemn Oaths,
That you heard Cromwell, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wish a Dagger at King Henry's Heart:
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it;

Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing Harms.

2 Wit. If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both; This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads, And sprinkle Holy-water on your Brows:

The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase Grace from Heav'n.

1 Wit. Now Sir we'll undertake it, by our Souls.
2 Wit. For Cromwell never loved none of our fort.

Gard.

Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you,

I will prefer you to some place of worth.

Now get you in, until I call for you,

For presently the Dukes mean to be here. [Exeunt Wit.

Cromwell, sit fast, thy time's not long to reign;

The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,

Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:

Thy Pride also thy own Head lights upon,

For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:

But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, and the Earl of Bedford.

Suf. Good Even to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what, are you all alone?
Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my mind is troubled:

I know your Honours muse wherefore I sent,

And in such haste: What, came you from the King? (him. Nor. We did, and left none but Lord Cromwell with Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?

There's Thomas Wolsey, he's already gone,
And Thomas Moor, he follow'd after him:
Another Thomas yet there doth remain,
That is far worse than either of those twain;
And if with speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.

Bed. Another Thomas? pray God it be not Cromwell. Gard. My Lord of Bedford, it is that Traitor Cromwell. Bed. Is Cromwell false? my Heart will never think it. Suf. My Lord of Winchester, what likelihood,

Or proof have you of this his Treachery.

Gard. My Lord, too much, call in the Men within.

Enter the Witnesses.

These Men, my Lord, upon their Oaths affirm, That they did hear Lord Cromwell in his Garden, Wished a Dagger sticking at the Heart

Of our King Henry: What is this but Treason?

Bed. If it be so, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.

Suf. How say you, Friends; what, did you hear these
Words?

Wit. We did, an't like your Grace.

Nor.

of Thomas Lord Cromwell.

3101

Nor. In what Place was Lord Cromwell when he spake them ?

2 Wit. In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit, Which we had waited for two years and more.

Suf. How long is't fince you heard him speak these Words?

2 Wit. Some half a Year fince.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time? I Wit. His Greatness made us fear; that was the cause. Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatness, that's the cause indeed;

And to make his Treason here more manifest, He calls his Servants to him round about, along the Tells them of Wolfey's Life, and of his Fall, Says that himfelf hith many Enemies, many was And gives to some of them a Park, or Manor, To others Leafes, Lands to other some: What need he do this in his prime of Life, and the same An if he were nor fearful of his Death?

Suf. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great. Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart; Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.

Exit Bedford

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have fair, Your Souls must answer what your Tongues report: Therefore take heed, be wary what you do. 2 Wit. My Lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of Winchester; Let these Men be close kept until the Day of Trial. Gard. They shall, my Lord; ho, take in these two Mon.

Exeunt Wingles.

My Lords, if Cromwell have a publick Trial, That which we do, is void, by his denial; You know the King will credit none but him. Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleafes. Suf. How shall we do for to attach him then? Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,

By an Act he made himself, With an intent to intrap some of our Lives, And this it is: If any Counfellor Be convicted of High Treason,

He shall be executed without a publick Trial. VOL. VI.

This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make. Suf. A did indeed, and I remember it, And now it is like to fall upon himself.

Nor. Let us not flack it, 'tis for England's good,

We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.

Gard. Well hath your Grace faid, my Lord of Norfolk, Therefore let us presently to Lambeth, Thither comes Cromwell, from the Court to Night, Let us arrest him, fend him to the Tower, And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.

Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the Town, This is the Day that Cromwell must go down.

Gard. Along my Lords, well, Cromwell is half dead, He shak'd my Heart, but I will shave his Head. [Excunt. Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled, And Gardiner is the Man that makes it fo; O Cromwell, I do fear thy End is near: Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can, And in good time, fee where the Man doth come, Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom. Enter Cromwell with his Train, Bedford makes as though he would speak to him : He goes on.

Crom. You're well encountred, my good Lord of Bedford, Pray pardon me, I am fent for to the King, And do not know the Bufiness yet my felf, So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

Exit with the Train.

Bed. You must; well, what remedy? I fear too scon you must be gone indeed, The King hath Bufiness, but little dost thou know, Who's bufie for thy Life; thou think'ft not fo. Enter Cromwell and the Train again.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of Bedford: I am very forry that my hafte is fuch, Lord Marquels Dorfet being fick to Death, I must receive of him the Privy-Seal. At Lambeth, foon my Lord, we'll talk our fill. Exit with the Train.

Bedo

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 3103

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to Death.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, Accompanied with the Bishop of Winchester, Intreats you to come presently to Lambeth, On earnest matters that concerns the State.

Bed. To Lambeth, so: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,

I and Lord Cromwell there shall talk enough: Ay, and our last, I fear, and if he come.

Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord Cromwell,
Bid him read it, say it concern him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haste you can,
To Lambeth do I go, a woful Man.

[Exit.

Enter Cromwell and his Train.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to Lambeth, And if this one Day's Business, once were past, I'd take my ease to Morrow after trouble. How now my Friend, would'st thou speak with me?

[The Messenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket. Mess. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of Bedford, Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord,

Hold, take those Angels, drink them for thy pains.

Mes. He doth desire your Grace to read it,

Because he says it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him affure himself of that, farewel, To Morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me, Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.

Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Serjeant

at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.

Gard. Halberts stand close unto the Water-side,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,

Herald, deliver your Proclamation.

Her. This is to give notice to all the King's Subjects,
The late Lord Cromwell, Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicar General over the Realm,
Him to hold and esteem as a Traitor,
Against the Crown and Dignity of England

Against the Crown and Dignity of England. So God save the King.

Gar. Amen.

Z 2

Bed.

Bed. Amer, and root thee from the Land,
For whill thou livest Truth cannot stand.
Nor. Make a lane there, the Traitor is at hand,

Keep back Cromwell's Men:

Drown them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office?

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halberts.

Crom. What means my Lord of Norfolk by these Words?

Sirs, come a'ong.

Gard. Kill them, if they come on.

Ser. Lord Cromwell, in King Henry's Name, I do arrest your Honour of High Treason.

Crom. Seijeant, me of Treason?

[Cromwell's Men offer to draw.

Saf. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.

Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a Who dares accuse Cromwell of Treason now? (Sword,

Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,

Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.

Crom. With Scipents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
Rut, Gordiner, do thy world, I fear thee not,
M. Frith compared with thine, as much shall pass,

My Faith compar'd with thine, as much shall pass, As doth the Diamond excell the Glass.

Attach'd of Treason, no Accusers by,

Inde d what Tongue darcs speak to foul a lie?
Nor. MyLord, my Lord, matters are too well known,

And is it time the King had note thereof.

Crow. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I defire than that,
Let him but fay, that Cromwell's Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour, and my Name be flain'd;
If e'er my Heart against the King was set,
O let my Soul in Judgment answer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his Reason,

'Gainst whom hath Cromwell then committed Treason?

Suf. My Lord, your Matter shall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your felf.

Crom. Perforce I must with Patience be content:
O dear Friend Bedford, dost thou stand so near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend sheds a Tear:
And whither is't? which way must Cromwell now?

Gard. My Lord, you must unto the Tower:

Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.

Crom. Well, where you please, yet before I part,

Let me confer a little with my Meo.

Gard. As you go by Water fo you shall.

Crom. I have some Business present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your Charge. Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you second Gardiner's Text.

Norfolk, farewel, thy turn will be the next.

Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.

Gard. His guilty Conscience makes him rave, my Lord. Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is short enough.

Gard. My Lord of Bedford, come, you weep for him,

That would not shed a Tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to fee his sudden Fall. Gard. Such Success wish I unto Traitors all.

Exeunt.

Enter two Citizens.

I Cit. Why? can this News be true? is't possible?
The great Lord Cromwellarrested upon High Treason,
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2 Cit. It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwise,

Condition I spent half the Wealth I have; I was at Lambeth, saw him there arrested, And afterward committed to the Tower.

2 Cit. What was't for Treason that he was committed? 2 Cit. Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;

All that I have, I did enjoy by him, And if he die, then all my State is gone.

I Cit. It may be hoped that he shall not dye, Because the King did favour him so much.

2 Cit. O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking so:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have so many Enemies:
He that in Court secure will keep himself,
Must not be Great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

I Cit. 'Tis pity that this Nobleman should fall,

He did so many charitable Deeds.

2 Cit. 'Tis true, and yet you see in each estate, There's none so good, but some one doth him hate, And they before would smile him in the Face, Will be the foremost to do him disgrace: What, will you go along unto the Court?

I Cit. I care not if I do, and hear the News, How Men will judge what shall become of him.

2 Cit. Some Men will speak hardly, some will speak in pity, Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City, There I am sure to hear more News than you.

I Cit. Why then foon will we meet again. [Exeunt. Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom, Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate, And think upon thy flate, and of the time: Thy Honours came unfought, ay, and unlook'd for; They Fall as sudden, and unlook'd for too: What Glory was in England that had I not? Who in this Land commanded more than Cromwell? Except the King, who greater than my felf? But now I fee what after Ages shall, The greater Men, more sudden is their Fall. And now I do remember, the Earl of Bedford Was very defirous for to speak to me: And afterward fent unto me a Letter, The which I think I have still in my Pocket, Now may I read it, for I now have leifure, And this I take it is. He reads the Letter.

My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth, For if you do, your State is overthrown. And much I doubt your Life, and if you come : Then if you love your self, stay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter, Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw: Deferring this to read until to Morrow, I spurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow. Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and Officers. Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death? Lies. Alas, my Lord, would I might never fee it: Here are the Dukes of Suffolk and of Norfolk,

Winchester,

Winchester, Bedford, and Sir Richard Ratcliff, With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, Cromwell is prepar'd, For Gardiner has my Life and State infnar'd: Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong, For here stands he, whom some think lives too long, Learning kills Learning, and, instead of Ink To dip his Pen, Cromwell's Heart-blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good Morrow, Cromwell, what, alone so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:

For my part, it best fits me be alone, Sadness with me, not I with any one.

What, is the King acquainted with my cause?

Nor. We have, and he hath answered us, my Lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him my self?

Gard. The King is so advertised of your Gilt,

He will by no means admit you to his presence.

Crom. No way admit me, am I so soon forgot?

Did he but yesterday embrace my Neck,

And said that Cromwell was even half himself,

And are his Princely Ears so much bewitch'd

With scandalous Ignominy, and sland'rous Speeches,

That now he doth deny to look on me?

Well, my Lord of Winchester, no doubt but you

Are much in favour with his Majesty,

Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?

Gard. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters.

Crom. Ha, will you do this kindness then?

Tell him by Word of Mouth what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But on your Honour will you?

Gard. Ay, on my Honour. Crom. Bear witness, Lords.

Tell him, when he hath known you, And try'd your Faith but half so much as mine, He'll find you to be the falsest hearted Man

In England: Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in these Extremities. Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of Bedford, I know your Honour always lov'd me well,

4

But,

But, pardon me, this still shall be my Theme, Gardiner's the cause makes Gromwell to extream: Sir Ralph Sadler, pray a Word with you; You were my Man, and all that you possess. Came by my means, to requite all this, Will you take this Letter here of me, And give it with your own Hands to the King.

Sad. I kiss your Hand, and never will I rest,
E'er to the King this be delivered.

[Exit Sadler.]

Crom. Why yet Cromwell hath one Friend in store. Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but vain; Here's a discharge for your Prisoner,

To fee him executed prefently:

My Lord, you hear the tenor of your Life.

Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my last date,
And of this glistering World I take last leave,
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with Death,
As Gardiner did pronounce it with his Breath;
From Treason is my Heart as white as Snow,
My Death only procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
And tell him in what fort his Cromwell dy'd,
To lose his Head before his Cause was try'd;
But let his Grace, when he shall hear my Name,
Sny only this, Gardiner procur'd the same.

Lien. Here is your Son come to take his leave.

Grom. To take his leave? Come hither, Harry Cromwell;

Mark, Boy, the last Words that I speak to thee;

Elatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;

Gape not for State, yet lose no spark of Honour;

Ambition, like the Plague, see thou eschew it;

I die for Treason, Boy, and never knew it;

Yet let thy Faith as spotless be as mine,

And Cromwell's Virtues in thy Face shall shine;

Come, go along and see me leave my Breath,

And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.

Son. O Father, I shall die to see that Wound,

Son. O Father, I shall die to see that Wound, Your Blood being spilt will make my Heart to sound.

Crom.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe? How shall I do then to have my Head strook off? Come on, my Child, and see the end of all, And after say, that Gardiner was my Fall.

Gard. My Lord you speak it of an envious Heart, I have done no more than Law and Equity.

Bed. O, my good Lord of Winchester, forbear; It would better seemed you to been absent, Than with your Words disturb a dying Man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he disturbs not me, My Mind he stirs not, tho' his mighty Shock Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block. Farewel, my Boy, all Cromwell can bequeath, Hy hearty Blessing, so I take my leave.

Hang. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me. Crom. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Doctor, And bring'st me precious Physick for my Soul;

My Lord of Bedford, I defire of you, Before my Death a corporal embrace.

[Bedford comes to him, Cromwell embraces him.
Farewel, great Lord, my Love I do commend:
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heaven I fend;
This is my Joy, that e'er my Body fleet,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Winding-sheet;
Farewel, dear Bedford, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great Cromwell a poor Ell in length,
To rife to unmeasur'd height, wing'd with new strength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men discover.
My Soul is shrin'd with Heaven's Celestial cover.

Bed. Well, farewel Cromwell, the truest Friend
That ever Bedford shall possess again,
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that Cromwell had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's Head.

Offi. Here is the Head of the deceased Cromwell. Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away, Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter

3110 The Life and Death, &c.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my Lords, what is Lord Cromwell dead?

Bed. Lord Cromwell's Body now doth want a Head.

Sad. O God, a little speed had sav'd his Life,

Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,

To bring him straight unto his Majesty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir Ralph, Reprieves come now too late.

Gard. My Conscience now tells me this Deed was ill;

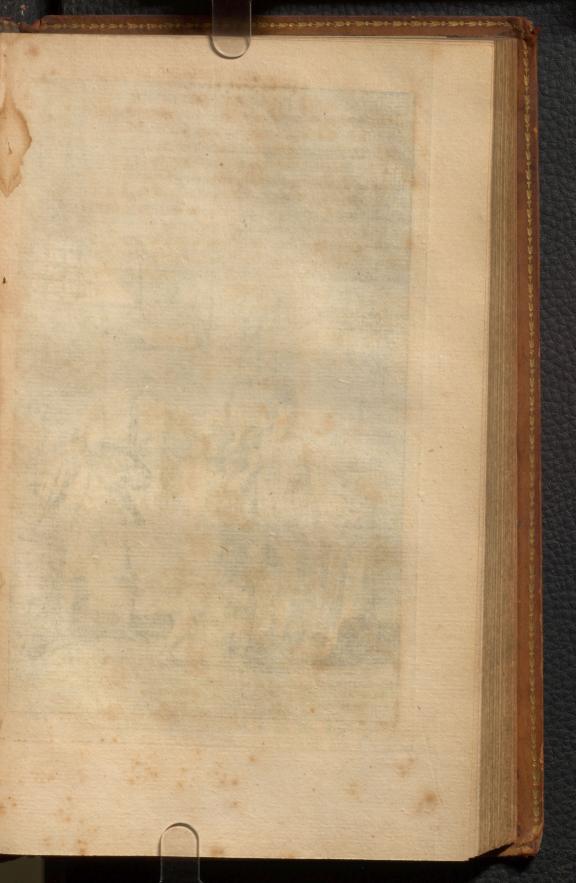
Would Christ that Cromwell were alive again.

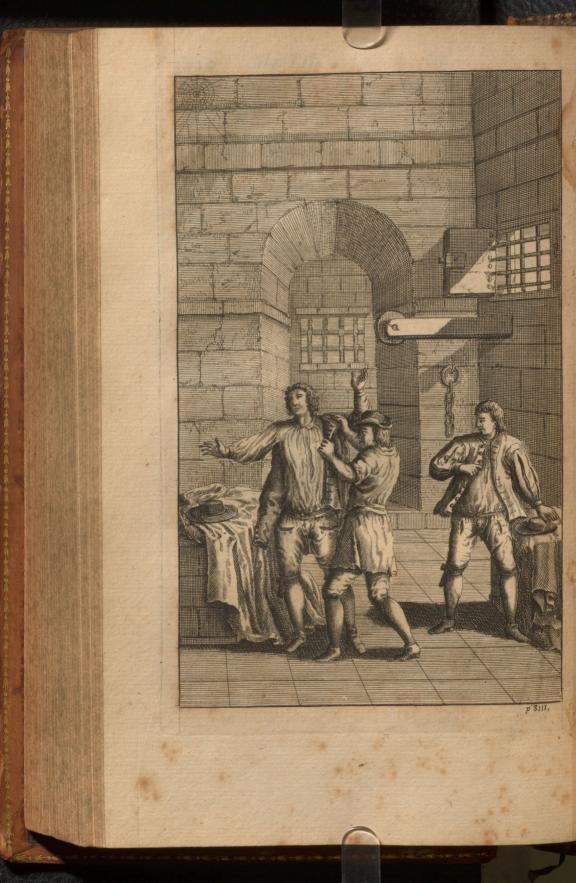
Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,

Will grieve for Cromwell, that his Death was so.

[Exeunt omness.]







THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir John Oldcastle,

THE GOOD

LORD COBHAM.

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Printed in the YEAR 1709.

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PROLOGUE.

Upon the Argument we have in Hand, May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb The peaceful Quiet of your setled Thoughts: To stop which Scruple, let this brief suffice, It is no pamper'd Glutton we present, Nor aged Counsellor to youthful Sin; But one, whose Virtue shone above the rest, A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer, In whose true Faith and Loyalty exprest Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's weal: We strive to pay that Tribute of our Love Your Favours Merit; let fair Truth be grac'd, Since forg'd Invention former Time defac'd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

ING Henry the Fifth. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. Harpool, Servant to the Lord Cobham. Lord Herbert, with Gough his Man. Lord Powis, with Owen, and Davy, his Men. The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordthire, with Bayliffs and Servants. Two Judges of Affize. The Bishop of Rochester, and Clun his Sumner. Sir John the Parson of Wrotham, and Doll his Concubine. The Duke of Suffolk. The Earl of Huntington. The Earl of Cambridge. Lord Scroop. Lood Grey. Chartres the French Agent. Sir Roger Acton. Sir Richard Lee. Master Bourn, (Rebels. Master Beverley, Murley the Brewer of Dunstable, Master Butler, Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber. Lady Cobham. Lady Powis. Cromer, Sheriff of Kent. Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports. Lieutenant of the Tower. The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of St. Albans. A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man. Soldiers and old Men begging. Dick and Tom, Servants to Murley. An Irishman. An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate. THE

THE

HISTORY

O F

Sir John Oldcastle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sheriff, Lord Herbert, Lord Powis, Owen, Bailiff, Gough, and Davy.

SHERIFF.



Y Lords I charge ye in his Highness Name, to keep the Peace, you and your Followers.

Her. Good Master Sheriff, look unto your self.

Pow. Do so, for we have other Business.

Sher. Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize?
Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then, let's hear it. Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Cossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your Yes. Bail. O yes. Owen.

Owen. What, has her nothing to say, but O yes? Bail. O Yes.

Davy. O nay, py coss plut, down with her, down with her. A Powis, a Powis.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert, and down with Powis. Helter skelter again.

Sher. Hold in the King's Name, hold, Owen. Down with a Kanaves Name, down.

In this fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the other run away.

Her. Powis, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart. Pow. Herbert, I think my Sword came near thy Heart. Her. Thy Heart's best Blood shall pay the loss of mine. Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Davy. A Powis, a Powis.

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Townsmen with Clubs.

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown, True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King, Attend his Highness Proclamation. Commanded by the Judges of Affize, For keeping Peace at this Assembly.

Her. Good Master Mayor of Hereford, be brief. May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes,

Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The King's Justices, perceiving what publick Mischief may ensue this private Quarrel; in his Majesty's Name, do straitly charge and command all Persons, of what Degree soever, to depart this City of Hereford, except fuch as are bound to give attendance at this Assize, and that no Man presume to wear any Weapon, especially Welsh-Hooks; Forest Bills.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha? May. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Powis do presently disperse and discharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the King's Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Imprisonment.

Davy. Haw? pud her Lord Powis in Prison? A Powis, a Powis. Coffoon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gongh, A Herbert, a Herbert.

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to the Ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs: Powis runs away, Gough and Herbert's Faction are busic about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiff's afore them, &c.

I Judge. Where's the Lord Herbert? Is he hurt or flin? Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2 Judge. How fares his Lordship, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

I Judge. Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take
Air,

And get him drest with Expedition.

Master Mayor of Hereford, Master Sheriff o'th' Shire, Commit Lord Powis to safe Custody,

To answer the disturbance of the Peace, Lord Herbert's Peril, and his high contempt Of us, and you the King's Commissioners, See it be done with Care and Diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powis is gone past all recovery.

2 Judge. Yet let search be made,

To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them. Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Disarm them, Billiffs.

May. Officers affist.

Davy. Hear you, Lord Shudge, what resson for this? Owen. Cossoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

I Judge. Away with them. Davy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lord Herbert's Man's a shitten Kanave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be Prison.

Davy. Prilon, no,

Lord Shudge, I wool give you Pale, good Surety.

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Aa

2 Judges

2 Judge. What Bail? what Sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin, ap Davy, ap Owen, ap Shinken Shones.

2 Judge. Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1 Judge. To Goal with them, and the Lord Herbert's
Men.

We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. [Exeunt. Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms, Must we be forced to come from the Bench, To quiet Brawls, which every Constable

In other civil Places can suppres?

2 Judge. What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir?

Sher. About Religion, as I heard, my Lord.

Lord Powis's detracted from the Pow'r of Rome,

Assirming Wickliff's Doctrine to be true,

And Rome's Erroneous: Hot reply was made

By the Lord Herbert, they were Traitors all

That would maintain it. Powis answer'd,

They were as true, as noble, and as wife

As he, that would defend it with their Lives,

He nam'd for instance Sir John Oldcastle

The Lord Cobham: Herbert reply'd again,

He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.

The Lie was giv'n, the several Factions drawn,

And so enrag'd, that we could not appeale it.

And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth.

Gentlemen, Justices, Master Mayor, and Master Sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all Mutinies,
And all Assemblies, except Soldiers Musters,
For the King's Preparation into France.

We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious Arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous Fray,

What

What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the King and Realm:
Yet, in my Conscience, Sir John Oldcastle's
Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highness give this charge:
You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Justices in every ones Precinct
There be no Meetings. When the vulgar Sort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
Let us return unto the Bench again,
And there examine surther of this Fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord Powis yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 Judge. They that are left behind, shall answer all:

Exeunt.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, Master Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham. Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free Liberty

To speak your Mind; what is your Suit to us?

Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you know, And have been oftentimes invested with:

Grievous Complaints have past between the Lips Of envious Persons to upbraid the Clergy, Some carping at the Livings which we have; And others spurning at the Ceremonies

That are of ancient Custom in the Church.

Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a Chief:
What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Commonwealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This Innovation shall possess their Minds.
These Upstarts will have Followers to upholds
Their damn'd Opinion, more than Harry shall,
To undergo his quarrel gainst the French.

Suf. What proof is there against them to be had, That what you say the Law may justifie?

A a 2

Rosko

Roch. They give themselves the Names of Protestants

And meet in Fields and solitary Groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like 'till now? That Thieves and Rebels, 'sbloud Hereticks, Plain Herenicks, I'll ftand to't to their Teeth, Should have, to colour their vile Practices, A Title of fuch worth, as Protestant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths. Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his Zeal.

An honest Country Prelate, who laments To fee fuch foul disorder in the Church.

S. John. There's one they call him Sir John Oldcastle. He has not his Name for nought: For like a Castle Doth he encompass them within his Walls, But 'till that Castle be subverted quite, We ne'er shall be at quiet in the Realm.

Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en And brought in question for his Heresie: Beside, two Letters brought me out of Wales, Wherein my Lord of Hertford writes to me, What tumult and fedition was begun, About the Lord Cobham, at the Sizes there, For they had much ado to calm the Rage, And that the valiant Herbert is there flain.

Suf. A Fire that must be quench'd. Well say no more, The King anon goes to the Council Chamber, There to debate of Matters touching France, As he doth pass by, Ill inform his Grace Concerning your Petition. Master Butler, If I forget, do you remember me.

But. I will my Lord.

But. I will my Lord.
Roch. Not as a Recompence, But as a Token of our Love to you, Offers him a Purse. By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth present This Purse, and in it full a thousand Angels, Praying your Lordship to accept their Gift.

Suf. I thank them, my Lord Bishop, for their love, But will not take their Mony, if you please To give it to this Gentleman, you may:

Rocho

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my Lord of Rochester.

Roch. Nay, pray take it, trust me you shall.

S. John. Were ye all three upon New Market Heath, You should not need strain curt'sie who should ha't, Sir John would quickly rid ye of that care.

Suf. The King is coming: Fear ye not, my Lord, The very first thing I will break with him

Shall be about your matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington in talk. King. My Lord of Suffolk,

Was it not faid the Clergy did refuse

To lend us Mony toward our Wars in France?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

King. I know it was: For Huntington here tells me

They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious Lord, to be fo,

As of your loving Subjects, and suppress

All fuch malicious Erors as begin

To spot their calling, and disturb the Church. King. God else forbid: why, Suffolk,

Is there any new Rupture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough, And so increasing, as if not cut down, Will breed a scandal to the D.

Will breed a scandal to your Royal State, And set your Kingdom quickly in an uproar. The Kemish Knight, Lord Cobham, in despight

Of any Law, or spiritual Discipline,

Maintains this upftart new Religion still, And divers great Assemblies by his mean

And divers great Assemblies by his means And private Quarrels are commenced abroad,

As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made apparent.

King. We do find it here,

There was in Wales a certain Fray of late Between two Noblemer. But what of this? Follows it straight Lord Cobham must be he Did cause the same? I dare be sworn, good Knight,

He never dream'd of any fuch contention.

Roch. But in his Name the quarrel did begin,
About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

Aa3

King.

King. What if he did? was either he in place To take part with them? or abett them in it? If brabling Fellows, whose enkindled Blood Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight; Making their Quarrels of some words that past Either of you, or you, amongst their Cups, Is the Fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your Highness, my dread Lord, Such little sparks neglected, may in time Grow to a mighty Flame. But that's not all, He doth beside maintain a strange Religion, And will not be compell'd to come to Mass.

Roch. We do beseech you therefore, gracious Prince, Without Offence unto your Majesty, We may be bold to use Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the Arches, Where such Offences have their Punishment.

King. To answer personally, is that your meaning?

Roch. It is, my Lord. King. How if he appeal?

Roch. My Lord, he cannot in fuch a case as this. Suf. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord. King. I took it always, that our felf stood on't

As a sufficient Refuge: Unto whom Not any but might lawfully Appeal. But we'll not argue now upon that point. For Sir John Oldcastle, whom you accuse, Let me intreat you to dispence a while With your high Title of Preheminence. Report did never yet condemn him fo, But he hath always been reputed Loyal: And in my Knowledge I can fav thus much, That he is virtuous, wife, and honourable. If any way his Conscience be seduc'd To waver in his Faith, I'll fend for him, And school him privately: If that serve not, Then afterward you may proceed against him. Butler, be you the Messenger for us, And will him prefently repair to Court.

In scorn.

[Exeunt.

S. John.

S. John. How now my Lord? why fland you discontent? Insooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, Sir John, if he would keep his Word:

But I perceive he favours him so much As this will be to small Effect, I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do: If you suspect the King will be but cold In reprehending him, send you a Process too To serve upon him, so ye may be sure To make him answer't, howsoever it fall.

Roch. And well remembred, I will have it so,

A Sumner shall be sent about it straight. [Ex

S. John. Yea, do fo. In the mean space this remains For kind Sir Fohn of Wrotham, honest Fack. Methinks the Purle of Gold the Bishop gave Made a good shew, it had a tempting Look: Beshrew me, but my Fingers ends do itch To be upon those golden Ruddocks. Well 'tis thus; I am not as the World doth take me for: If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat, Then I am he; old huddle and twang 'ifaith: A Priest in shew, but, in plain Terms, a Thief: Yet let me tell you too, an honest Thief; One that will take it where it may be spar'd, And spend it freely in good Fellowship. I have as many Shapes as Protens had, That still when any Villany is done, There may none suspect it was Sir Fohn. Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life, Except the crabbed Bitterness thereof Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?) I have my Doll, my Concubine as 'twere, To frolick with, a lusty bouncing Girl. But whilst I loiter here, the Gold may scape, And that must not be so: It is mine own. Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court, And shrive him of it, there will be the sport. Exit

Enter four poor People, some Soldiers, some old Men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for punishing,

But there's no Law for our Necessity:

S. Foliss

Aa4

There

There be more Stocks to set poor Soldiers in, Than there be Houses to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, House-keeping decays in every place.

Even as St. Peter writ, still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of Rochester has given command, That none shall go abroad out of the Parish, and has fet down an Order forfooth, what every poor Housholder must give for our relief; where there be some sessed, I may say to you, had almost as much need to beg as we.

I. It is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at Door for God's sake, they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Justice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our Bo-

dies, our maim'd Limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into France, if I can but crawl a Ship-board, I had rather be stain in

France, than starve in England. Mov done

Old Man. Ha, were I but as lufty as I was at Shrewsbury Battel, I would not do as I do; but we are now come to the good Lord Cobham's House, the best Man to the Poor in all Kent.

4. God bless him, there be but few such. Enter Cobham with Harpool.

Cob. Thou prevish froward Man, what wouldst thou chang Changes, for any the there is 1s wad

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to beggary, I ferv'd your Father, and your Grandfather, on many Shew me fuch two Men now: No, no, Your Backs, your Backs; the Devil and Pride Has cut the Throat of all good House-keeping, They were the best Yeomens Masters that best wov Ever were in England, store system and a flor the albod water

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy Knaves And flurdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate, 1833 and

There is no Hospitality with thee. How and a will and

Har. They may fit at the Gate well enough, but the Devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of fuch hungry Knaves as you: Yea, Sir, here's your Retinue, your Guests be come, They know their Hours, I warrant you.

had ad a Old

Old Man. God bless your Honour, God save the good Lord Cobham, and all his House.

Sold. Good your Honour, bestow your blessed Alms Upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir, here be your alms Knights:

Now are you as fafe as the Emperor.

Har. My alms Knights? Nay, they're yours: It is a shame for you, and I'll stand to't,
Your soolish Alms maintains more Vagabonds

Than all the Noblemen in Kent beside.

Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for you Livings. Alas, poor Men, they may beg their Hearts out,

There's no more Charity among Men
Than amongst so many Mastive Dogs.
What make you here, you needy Knaves?

Away, away, you Villains.

2 Sold. I befeech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, Ithinkthat all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance: go be-

stow your Alms, none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What should I give them? you are grown so Beggarly, that you can scarce give a bit of Bread at your Door: you talk of your Religion so long, that you have banish'd Charity from you: a Man may make a Flax-shop in your Kitching Chimnics, for any Fire there is stirring.

Cob. It thou wilt give them nothing, fend them hence:

Let them not stand here starving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor Men from the Door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may come to my self: God help ye poor Knaves, ye see the World. Well, you had a Mother: O God be with thee good Lady, thy Soul's at rest: she gave more in Shirts and Smocks to poor Children, than you spend in your House, and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob. Ev'n the worst deed that ever my Mother did,

Was in relieving fuch a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a Fool still: with all your Wit you'll die a

Beggar, go too.

Go in poor Men into the inner Court, and take fuch Alms as there is to be had.

Sold.

Sold. God bless your Honour.

Har. Hang you Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but Misery amongst you, you fear no Law, you. [Exit. Oldm. God bless you good Master Ralph, God save your Life, you are good to the Poor still.

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?

Few Passengers there be that know this way:

Methinks he stops as though he staid for me,

And meant to shroud himself among the Bushes,

I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,

And my Religion gets me many Foes:

And this may be some desperate Rogue

Suborn'd to work me Mischief: as pleaseth Goc.

If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,

Be he but one Man, whatsoe'er he be. [Lord Powis comes on.]

I have been well acquainted with that Face.

Paw. Well met, my Honourable Lord and Friend.
Cob. You are welcome, Sir, whate'er you be;

But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour,
My Name is Powis, an old Friend of yours.

Cob. My Honourable Lord, and worthy Friend, What makes your Lordship thus alone in Kent's And thus disguised in this strange Attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these Parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five Days since,
Now at the last Assize at Hereford,
It chanc'd that the Lord Herbert and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in Speech about some certain Points
Of Wickliff's Doctrine 'gainst the Papacy,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the most part of Europe at this day,
This wilful testy Lord stuck not to say,
That Wickliff was a Knave, a Schismatick,
His Doctrine devilish and Heretical:
And whatsoever he was maintain'd the same,

Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.

Being moved at his peremptory Speech

I told him, some maintain'd those Opinions,
Men, and truer Subjects than Lord Herbert was:
And he replying in comparisons,
Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, against this challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the Truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants, and our Tenants taking parts.
Many on both sides hurt: and for an Hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges rising from the Bench,
Were in their Persons forc'd to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no Man was violently flain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord Herbert's self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,

As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am forry, my good Lord, of these ill News.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into Kene,

To shroud my self with you so good a Friend,

Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto Cobham:
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my House,
Until we hear how the Lord Herbert speeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. Butler of the Privy Chamber, is fent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord Herbert be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath fent for me.

Cob. Comfort your felf, my Lord, I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? do'ft thou quake? do'ft thou shake? do'ft thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, Sir, you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend.

[Exeunt:

Cob.

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long Before I heard of fomething from the King, About this matter.

Enter Harpool, with Master Butler. Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you see him; I'll have your Men into the Sellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master Butler.

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend his Love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair unto the Court.

Cob. God bless his Highness, and confound his Enemies, I hope his Majesty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: methinks you look as though

you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance, that angers me: coming over Shooter's-Hill, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me Mony; and whilst I staid my Horse to draw my Purse, he takes th' advantage of a little Bank, and leaps behind me, whips my Purse away, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three Yards out of my Saddle; I never was so robb'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very forry, Sir, for your mischance; we will fend our Warrant forth, to stay such suspicious Persons as

shall be found, then Mr. Butler we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumper.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord Cobham be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with Law, I dare serve a Process were he five Noblemen, though we Sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty Wench, a Sumner must not go always by seeing: a Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his Prosit. Well, this is Lord Cobham's House, if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon's Door, so my Lord of Rochester bad me; but methinks here comes one of his Men.

Har. Welcome Good-fellow, welcome, who would'st thou speak with?

Sum. With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his Men.

Harains and those that some and Haraist

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou canst not speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I fend to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand.

Sum. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy felf, and walk like a Knave as thou cam'ft

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Master?

Sum. My Lord of Rochester.

Har. In good time: and what would'st thou have with my Lord Cobham?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Process, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at Rochester.

Har. aside. Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, Summer, you carried your Process back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I

leave it here, and see that he take Knowledge of it.

Har. 'Zounds you Slave, do you set up your Bills here: go too, take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a Process?

Sum. Yes, marry do I, on Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet: and Sirrah, dost not know that the Lord Cobham is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his House, and every Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall Fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Process?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Process Parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it. Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is fo.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. Sirrah, Sumner, dispatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of Rochester's Sumner, I came to do my Office, and thou shalt answer it, and a stall stall months

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your felf to your Teeth, thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee, thou bring'ft it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat. Whoo grantlib

Har. O, do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a Stomach.

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it. Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'll chaw you, you Rogue, the purest of the Hony.

Sum. Tough Wax is the purest Hony.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh, day wollet sol was bore

Feed, feed, 'tis wholsome, Rogue, wholsome. And the land Cannot you, like an honest Sumner, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you must come to a Noble Man's House with Process? If thy Seal were as broad as the Lead that covers Rochester Church, thou should'st eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choak'd, I am almost choak'd. Har. Who's within there? will you shame my Lord, is there no Beer in the House? Butler, I say. and swood out

Enter Butler. A world of the

But. Here, here, was all Sandralles and Ave. Har. Give him Beer. He drinks.

There: tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean ye shall eat more than your own word, for I'll make you eat all the words in the Process. Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wenches in a Shire ferve your turn, but you must come hither with a Citation with a Pox? I'll cite you.

A Cup of Sack for the Sumner. Wall of mul amal and and avail

But. Here, Sir, here. vie san vada annismot minor of

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy Stomach well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps Meat in's House, if thou wilt go in thou shalt have a piece of Beef to thy Break-fast, and sal es Suman

Sum. No, I am very well, good Master Servingman, I

thank you, very well, Sir,

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester to keep your Stomach warm. And Sumner, if I do know you disturb a good Wench within this Diocels, if I do not make thee eat her Petricoat, if there were four Yards of Kentifb. Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Master Servingman,

Ale-

Har. Farewel, Sumner.

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, Mafter Harpool.

Har. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what News with thee?

Con. An't please you, Master Harpool, I am to make Hue and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to fearch all fuspected Places; and they say there was a Woman in the Company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? hast thou sought there? the Lead that covers his laber Oh; she

Con. I durst not fearch in my Lord Cobham's Liberty, except I had fome of his Servants for my Warrent.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keep the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, Mr. Constable, and Mr. Harpool? you're welcome with all my Heart, what make you here fo early this Morning?

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? there is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to fearch for all

Suspected Persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am forry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir John 2 Wrotham, and a handsome Woman that is his Neece, that he fays he has some Suit in Law for, and as they go up and down to London, sometimes they lie at my House.

Har. What, is she here in thy House now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promise you, Sir, he is a quiet Man, and because he will not trouble too many Rooms, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Beds Feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's fee

her, let's see her.

Ale-man. Dorothy, you must come down to Master Conels selder, Prieft, the thall nots stable.

Har. Welcome, fweet Lafs, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and Mafter Conftable also.

Har. A plump Girl by the Mass, a plump Girl; has Doll, ha. Wilt thou forfake the Priest, and go with me, at may have out happed of Light it Doll?

Con. Ah! well faid, Master Harpool, you are a merry old Min i'faith; you will never be old now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed. The world also be to the pretty

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of

that? Ha, well faid Doll, fill fome Ale here.

Doll aside. Oh, if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by Jove I would ingle this old Serving-man.

Har. O you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the House there. Wast not keep was the

Con. Oh! well faid, Master Harpool, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha Doll, thou halt a sweet pair of Lips by the fourt as Poc of this with himse even as kind

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old Man, as ever I faw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you. died so the stand me I need A den't A

Har. Fill, fweet Doll, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, Sir, and thank you therefore, and I and Doll. Course, he quiet, pray you let it come.

Har. [Imbracing her] Doll, canst thou love me? a mad

merry Lass, would to God I had never seen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah thefe tweet Gray Locks, by my Troth they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Mafter Harpool, I'll have one Bufs

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off,

Con. Berlady I love Kiffing as well as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you sweet Sugar-lipt wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company. : A that the total good Statistical and said . Enter

new let's fee her.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Doll, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not:

Doll. I'll come anon, sweet Love. Priest. Hand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spight of thee, is this stuff for

a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good Fellow Parfon may have a Chappel of Ease, where his Parish Church is far off?

Har. You Whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old stale Ruffin, you Lion of Cotfol.

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [Flies upon bim.

Con. Keep the King's Peace.
Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's sake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my House.

Har. You Whorson Bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir John, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, sweet Heart, be quiet, I was but sitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy Days, let's not be asham'd of our Trade, the King has been a Thief himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

Priest. I have, Wench, here be Crowns i'faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well faid, Mistress Dorothy.

Har. Thou art the maddest Priest that ever I met with.

Priest. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Bencher, a Wencher; I can say a Mass, and kiss a Lass: Faith, I have a Parsonage, and because I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench ferveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well said, mad Priest, we'll in and be Friends.

Exeunt.

Inter Sir Roger Acton, Master Bourn, Master Beverley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.

Act. Now Mafter Murley, I am well affur'd You know our Errand, and do like the Caufe,

Bing a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Maler, good Sir Roger Acton, Master Bourn, and Master Everley, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master, t, but plain William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable, your tonest Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my Fosession.

Bev. Professed Friends to Wickliff; Foes to Rome.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that Staff, good

if ster Beverley, all of a House, say your Mind, say your

blind.

Act. You know our Faction now is grown so great hroughout the Realm, that it begins to smoak to the Clergies Eyes, and the King's Ears; high time it is that we were drawn to head, Our General and Officers appointed.

And Wars ye wot, will ask great store of Coin, the to strength our action with your Purse, You are Elected for a Colonel

Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or less upon occasion, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable Man, a plain Brewer, ye know: Will lusty Caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? dainty my Dear, they'll do a Dog of Wax, a Horse of Cheese, a Prick and a Pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lord or Knight at least, to that place.

Bour. Why, Master Murley, you shall be a Knight: Were you not in Election to be Sheriff?

Have ye not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady?

warrant you, my Lord, our General

Bestows that Honour on you, at first fight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear:
But tell me, who shall be our General.

Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle,

That

That noble Alms-giver, House-keeper, virtuous, Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys, Come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he shall be our General?

Mur. And shall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?
Act. My word for that, Sir William Murley Knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir Roger Acton Knight, all Fellows I mean in Arms, how strong are we? how many Partners? Our Enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or less

upon occasion, reckon our Force.

Act. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers, Three thousand and three hundred at the least: Of Northern Lads four thousand, beside Horse; From Kent there comes with Sir John Oldcastle Seven thousand: then from London issue out, Of Masters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices, Forty odd thousand into Ficket Field, Where we appoint our special Randevouz.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Where's that

Ficket Field, Sir Roger?

Act. Behind St. Giles's in the Field, near Holbourn.

Mur. Newgate, up Holbourn, St. Giles's in the Field, and to Tyburn, an old say. For the Day, for the Day?

Act. On Friday next, the Fourteenth day of January.

Mur. Tilly vally, trust me never if I have any liking of that Day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday, quoth a, dismal day, Childermas-day this Year was Friday.

Bev. Nay Master Murley, if you observe such days,

We make some question of your Constancy, All Days are alike to Men resolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold Master Beverley: Friday next, and Ficket Field, and William Murley and his merry Men shall be all one: I have half a score Jades that draw my Beer Carts, and every Jade shall bear a Knave, and every Knave shall wear a Jack, and every Jack shall have a Scull, and every Scull shall shew a Spear, and every Spear shall kills Foe at Ficket Field, at Ficket Field: John and Tom, Dick and Hodge, Ralph and Robin, William and George, and all my Knaves shall sight like Men, at Ficket Field, on Friday next.

Bb 2

Bourn.

Bourn. What Sum of Mony mean you to disburfe? Mur. It may be modeffly, decently, and foberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

Act. Five hundred, Man? five thousand's not enough, A hundred thousand will not pay our Men Two Months together; either come prepar'd at the 1 32d 1 Like a brave Knight, and Martial Colonel, when who had both In glittering Gold, and gallant Furniture. Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at leaft, warn a mend no YM And all your Followers mounted on good Horse, Or never come disgraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer, and 10 Ten thousand Pound's the least that you can bring. In and to you

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand Pound to spend, and ten too. And rather than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it shall fly with Fire and Gun-powder. Sir Roger, a Cart-load of Mony 'till the Axletree crack; my felf and my Men in Ficket Field on Friday next : remember my Knight-hood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there. I was mout A floren and Exit.

Att. See what Ambition may perswade Men to,

In hope of Honour he will fpend himfelf. I now aven 360 y

Bourn. I never thought a Brewer half so rich. A do Bev. Was never Bankrupt Brewer ver but one, 1911-1110 With using too much Malt, too little Water. Dib I doin't

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adays:

Come, away about our Business, and and arrange Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, Master Butler, Oldcastle

Kneeling to the King. King. 'Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to fubmit, 10 10 You must forfake your gross Opinion: A anim nog U Ass. The Bishops find themselves much injured, a sent I amount And though for some good Service you have done, and both We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you, a summer aw sent Yet they will not so soon be fatisfy'd. onlift brod won work

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majesty, Next unto my God, I owe my Life; beach sould And what is mine, either by Nature's gift, gold me word and Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service. The Manual of the service of the ser

bands remared, the Lord years all NBut

But for Obedience to the Pope of Rome, I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests That are in England, alter my belief. If out of Holy Scripture they can prove That I am in an Error, I will yield, And gladly take Instruction at their Hands: But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace, My Conscience may not be increach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to pressour Subjects Bodies, Much less their Souls, the dear redeemed part Of him that is the Ruler of us all: Yet let me Counsel you, that might command; Do not presume to tempt them with ill words, Nor suffer any meetings to be had Within your House, but to the uttermost

Disperse the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any Breath that dares come forth,
And say, my Life in any of these Points
Deserves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost Rigour may be shown.

King. Let it suffice, we know your Loyalry,

What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency, Your Highness Pardon for Lord Powis Life, Which I did beg, and you, my Noble Lord, Of gracious Favour did vouchfase to grant.

King. But yet it is not figned with our Hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The Fact you say was done Not of propensed malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour fo, no otherwise. [Writes. King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends, And cleanse his Soul to God for his offence,

What we remit, is but the Body's scourge. How now, Lord Bishop?

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

Roch. Justice, dread Soveraign,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.

King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.

Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,

B b 3

And

And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

King. How? Or by whom? Roch. Even by this Heretick,

This Few, this Traitor to your Majesty.

Cob. Prelate, thou lyest, even in thy greasie Maw, Or wholoever twits me with the Name Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.

King. Forbear, I fay: and Bishop, shew the Cause From whence this late abuse hath been deriv'd.

Roch. Thus, mighty King: by general confent A Messenger was sent to cite this Lord To make appearance in the Confiftory: And coming to his House, a Ruffian Slave, One of his daily Followers, met the Man, Who knowing him to be a Parator Assaults him first, and after in contempt Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat The written Process, Parchment, Seal and all: Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth, Nor we but scorn'd for our Authority.

King. When was this done? Roch. At fix a Clock this Morning. King. And when came you to Court?

Cob. Last Night, my Liege. King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,

And you have done him wrong t'accuse him lo. Roch. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,

Or else his Man durst not have been so bold. King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints. Is this the Duty you do bear to us? Was't not sufficient we did pass our word To fend for him, but you misdoubting it, Or which is worfe, intending to forestal Our Regal Power, must likewise summon him? This favours of Ambition, not of Zeal, And rather proves you malice his Estate, and the world Than any way that he offends the Law. Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer Had his desert for being Insolent,

Exic.

Enter Lord Huntington. That was imploy'd fo much amis herein.

So Cobham when you please, you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewel unto my Liege.

King. Faiewel; what's the News by Huntington?

Hun. Sir Roger Acton, and a Crew, my Lord, Of bold Secitious Rebels, are in Arms,

Intending Reformation of Religion.

And with their Army they intend to pitch

In Ficket Field, unless they be repuls'd.

King. So near our Presence? Dare they be so bold? And will proud War and eager thirst of Blood, Whom we lad thought to entertain far off, Press forth upon us in our Native Bounds? Must we be forc'd to hansel our sharp Blades

In England tere, which we prepar'd for France?
Well, a Gocs Name be it. What's their Number, fay,

Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hun. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord,

But 'tis reported, Sir John Oldcastle
Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord Cobham?
Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Roch. I could have told your Majesty as much

Before he went, but that I saw your Grace Was too much blinded by his Flattery.

Suff. Send Post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.
But. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd

And feem'd as Innocent as Truth it felf?

King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:

But if he be, no matter, let him go,

We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

Roch. This falls out well, and at the last I hope

To see this Heretick die in a Rope. [Exen Enter Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray, and

Chartres the French Fattor.

Scroop. Once more, my Lord of Cambridge, make Rehearfal How you do stand Intituled to the Crown, The deeper shall we print it in our Minds, And every Min the better be resolved, When he perceives his Quarrel to be just.

Bb 4

Cam.

Cam. Then thus, Lord Scroop, Sir Thomas Gray, And you, Monsieur de Chartres, Agent for the French. This Lionel, Duke of Clarence, (as I faid) Third Son of Edward (England's King) the Third, Had Issue, Philip his tole Daughter and Heir; Which Philip afterward was given in Marriage in the Real To Edmund Mortimer the Earl of March, And by him had a Son call'd Roger Mortimer ; Which Roger likewise had of his Descent, Edmund, Roger, Ann and Elianor, some se whall as won wall Two Daughters and two Sons, but of those, three disd Dy'd without Iffue: Ann, that did Survive, won bak And now was left her Father's only Heir, made and misses we By fortune was to marry, being too be at the op set of the By my Grandfather of King Edward's Line: So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know. Richard Plantaginet, my Father was, Edward the Duke of York, and Son and Heir, To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's first Son.

Scroop. So that it feems your Claim comes by your Wife, As lawful Heir to Roger Martimer, 150 1019 100 1945

The Son of Edmund, which did marry Philip Daughter and Heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence.

Cam. True, for this Harry, and his Father both, Harry the first, as plainly doth appear, w you by and your Are false Intruders, and Usurp the Crown. A add disch of the For when Young Richard was at Pomfret flain, look and In him the Title of Prince Edward dy'd, ver and ward That was the Eldest of King Edward's Sons; William of Hatfield, and their fecond Brother, 120019 141 Death in his Monage had before bereft: all and and and were So that my Wife deriv'd from Lionel, and some sw and W Third Son unto King Edward, ought proceed and all shall And take Poffession of the Diadem most draft doll w radia 401 Before this Harry, or his Father King, Who fetch their Title but from Lancaster, Forth of that Royal Line, And being thus and A quant What region is't, but she should have her Right? one borood

Scroop. I am refolv'd, our Enterprize is just. How was Gray. Harry shall Die, or else resign his Crown. M. do. Char. Perform but that, and Charles the King of France

Shall

Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But fend you Mony to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thousand Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can stop but Harry's Voyage for France.

Scroop. We never had a fitter time than now,

The Realm in fuch division as it is.

Cam. Besides you must perswade you, there is due Vengeance for Richard's Murther, which although It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last, And now as likely as another time.

Sin hath had many Years to ripen in, And now the Harvest cannot be far off, Wherein the Weeds of Usurpation Are to be crop'd, and cast into the Fire.

Scroop. No more, Earl Cambridge, here I plight my Faith,

To fet up thee and thy renowned Wife.

Gray. Gray will perform the same, as he is Knight.

Chartes doth 'gage the Honour of his King.

Scroop. We lack but now Lord Cobham's Fellowship,

And then our Plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's pursu'd By the incensed Clergy, and of late Brought in displeasure with the King, assures He may be quickly won unto our Faction. Who hath the Articles were drawn at large

Of our whole purpose?

Gray. That have I, my Lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his House, Our serious Conference hath beguil'd the way: See where his Castle stands, give me the writing. When we are come unto the Speech of him, Because we will not stand to make recount Of that which hath been said, here he shall read Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Scroop. A ready way; here comes the Man himself Booted and spurr'd, it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord Cobham.

Cob. My Lord of Cambridge?

Your Honour is most welcome into Kent,

And all the rest of this fair Company.

I am new come from London, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take Cowling for your Host,
And see what entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your Guefts: But now this lucky Meeting shall suffice To end our Business, and defer that kindness.

Cob. Business, my Lord? what Business should Let you to be merry? we have no delicates; Yet this I'll promise you, a piece of Venison, A Cup of Wine, and so forth, Hunters fare: And if you please, we'll strike the Stag our selves Shall fill our Dishes with his well-fed Flesh.

Scroop. That is indeed the thing we all defire.

Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your choice with me.

Cam. Nay, but the Stag which we defire to strike.

Lives not in Cowling: If you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forest,
Where runs a lusty Herd; among the which
There is a Stag superior to the rest;
A stately Beast, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the sullen Earth,
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs,
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breast
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the Wind:
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly Beast should die. Cam. Not so, Sir John, for he is Tyrannous, And gores the other Deer, and will not keep Within the limits are appointed him.

Of late he's broke into a several, Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils Both Corn and Pasture, two of his wild Race Alike for stealth, and covetous incroaching, Already are remov'd; if he were dead, I should not only be secure from hurt, But with his Body make a Royal Feast.

Scroop. How fay you then, will you first hunt with us

Afides

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Pastime, where's the place?

Cam. Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,

not what occasion we have for the sport.

And what occasion we have for the sport. [He reads. Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag

You fain would chase, Harry our dread King? So we may make a Banquet for the Devil? And in the stead of wholsome Meat, prepare A Dish of Poison to confound our selves.

Cam. Why fo, Lord Cobham? See you not our claim?

And how imperiously he holds the Crown?

Scroop. Besides, you know your self is in disgrace, Held as a Recreant, and pursu'd to Death. This will defend you from your Enemies, And stablish your Religion through the Land.

Cob. Notorious Treason! yet I will conceal My secret Thoughts to sound the Depth of it. My Lord of Cambridge, I do see your claim, And what good may redound unto the Land, By prosecuting of this enterprise.

But where are Men? where's pow'r and surgice.

But where are Men? where's pow'r and furniture To order fuch an Action? we are weak.

Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belov'd, And many will be glad to sollow you, We are the like, and some will sollow us: Nay, there is hope from France: Here's an Ambassador That promiseth both Men and Mony too. The Commons likewise, as we hear, pretend A sudden Tumult, we will join with them.

Cob. Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed: But how shall I believe this in plain truth? You are, my Lords, such Men as live in Court, And have been highly favour'd of the King, Especially Lord Scroop, whom oftentimes He maketh choice of for his Bed-sellow. And you, Lord Gray, are of his Privy-Council: Is not this a train laid to intrap my Life?

Cam. Then perish may my Soul; what, think you so?

Scroop. We'll swear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by Birth, and Blood,
So you will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word.
I crave no other Testimony but this:
That you would all subscribe, and set your Hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?

Scroop. My Pocket should have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord Scroop. There is my Name.

Scroop. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewise write your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Master's words, the King of Franci.

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our Meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of July next.

Cob. In Kent? agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your Honours will not away to Night.

Cam. Yes presently, for I have far to ride, About folliciting of other Friends.

Scroop. And we would not be absent from the Court. Lest thereby grow suspicion in the King.

Cam. Not now, my Loid, we thank you; so farewell.

[Exeunt all but Cobham.

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords?
My noble Villains, base Conspirators,
How can they look his Highness in the Face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known,
This Head shall not be burshen'd with such Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed
Of such impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Lady Cobham, Lord Powis, Lady Powis and Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord:
Why seem ye so unquiet in your Looks?

What

What hath befall'n you that disturbs your Mind?

L. Pow. Bad News I am afraid touching my Husband. Cob. Madam, not so; there is your Husband's Pardon;

Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindness, as I know not how to reply, my Sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, Madam, stay me not,

For I must back unto the Court again,

With all the speed I can: Harpool, my Horse.

L. Cob. So foon my Lord? what will you ride all Night? Cob. All Night or Day, it must be so sweet Wife;

Urge me not why, or what my Business is, But get you in: Lord Powis, bear with me.

And, Madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse,

My House is at your Use. Harpeol, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea Sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. [Exit. L. Cob. I prithee Harpool look unto thy Lord,

I do not like this sudden posting back.

Pow. Some earnest Business is a foot belike, Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath so highly us bested. L. Cob. Come, Madam, and my Lord, we'll hope the best,

You shall not into Wales 'till he return,

Pow. Though great Occasion be we should depart, Yet, Madam, will we flay to be refolv'd

Of this unlook'd for doubtful Accident.

Exeunt.

Enter Murley and his Men, prepar'd in some filthy Order for War.

Mur. Come my Hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly; no Man afore his Leader: Follow your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, Dun is the Mouse: Dick and Tom for the credit of Dunstable, ding down the Enemy to Morrow. Ye shall not come into the Field like Beggars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this? I would give a couple of Shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty Pence for as

many Scarfs to fet you out withal. Frost and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight 'till he be brave.

Dick, Master, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-Balls can bear witness; this little 'parrel we have shall off, and

we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of Lawrence mind for that, for he means to leave his Life behind him, he and Lemard, your two Loaders are making their Wills because they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends scramble for our Goods if we die: But Master, pray let me ride upon

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Frost and Snow, why Tom thou shalt. Let me see, here are you, William and George are with my Cart, and Robin and Hodge holding my own two Horses; proper Men, handfome Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick. But Master, Master, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Person, and a Cart-Load of Mony

too.

Tom. Yea, and Master there's a worse matter in't; if it be as I heard fay, we go fight against all the learned Bishops, that should give us their bleffing, and if they Curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, some say the King takes their part,

and Master dare you fight against the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What if 'ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not speak Treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conscience, and for Honour; little know you what is in my Bosom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your Heels? Your Bosom's no place for Spurs.

Mar. Be't more or less upon occasion, Lord have mercy upon us, Tom thou'rt a Fool, and thou speak'st Treason to Knight-hood: Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, 'till he be a Knight? No, I shall be Knighted to morrow, and

and then they shall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of Dunstable, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-

man, Miller, Corn-mafter, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and all for Wealth: You bring more Mony with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I shall be a Knight to morrow. Let me 'spose my Men, Tom upon Cut, Dick upon Hob, Hodge upon Ball, Ralph upon Sorrel, and Robin upon the Fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourn and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Alt. All Friends, good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir Roger.

Act. Why, thus you shew your self a Gentleman,
To keep your Day, and come so well prepar'd.

Your Cart stands yonder guarded by your Men, Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin,

What Sum is there?

Mur. Ten thousand Pound, Sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here against I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir?

Act. Disperst in sundry Villages about;
Some here with us in High-gate, some at Finchley,
Totnam, Ensield, Edmunton, Newington,
Islington, Hog sdone, Pancredge, Kensington,
Some nearer, Thames, Ratcliff, Blackwall, and Bow;
But our chief Strength must be the Londoners,
Which, e'er the Sun to morrow shine,
Will be near fifty thousand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my Dear, but upon occasion, Sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his Power against us?

Act. No, he's fecure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur.

Mur. In and out; to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall carry the World afore us, I vow, by my worship, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

Act. This Night we few in High-gate will repose, With the first Cock we'll rife and arm our felves, To be in Ficket field by break of Day,

And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir John Oldcastle, what if he comes not? Bourn. Yet our Action stands.

Sir Roger Acton may supply his places

Mur. True, Mr. Bourn, but who shall make me Knight? Bev. He that hath pow'r to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,

Our Friends of London long 'till it be Day. Exeunt. Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives. Priest. Canft thou blame me, Doll, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purse, none walks within forty Miles of London, but a plies thee as truly, as the Parish does the poor Man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone is in the Wall, and thou know'ft well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tryed me that thou hast; and I will not be

kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Priest. Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his Wares, as with thy ready Mony in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have as good Silver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold spent you took the last Day

from the Courtier?

Prieft. 'Tis gone Doll, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horse-back that must pay for all; we'll have as good Meat as Mony can get, and as good Gowns as can be brought for Gold, be merry Wench, the Maltman comes on Monday.

Doll. You might have left me at Cobham, until you had

been better provided for.

Priest.

Priest. No, fweet Doll, no, I like not that, you old Russian is not for the Priest; I do not like a new Clerk should come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Priest i'faith.

Priest. Come Doll, I'll see thee safe at some Ale-house here at Cray, and the next Sheep that comes shall leave behind his Fleece. Reed out or other Mean,

Enter the King, Suffolk, and Butler. King, in great haste. My Lord of Suffelk, post away for life, And let our Forces of fuch Horse and Foot, As can be gathered up by any means, Make speedy Randevouz in Tuttle-fields. It must be done this Evening, my Lord, and south and This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head Near Islington, which if your speed prevent not, If once they should unite their several Forces, and an average Their Power is almost thought invincible, Away, my Lord, I will be with you foon.

Suf. I go, my Soveraign, with all happy speed. [Exit. King. Make halte, my Lord of Suffolk, as you love us. Builer, post you to London with all speed :

Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance, The City Gates be presently shut up,

And guarded with a strong sufficient Watch,

And hot a Man be suffered to pass, Without a special Warrant from our self.

Command the Postern by the Tower be kept,

And Proclamation on the pain of Death,

That not a Citizen stir from his Doors, Except such as the Mayor and Sheriffs shall chuse

For their own Guard, and safety of their Persons: Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. Butler.

But. My Lord. King. Go down by Greenwitch, and command a Boat, At the Fryars Bridge attend my coming down.

But. I wil', my Lord Exit Butler.

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion, When Aston doth expect unto his aid,

No less than fifty housand Londoners. VOL. VI.

Well, I'll to Westminster in this Disguise, To hear what News is stirring in these Brawls. Enter Priest.

Priest. Stand true Man, fays a Thief.

King. Stand Thief, fays a true Man: how if a Thief?

Priest. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man, I must stand I see, howfoever the World wags, the Trade of thieving yet will never down. What art thou?

Priest. A good Fellow.

King. So I am too, I fee thou dost know me.

Prieft. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellows part, deliver thy Purse without more ado.

King. I have no Mony.

Priest. I must make you find some before we part, if you have no Mony you shall have ware, as many found Blows as your Skin can carry.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Priest. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the

Mony you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all Day.

King. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is; just the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? Falftaffe that Villain is so fat, he cannot get on's Horse, but methinks Poins and Pete should be stirring hereabouts.

Priest. How much is there on't of thy word? King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my word.

The time has been I would have done as much

For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I have now. Priest. Sirrah, what art thou ? thou feem'st a Gentle-

King. I am no less, yet a poor one now, for thou half man? all my Mony.

Priest. From whence cam'ft thou ? King. From the Court at Eltham.

Prieft. Art thou one of the King's Servants? King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Priest. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better spare thy Mony, and think thou might'st get a poor Thief his Pardon if he should have need.

King. Yes that I can.

Prieft.

Priest. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion ?

King. Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

Priest. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take but his Purse, I'll kill no Man.

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Priest. Give me thy Hand of the same.

King. There 'tis.

Priest. Methinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has been a Thief himself, although I think now he be turned a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that way in's Youth; but how canst thou tell that he has

been a Thief?

Priest. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my felf, when that foul Villanous Guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that Falstaffe.

King. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be fworn [Afide]: Thou knowest not the

King now I think, if thou fawest him?

Prieft. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it should seem.

Aside.

Priest. Well, if old King Harry had liv'd, this King that is now, had made thieving the best Trade in England.

King. Why fo?

Priest. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pity that e'er he should have been a King, he was so brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be ?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Prieft. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'ft hap (being fo early) be met with again, before thou come to Southwark, if any Man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, fay thou but Sir Fohn, and they will let thee pass.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Priest. Nay, Sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee,

Cc 2

here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a To-

King. God a mercy; farewel.

Priest. O my fine golden Slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, Doll, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a Mercy Neighbour Shooters-Hill, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up against the King, got together in Ficket field near Holborn, and as it is thought, here in Kent, the King will be there to Night in's own Person: Well, I'll to the King's Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good Boot among them.

Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, and two with Lights.

King. My Lords of Suffolk and of Huntington, Who scouts it now? or who stand Sentinels? What Menof Worth? what Lords do walk the round? Suf. May't please your Highness.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's afleep, wake not his Majesty
With terms nor Titles; he's at rest in Bed,
Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep,
And let Rebellion and Conspiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is London look'd unto?

Hunt. It is, my Lord,
Your noble Uncle Exeter is there.
Your Brother Gloncester, and my Lord of Warwick,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good Rule within.
The Earl of Cambridge, and Sir Thomas Gray
Do walk the round, Lord Scroop and Butler scout,
So though it please your Majesty to jest,
Were you in Bed, well might you take your rest.

King. I thank ye Lords; but you do know of olds. That I have been a perfect Night-walker:

London, you say, is safely looks unto,

Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid must fall,

And the Lord Cobham Sir John Oldcastle,

Quiet in Kent; Aston, you are deceived:

Reckon

Reckon again, you count without your Hoft. To morrow you shall give account to us, 'Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night How can we spend? King Harry is asleep, And all his Lords, these Garments tell us so; All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field, Harry, and Dick, and George, bring us a Drum, Give us square Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard, For all good Fellows Companies that come. Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Arms To Fight, as well as Pray, if need requir'd. Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this, I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip Dick, trip George.

Hunt. I must have the Dice; what do we play at ?

Suf. Passage, if ye please.

Hunt. Set round then; fo at all.

King. George, you are out. Give me the Dice, I pass for twenty Pound, Here's to our lucky Passage into France.

Hunt. Harry, you pals indeed, for you sweep all. Suf. A Sign King Harry shall sweep all in France.

Enter Priest.

Prieft. Edge ye good Fellows, take a fresh Gamester in. King. Master Parson, we play nothing but Gold? Priest. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath Gold, Gold; what? ye are but Beggarly Soldiers to me, I think I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be fo, but we believe it not. King. Set, Priest, set, I pass for all that Gold.

Priest. Ye pass indeed.

King. Priest, hast any more?

Priest. More? What a Question's that? I tell thee I have more than all you three, At these ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'ft by all this Gold.

How many Benefices hast thou, Priest?

Priest. Faith, but one, dost wonder how I come by Gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers should have Gold; for I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day Tythes, Offrings, Christnings, Weddings, Burials; and you poor

Cc 3

Snakes come seldome to a Booty. I'll speak a proud word, I have but one Parsonage, Wrotham, 'tis better than the Bishoprick of Rockester: there's ne'er a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all Kent, but 'tis in my Parish, Barrham-down, Cobham-down, Gads-bill, Wrotham-hill, Black-heath, Cocks-heath, Birchen-wood, all pay me tythe, Gold quoth a? ye pais not for that.

Suf. Harry, ye are out, now, Parson, shake the Dice. Priest. Set, set, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will trust

them ?

Suf. Say'st thou fo, Priest ? set fair, at all for once,

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Priest. Sir, pay me Angel Gold.

I'll none of your crack'd French Crowns nor Pistolets,

Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd French Crowns? I hope to see more crack'd French Crowns e'er long.

Priest. Thou mean'st of French Mens Crowns, when the

King's in France.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Priest. Pay all; this is some luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I must shred the Priest:

At all, Sir John.

Priest. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what

casting's this?

Suf. Well thrown, Harry, I'faith.

King. I'll cast better yet.

Priest. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, hast thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for casting?

King. I pass for all.

Priest. Thou passest all that e'er I plaid withal: Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?

King. Set, Parson, set, the Dice die in my Hand. When, Parson, when? what, can ye find no more? Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your Store?

Priest. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken Angel.

Priest. Why, Sir? 'tis Gold. King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Prieft.

Priest. The Devil give ye good on't, I am blind; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Priest, you shall not leave us yet,

Do not these pieces fit each other well?

Priest. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a Tale:

There was a Thief, in Face much like Sir John,
But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me last Day, on Black-heath, near the Park,

ODDIN.

Mith him a Woman. I was all alone And Weaponless, my Boy had all my Tools, And was before providing me a Boat.

Short tale to make, Sir John, the Thief I mean, Took a just hundred Pound in Gold from me. I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd If e'er we met; he like a lusty Thief,

Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
To be a Token at our meeting next;
Provided I should charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at Weapons Point
Recover that, and what he had beside.

Well met, Sir John, betake ye to your Tools By Torch-light, for, Master Parson, you are he That had my Gold.

Priest. Zounds I won't inplay, in fair square Play, of the Keeper of Eltham-Park, and that I will maintain with this poor Whyniard; be you two honest Men to stand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot,

Sir John, have at ye.

Priest. Soldier, ware your Sconce.

As they proffer, enter Butler, and draws his Sword to part them.

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean,

To see a Traitor draw against the King.

Priest. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. Butler, what News? why dost thou trouble us?

But. Please your Majesty, it's break of Day,

And as I scouted near to Islington,
The Gray-ey'd Morning gave me glimmering;
Of armed Men coming down Hygate-hill,
Who by their Course are coasting hitherward.

Cc 4

King.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops, To charge the Rebels if there be such Cause: For this lewd Priest, this devilish Hypocrite, That is a Thief, a Gamester, and what not, Let him be hang'd up for Example sake.

Priest. Not so, my gracious Soveraign, I confess I am a frail Man, Flesh and Blood as other are; but set my impersections aside, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir John of Wro-

tham is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?
Priest. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious

Liege.

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you should be as falt To season others with good document, Your Lives as Lamps to give the People Light, As Shepherds, not as Wolves to spoil the Flock; Go hang him, Butler.

But. Didst thou not rob me?

Priest. I must consess I saw some of your Gold, but, my dread Lord, I am in no humour for Death; God will that Sinners live, do not you cause me to die. Once in their Lives the best may go astray, and if the world say true, your self, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confess I have,

But I repent and have reclaim'd my felf.

Priest. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his Sureties? Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Priest. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honest Man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from France,
I'll give thee living. 'Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better than at Cards or Wine,
For better Virtues sit that Coat of thine.

Priest. Vivat Rex, & currat Lex. My Liege, if ye have cause of Battel, ye shall see Sir John bestir himself in your Quarrel. [Exeunt.

An Alarum. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, Sir John bringing forth Acton, Beverly, and Murly, Prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring Minds Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow: But now ye fee, base Villains, what Success

Attends ill Actions wrongfully attempted. Sir Roger Acton, thou retain'it the Name

Of Knight, and shouldst be more discretly temper'd Than join with Peasants, Gentry is Divine,

But thou hast made it more than popular.

Att. Pardon, my Lord, my Conscience urg'd me to it. King. Thy Confcience, then Conscience is corrupt, For in thy Conscience thou art bound to us,

And in thy Conscience thou shouldst love thy Country, Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian, And the uncivil Manners of the Turk?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty,

But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you fought? I pray who gave you that Authority? Belike then we do hold the Scepter up, And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher. Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief, And pray Amendment, not enforce the same, Unless their King were Tyrant, which I hope You cannot justly say that Harry is. What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-Man, my Lord, And dwelling in Dunstable, as he fays.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Bailey-broth,

To come in Armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occasion, what a World is this? Knighthood, my Liege, 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had Wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And so you brought those Horses which we saw

Trapt all in costly Furniture, and meant

To wear these Spurs when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion I did.

King. In and out upon Occasion, therefore you shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing these Spurs upon your Heels, about your Neck they shall bewray your Folly to the World.

Priest. In and out upon Occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my Liege, a

Pardon, I am forry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me, went there none beside Sir Roger Acton, upon whom You did depend to be your Governor.

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir Fohn Oldcastle. Enter Bishop of Rochester.

King. Bears he a part in this Conspiracy.

Att. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here, King. But did he promise you that he would come.

Act. Such Letters we received forth of Kent.

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to your Grace, Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels, It is a general Voice among them all, That they had never come into this Place, But to have met their valiant General, The good Lord Cobham, as they title him: Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive, His Treason is apparent, which before He fought to colour by his Flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have fworn, But for his Conscience, which I bear withal, There had liv'd a more true hearted Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord, And therefore may it please your Majesty, To set your Hand unto this Precept here, By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear, And answer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commission To fearch, attach, imprison, and condemn This most notorious Traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay: So now I hold, Lord Cobham, in my Hand, That which shall finish thy disdained Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now, Which learned Poets have so often taught, Wherein there is no credit to be given To either Words, or Looks, or solemn Oaths:

For

For if he were, how often hath he fworn, How gently tun'd the Musick of his Tongue, And with what aimable Face beheld he me, When all, God knows, was but Hypocrise. Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and prosperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canst thou wish Prosperity,

Whose Heart includeth nought but Treachery?

I do arrest thee here my self, false Knight,

Of Treason capital against the State.

Cob. Of Treason, mighty Prince? your Grace mistakes,

I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly. Dar'st thou intrude into our Presence, knowing How heinously thou hast offended us? But this is thy accustomed deceit, Now thou perceiv'st thy Purpose is in vain, With some excuse or other thou wilt come To clear thy self of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is evidence,

See you these Men; you never counselled,

Nor offered them assistance in their Wars?

Cob. Speak, Sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour, Have ever I been conversant with you? Or written Letters to incourage you? Or kindled but the least or smallest part Of this your late unnatural Rebellion? Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion, I know you not.

King. No, didst thou not say, that Sir John Oldcastle
Was one with whom you purpos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect,

Because I heard it was reported so.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

Act. I must confess we have no other Ground

But only rumour to accuse this Lord,

Which now I fee was meerly fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then, Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I present your Grace Speak for my Loyalty, read these Articles, And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.

King. Earl Cambridge, Scroop and Gray corrupted With Bribes from Charles of France, either to win My Crown from me, or fecretly contrive My Death by Treason? Is't possible?

Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord,

Each severally subscribed to the same.

King. Oh never heard of base Ingratitude!

Even those I hug within my Bosom most,

Are readiest evermore to sting my Heart.

Pardon me, Cobham, I have done thee wrong,

Hereaster I will live to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so near hand?

We'll meet with them but little for their case,

If God permit. Go take these Rebels hence,

Let them have Martial Law? but as for thee,

Friend to thy King and Country, still be free.

Mur. Be it more or less, what a World is this?
Would I had continued still of the Order of Knaves,
And ne'er sought Knighthood, since it costs

So dear: Sir Roger, I may thank you for all.

Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prithee, Murley, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occasion serves,

If you be so hasty, take my Place.

Hunt. No, good Sir Knight, e'en take't your self.

Mur. I could be glad to give my Betters place. [Exeunt.

Enter Bishop of Rochester, Lord Warden, Cromer the Sheriff,

Lady Cobham and Attendants.

Roch. I tell ye, Lady, it's impossible
But you should know where he conveys himself,
And you have hid him in some secret Place.

L. Cob. My Lord, believe me, as I love my Soul, I know not where my Lord my Husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to, ye are an Heretick,

And will be forc'd by Torture to confess,

If fair means will not serve to make you tell. L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,

And

And need not hide himself for any Fact
That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schismatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, Mr. Cromer, Sheriff of Kent,
I charge you take her to your Custody,
And seize the Goods of Sir John Oldcastle
To the King's use; let her go in no more,
To fetch so much as her Apparel our,
There is your Warrant from his Majesty.

War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacific your wrath
Against the Lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
Where Oldcafts

Where Oldcastle her Husband is conceal'd.

War. I dare engage mine Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, the is ignorant
And innocent of all his Practices
If any Evil by him be practifed,

Roch. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not.
Shew him his Highness warrant, Mr. Sheriff.

War. I am forry for the Noble Gentleman.
Roch. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office.

Enter Harpool and Lord Cobham.

Cob. Harpool, what Bufiness have we here in hand?

What makes the Bishop and the Sheriff here?

I fear my coming home is dangerous.

I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be Fees, we'll scramble shrewdly with them: If they be Friends they are welcome.

Sher. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham, in the King's Name, I arrest ye of High Treason.

Cob. Treason, Mr. Cromer?

Har. Treason, Mr. Sheriff, what Treason?

Cob. Harpool, I charge thee stir not, but be quier. Do ye arrest me of Treason, Mr. Sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of High Treason, Traitor, Heretick. Cob. Desiance in his Face that calls me so;

I am as true a Loyal Gentleman

Unto his Highness, as my proudest Enemy, The King shall witness my late faithful Service, For safety of his sacred Majesty.

Roch. What thou art, the King's Hand shall testifie,

Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me,
Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The Princely disposition of his Mind,
To sign the damage of a Loyal Subject?
Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my absence and your malice.
But I, since that, have shew'd my self as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Majesty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

Roch. We are not bound to do kind Offices
For any Traitor, Schismatick, nor Heretick:
The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southampton doth repose this Night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles of it, on Salisbury Plain! I would lose my Head if thou brought'st the Head bither again.

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th' Cinque-Ports, and Lord of Rochester, ye are joint Commissioners, favour me so much on my expence, to bring me to the King.

Roch. What, to Southampton?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,

And if he do not clear me of all guilt,

And all suspicion of Conspiracy,

Pawning his Princely warrant for my Truth:

I ask no Favour, but extreamest Torture.

Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,

Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.

[They both entreat for him.

Come hither, Lady, nay, fweet Wife, forbear To heap one Sorrow on another's Neck: 'Tis Grief enough falfely to be accus'd, And not permitted to acquit my felf, Do not thou with thy kind respective Tears,

Torment

Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee: But be of Comfort, God hath help in store For those that put affured trust in him.

Dear Wife, if they commit me to the Tower, Come up to London, to your Sister's House: That being near me, you may comfort me.

One solace find I settled in my Soul, That I am free from Treason's very thought, Only my Conscience for the Gospel's sake, Is cause of all the Troubles I sustain.

L. Cob. O my dear Lord, what shall betide of us? You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of Doors, Our Substance seiz'd unto his Highness use, Even to the Garments longing to our Backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worst will mend,

And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,

I swear by sweet St. Peter's blessed Keys,

First goes he to the Tower, then to the Stake.

Sher. But by your leave, this Warrant doth not stretch To Imprison her.

Roch. No, turn her out of Doors, Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower, With guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee thou blood-thirsty Man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of Rochester? Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far, That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd.

Roch. No Hate of mine, but Pow'r of Holy Church,

Forbids all Favour to false Hereticks.

Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Pow'r, Strikes most at me, but with my Life it ends.

Har. aside.] O that I had the Bishop in that fear

That once I had his Sumner by our felves.

Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all, That this same ancient Servingman may wait Upon my Lord his Master in the Tower.

Roch. This old Iniquity, this Heretick? That in contempt of our Church Discipline, Compell'd my Sumner to devour his Process? Old Ruffian past Grace, upstart Schismatick,

Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye, Ye had fried for't, ye grizled Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Bishop, ye wrong me, I am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church; I'll swear, drink Ale, kiss a Wench, go to Mass, eat Fish all Lent, and fast Fridays with Cakes and Wine, Fruit and Spicery, shrive me of my old Sins afore Easter, and begin new before Whitfamilde.

Sher. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord. Har. That Knave was simply put upon the Bishop. Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:

Let him attend his Master in the Tower, For I in Charity wish his Soul no hurt.

Cob. God bless my Soul from such cold Charity.

Roch. To th' Tower with him, and when my leisure serves,

I will examine him of Articles;

Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge,

The Sheriff perform his Office.

War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner with Books.

Roch. What bring it thou there? what Books of Herefie? Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a Latin Book;
No not so much as our Ladies Psalter:
Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalms in metre,
The Sick Man's Salve, the Treasure of Gladness,
All English, no not so much but the Almanack's English.

Roch. Away with them, to th' Fire with them, Clun,

Now fie upon these upstart Hereticks.
All English, burn them, burn them quickly, Clin.

Har. But do not, Sumner, as you'll answer it, for I have there English Books, my Lord, that I'll not part withal for your Billioprick, Bevis of Hampton, Owleglass, The Friar and the Boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin Hood, and other such godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Flesh I'll make ye drink their Ashes in St. Marget's Ale.

[Exeunt:

Enter the Bishop of Rochester, with his Men in Livery Coats.

I Ser. Is it your Honour's pleasure we shall stay,
Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you.

Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the Tower,
You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,

Where,

Where, if I have occasion to employ you, I'll send some Officer to call you to me. Into the City go not, I command you, Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 Ser. We will attend your Honour here without.

3 Ser. Come, we may have a Quart of Wine at the Role at Barking, and come back an hour before he'll go.

I Ser. We must hie us then.

3 Ser. Let's away.

Excunt. Roch. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who calls there? Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieu. My Lord of Rochester? your Honour's welcome. Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,

For Conference with Sir John Oldcastle, Upon some matter of great Consequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir John. Har. Who calls there?

Lieu. Harpool, tell Sir John, that my Lord of Rochester Comes from the Council to confer with him, I think you may as fafe without fuspicion

As any Man in England as I hear,

For it was you most labour'd his Commitment. Roch. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it I affure you. Enter Lord Cobham and Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave, I must confer here with Sir John a little.

Lieu. With all my Heart, my Lord. Exit. Har. aside.] My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occafion while it is offered, and on my Life your Lordship will escape.

Cob. No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it. Roch. Sir John, I am come to you from the Lords of the Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of Rochester, on good advice, I see my Error; but yet understand me, I mean not Error in the Faith I hold, But Error in submitting to your Pleasure, Therefore your Lordship without more to do, Must be a means to help me to escape.

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Dd

Roch.

Roch. What means, thou Heretick?

Dar'st thou but lift thy Hand against my Calling?

Cab. No, not to hurt you, for a thousand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper Garment a little; not a word more, peace for waking the Children: There, put on, dispatch, my Lord, the Window that goes out into the Leads is fure enough; as for you, I'll bind you surely in the inner Room.

Cob. This is well begun, God send us happy speed,

Hard shift you see Men make in time of need.

Enter Servingmen again.

1 Ser. I marvel that my Lord should stay so long. 2 Ser. He hath sent to seek us, I dare lay my Life.

3 Ser. We come in good time, see where he is coming.

Har. I beseech you, good my Lord of Rochester, be favourable to my Lord and Master.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and close,

I do not like this Air here in the Tower.

Har. His case is hard, my Lord; you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will down upon them: In which time get you away. Hard under Islington wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with Horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counfel

him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of Rochester, I'll bring you to St. Albans through the Woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Har. Nay fince I am past the Tower's Liberty,

You part not fo. He draws.

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

1 Ser. Murther, Murther, Murther.

2 Ser. Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly Rogues. [Cobham escapes.

Enter Lieutenant, and his Men.

Lieu. Who is so bold to dare to draw a Sword

So near unto the entrance of the Tower ?

I Ser. This Ruffian, Servant to Sir John Oldcastle, was like to have slain my Lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har.

Har. Stand off if you love your Puddings.

Bishop of Rochester calls within.

Roch. Help, help, Mr. Lieutenant, help.

Lieu. Who's that within? fome Treason in the Tower, on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Bishop of Rochester bound.

Lieu. Without your Cloak, my Lord of Rochester?

Har. There, now it works; then let me speed,

For now's the fittest time to scape away.

Lien. Why do you look to ghaftly and affrighted?

Roch. Oldcastle that Traitor, and his Man, When you had left me to confer with him,

Took, bound, and stript me, as you see,

And left me lying in this inner Chamber,

And so departed, and I-

to the

tim:

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u to

Lieu. And you! Ne'er say that, the Lord Cobham's Man Did here fet on you like to murther you.

I Ser. And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his Master then he did, That in the brawl the Traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this Harpool? 2 Ser. Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where, can you tell? They are both escap'd.

Since it so happens that he is escap'd, I am glad you are a witness of the same:

It might have else been laid unto my Charge,

That I had been consenting to the Fact.

Roch. Come, Search shall be made for him with expedition,

The Haven's laid that he shall not escape, And hue and cry continue through England,

To find this damned, dangerous Heretick. Exeunt. Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a Chamber, and set down at a Table, consulting about their Treason,

King Harry and Suffolk listning at the Door. Cam. In mine Opinion, Scroop hath well advis'd,

Poison will be the only aprest mean,

And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery, Harry is wife, and therefore, Earl of Cambridge,

I judge that way not to convenient.

Scroop.

Scroop. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedfellow, And unfuspected nightly sleep with him. What if I venture in those silent hours, When Sleep hath sealed up all mortal Eyes, To murther him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for your self, And you disclos'd, what shall become of us? But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard, The Wind's so fair, and set away for France, If as he goes, or entring in the Ship It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will, I'll cause a present sitting of the Council, Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight, As needs must have his Royal Company, And so dispatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose. I wonder that Lord Cobham stays so long, His Counsel in this case would much avail us.

The King steps in upon them with his Lords. Scroop. What, shall we rife thus, and determine nothing? King. That were a shame indeed: No, sit again, And you shall have my Counsel in this case: If you can find no way to kill the King, Then you shall see how I can furnish ye; Scroop's way by Poison was indifferent, But yet being Bed-fellow to the King, And unsuspected, sleeping in his Bosom, In mine Opinion that's the likelier way. For fuch false Friends are able to do much. And filent Night is Treason's fittest Friend. Now, Cambridge, in his fetting hence for France, Or by the way, or as he goes aboard To do the deed, that was indifferent too, But somewhat doubtful. Marry Lord Gray came very near the point, To have the King at Council, and there murder him, As Cafar was among his dearest Friends. Tell me, oh tell me, you bright Honour's stains, For which of all my kindnesses to you, Are ye become thus Traitors to your King?

And

And France must have the Spoil of Harry's Life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed,
Drag them to Death, which justly they deserve:
And France shall dearly buy this Villany,
So soon as we set footing on her Breast.

God have the praise for our Deliverance,
And next our Thanks, Lord Cobham, is to thee,
True perfect Mirror of Nobility.

[Exeunt.

Enter Priest and Doll.

Priest. Come Doll, come, be merry, Wench.

Farewel Kent, we are not for thee.

Be lusty my Lass, come for Lancashire,

We must nip the Boung for these Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the Gold spent already, that you had the other Day?

Priest. Gone, Doll, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd, the Devil, Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in Kent, 'till you had been better provided.

Priest. No, Doll, no, Kent's too hot, Doll, Kent's too hot; the Weathercock of Wrotham will crow no longer, we have pluckt him, he has lost his Feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, Wench.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again, old Mr. Har-

pool told me he would provide me a Mistress.

Priest. Peace, Doll, peace; come, mad Wench, I'll make thee an honest Woman, we'll into Lancashire to our Friends, the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Mony and

the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Mony, and Mony we will have I warrant thee; stay, who comes here? Some Irish Villain methinks that has slain a Man, and now he is risling on him, stand close, Doll, we'll see the end.

Enter the Irishman with his dead Master, and risles him.

Irish. Alas poe Master, Sir Richard Lee, be St. Patrick, is rob and cut thy trote, for de shain, and dy Mony, and dy gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be shitten Kanave.

Priest. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Irish. Be St. Patrick Mester, is poor Irishman, is a leuster.

Dd 3

Prieft.

Priest. Sirrah, Sirrah, you'are a damn'd Rogue, you have kill'd a Man here, and risted him of all that he has; 'sblood you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a Hair above your Shoulders, you Whorson Irish Dog. [Robs him.

Irisb. We's me St. Patrick, Ise kill my Mester for shain

and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Priest. Avant you Rascal, go Sirrah, be walking. Come Doll, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another; come Wench, we'll to St. Albans, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir John when all's done i'faith.

[Exeunt.

Enter the Irish man with the Host of the House.

Irish. Be me tro Master is poor Irisman, is want ludging, is have no Mony, is starve and cold, good Master give her

some Meat, is famile and tye.

Hoft. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Guests; as for Meat, thou shalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lye in the Barn, there's fair Straw, and room enough.

Irish. Is tank my Master hertily.

Host. Ho, Robin. Rob. Who calls?

Hoft. Shew this poor Irishman to the barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horses? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Manger, and the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a House well lookt to i'faith.

Kate. Mas Goff Club, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in, Kate, get into the Fire and warm thee. John Ostler?

Hoft. What, Gaffer Club, welcome to St. Albans,

How do's all our Friends in Lancashire?

Club. Well, God a Mercy John, how do's Tom? where is he?

Oftl. Tom's gone from hence, he's at the three Horse-

loaves at Stony-Stratford; how do's old Dick Dun?

Club. Uds hat, old Dun is moyr'd in a flough in Brickhill-lane; a plague found it, yonders fuch abomination Weather as was never feen.

Oftl.

Oftl. Uds hat Thief, have one half peck of Pease and Oats more for that, as I am John Oftler, he has been ever as good a Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well said, old fack, thou art the old Lad still. Ostl. Come, Gaffer Club, unload, unload, and get to supper.

Enter the Host, Lord Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this House, to such as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worst. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife must lye in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my self I do not greatly pass, My Wife is weary, and would be at rest,

For we have travell'd very far to day,
We must be content with such as you have.

Hoft. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man.

Har. What? hast thou never an empty Room in thy House for me?

Host. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor Irishman, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine Host, I prethee help me to a pair of

clean Sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the Mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen Sheets were ne'er lain in; come [Exeunt.

Enter Constable, Mayor and Watch. Mayor. Wha? have you fearcht the Town?

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a House us-

Mayor. Surely my Lord of Rochester was then deceiv'd, Or ill inform'd of Sir John Oldcastle;

Or if he came this way, he's past the Town,

He could not else have scap'd you in the Search.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all Night,

And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town But he is known; only a lufty Priest We found in Bed with a pretty Wench,

That fays she is his Wife, yonder at the Shears; But we have charg'd the Host with his forth coming

To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you best to do?

Dd 4

Con.

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few stragling Houses beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers use to lodge, although I think furely he would ne'er lodge there; but we'll go fearch, and the rather because there came Notice to the Town the last Night of an Irishman, that had done a Murther, whom we are to make fearch for.

Mayor. Come I pray you, and be Circumspect. [Exeunt. Con. First beset the House, before you begin to search.

Offi. Content, every Man take a several place.

A Noise within. Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel. Con. Come you villanous Heretick, tell us where your Master is.

Irish. Vat Mester ?

Mayor. Vat Mester, you counterfeit Rebel? This shall not ferve your turn.

Irish. Be Sent Patrick I ha no Mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle, that latey escaped out of the Tower?

Irish. Vat Lort Cobham?

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this shall not serve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you consess where that arch Heretick is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty Rascal? Exemnt. [Lord Cobham comes out stealing in his Gown. Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous Noise about

the House, God warant us, I fear we are pursued; what,

Harpool ?

Har. within.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a Noise about the House? Har. Yes, marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my hofe; this Irish Rascal that lodg'd with me all Night, hath stoln my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowfie mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be asleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and see if we can scape.

A TENNER

Noise

Noise heard about the House a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpool in the Irishman's Apparel.

Con. Stand close, here comes the Irishman that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the House beset, would get away;

Har. What art thou that bid'st me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to fearch for an Irishman, such a Villain as thy self, thou hast murther'd a Man this last Night by the high way.

Har. 'Sblood Constable art thou mad? am I an Irish.

man?

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an Irishman before we part; Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wenches Apparel.

Cob. What will these Ostlers sleep all Day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come;
Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O tis Lancashire Carrier, let them pass.

Cob. What, will no body ope the Gates here?

Come, let's int' stable to look to our Capons.

[Exit Cobham and his Lady.

Club. Host, why Oftler?

[The Carrier calling.

Zwooks here's fuch abomination Company of Boys: A pox of this Pigsty at the House end,

It fills all the House full of Fleas, Oftler, Oftler.

Oftl. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your Guests?
Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?
They ha' stoln our Cloaths here; why Ostler?

Oftl. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep. Hoft. How now? what would the Carrier have?

Look up there.

Oftl. They say the Man and the Woman that lay by them, have stoln their Cleaths.

Host. What are the strange Folks up yet that came in Yester Night?

Con. What mine Host, up so early?

Hoft. What Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Constable ?

Mayor.

Mayor. We are come to feek for some suspected Persons, and such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier, and Kate, in Cobham and Lady's Apparel.

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quoth a, ods hat I'll forewear your House; you lodg'd a Fellow and his Wise by us, that ha' run away with our parrel, and left us such Gew-gaws here, come Kate, come to me, thouse dizeard y'saith.

Mayor. Mine Host, know you this Man?

Host. Yes Master Mayors, I'll give my word for him, why Neighbour Club, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this Gew-gaw

stand on my Head.

Con. How came this Man and Woman thus attired?

Host. Here came a Man and Woman hither this last Night, which I did take for substantial People, and lodg'd all in one Chamber by these Folks; methinks have been so bold to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning e'er they rose.

Mayor. That was that Traitor Oldcastle that thus escapt us; make hue and cry after him, keep fast that Traiterous

Rebel his Servant there; farewel, mine Host.

Car. Come Kate Owdham, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

Kate. I'saith neam Club, Ise wor ne'er what to do. Ise be so flouted and so shouted at; and by th' Mess Ise cry. [Exeunt.

Enter Cobham and his Lady disguis'd.

Cob. Come, Madam, happily escap'd, here let us sit, This place is far remote from any Path, And here a while our weary Limbs may rest To take refreshing, free from the pursuit Of envious Rochester.

L. Cob. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet Minds?
There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdained Rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by Night,
Especially on Foot.

Cob. No matter, Love, extremities admit no better choice: And were it not for thee, say froward time

Impos'd a greater Task, I would esteem it As lightly as the Wind that blows upon us;

But

But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt;
Thou wast not wont to have the Earth thy Stool,
Nor the moist dewy Grass thy Pillow, nor
Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you A partner with me, in the worst I feel?

No, gentle Lord, your presence would give ease

To Death it self, should he now seize upon me.

[Here's Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle,

Behold what my forelight hath underta'en

For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,

Yet fawc'd with Hunger, they may feem as fweet

As greater Dainties we were wont to talke.

Cob. Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal Bodies need:
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
Nay under Heav'n, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it bath overflown?
Follows not darkness, when the Day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the Eye of Heaven
Dim'd with o'er-slying Clouds? There's not that Work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
In this one draught I wash my Sorrow down.

L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your chearful Speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor Harpool come,

If he should fall into the Bishop's Hands,

Or not remember where we bad him meet us,

It were the thing of all things else, that now

Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That Power be still his Guide hath guided us. My drowsie Eyes wax heavy; early rising, Together with the travel we have had, Makes me that I could take a nap, Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep, I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that,

My Duty binds me, and your Love commands,

I would I had the skill with tuned Voice

To draw on fleep with fome fweet Melody.

But imperfection and unaptness too

Are both repugnant: Fear inferts the one,

The other Nature hath denied me use.

But what talk I of means, to purchase that

Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,

Hath shut his Eye-lids. O victorious labour,

How soon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Sense?

And now thou likewise climb'st unto my Brain,

Making my heavy Temples stoop to thee,

Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.

Falls asleep.

Enter Sir Richard Lee, and his Men.

Lee. A Murther closely done, and in my Ground?

Search carefully, if any where it were,

This obscure Thicket is the likeliest Place.

Ser. Sir, I found the Body stiff with cold, And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his Body up: Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir, Whom two Years fince I fent to Ireland, To practife there the Discipline of War, And coming home, for fo he wrote to me, Some favage Heart, some bloody devilish Hand, Either in hate, or thirsting for his Coin, Hath here fluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour, A cursed Place, but most inconstant Fate, That hadft referv'd him from the Bullets fire, And fuffer'd him to scape the Wood-kerns fury. Didst here ordain the Treasure of his Life, Even here within the Arms of tender Peace, To be confum'd by Treason's wasteful Hand? And which is most afflicting to my Soul, That this his Death and Murther should be wrought Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done.

2 Ser.

2 Ser. Not so, Sir, I have found the Authors of it, See where they sit, and in their bloody Fists The fatal Instruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Just Judgment of that Power, whose gracious Eye, Loathing the fight of such a heinous Fact, Dazling their Senses with benumming Sleep, 'Till their unhallowed Treachery was known. Awake ye Monsters, Murtherers awake, Tremble for Horror, blush you cannot chuse, Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls.

And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O devilish! can you boast unto your selves
Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts
The guilt of Murther waking, that which cries
Deafs the loud Thunder, and sollicits Heav'n
With more than Mandrakes shrieks for your Offence?

L. Cob. What Murther? You upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
The Body of my Son, by you missione?

Look on his Wounds, look on his Purple hue:
Do we not find you where the Deed was done?

Were not your Knives fast closed in your Hands?

Is not this Cloth an Argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent Blood?

These speaking Characters, were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict you both.

To Hartford with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their Lives shall answer for my Son's lost Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, fo may we speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed. Exeunt. Enter Bishop of Rochester, Constable of St. Albans, with Priest, Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Roch. What intricate Confusion have we here?

Not two hours fince we apprehended one
In Habit Irish, but in Speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in Speech is Irish,
But in Habit English: Yea, and more than so,
The Servant of that Heretick Lord Cobham,
Irish. Fait me be no Servant of de Lort Cobham,

Me be Mack Chans of Ulfter.

Roch. Otherwise call'd Harpool of Kent, go to, Sir, You cannot blind us with your broken Irish.

Prieft. Trust me, faid Bishop, whether Irish or English Harpool or not Harpool, that I leave to the Trial: But fure I am, this Man by Face and Speech, Is he that murder'd young Sir Richard Lee: I met him presently upon the Fact, And that he slew his Master for that Gold, Those Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.

Roch. Well, our Affairs do call us back to London, So that we cannot profecute the Caufe As we defire to do, therefore we leave The Charge with you, to fee they be convey'd To Hartford Size: Both this Counterfeit, And you, Sir John of Wrotham, and your Wench, For you are culpable as well as they, Though not for Murther, yet for Felony. But fince you are the means to bring to light This graceless Murther, ye shall bear with you Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench, To be your Friends in what they lawful may. Exeunt.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

Enter Gaoler, bringing forth Lord Cobham. Gaol. Bring forth the Priloners, fee the Court prepar'd,

The Justices are coming to the Bench: So, let him fland, away and fetch the rest.

Cob. O give me patience to endure this Scourge, Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream, And tho' contempt of Witness, and Reproach Hang on these Iron Gyves, to press my Life As low as Earth, yet strengthen me with Faith, That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in Lady Cobham and Harpools Here comes my Lady, Sorrow 'tis for her. Thy wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee. What and poor Harpool! art thou i'th' Briars too?

Har. I'faith, my Lord, I amin, get out how I can. L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone, And may confer, shall we confess in brief, Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent The Accufation is commenc'd against us?

Cob.

Exita

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet Love, We shall for Heresie be put to Death,
For so they term the Religion we profess.
No, if we dye, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impos'd our Souls are free.

Har. Ay, 2y, my Lord, Harpool is so resolv'd,
I wreak of Death the less in that I die,
Not by the Sentence of that envious Priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heavens please.

Enter Lord Judge, Justices, Mayor of St. Albans, Lord Powis, and his Lady, old Sir Richard Lee: The Judge and Justices take their Places.

Judge. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that You bring with you before us to the Bench?

Mayor. The Lord Powis, if it like your Honour, And this his Lady travelling toward Wales;

Who, for they lodg'd last Night within my House, And my Lord Bishop did lay wait for such, Were very willing to come on with me,

Lest for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lest

Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lord, Will't please you take your Place. Madam, your Ladyship May here, or where you will repose your self, Until this business now in hand be past.

L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other Room, So that your Lordship and the rest be pleas'd. Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd you Pris'ners all this while, And my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend The Noble Cobham, and his virtuous Lady.

L. Pow. I think no less, are they suspected for this Murther? Pow. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon:
Mean time as you pass by them, ask the question,
But do it secretly you be not seen,
And make some sign, that I may know your Mind.

[As she passes over the Stage by them.

L. Pow. My Lord Cobham! Madam?

Cob. No Cobham now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But John of Lancashire, and Joan his Wife.

L. Porvo

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our Names; So, gentle Lady, pass for being spied.

L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear part of your Grief.

Judge. Call the Prisoners to the Bar: Sir Richard Lee, What Evidence can you bring against these People, To prove them guilty of the Murther done?

Lee. This bloody Towel, and these naked Knives, Beside, we found them sitting by the Place, Where the dead Body lay within a Bush.

Judge. What answer you why Law should not proceed? According to this Evidence given in.

To tax ye with the penalty of Death?

Cob. That we are free from Murther's very thought.

And know not how the Gentleman was flain.

I Just. How came this linen-cloth so bloody then?

L. Cob. My Husband hot with travelling, my Lord,

His Nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.

2 Just. But how came your sharp-edg'd Knives unsheath'd? L. Cob. To cut such simple Victual as we had. Judge. Say we admit this answer to those Articles,

What made you in so private a dark Nook, So far remote from any common Path,

As was the Thick where the dead Corps was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from London, from the Term, Down into Lancasbire, where we do dwell; And what with Age, and Travel being faint, We gladly sought a place where we might rest, Free from resort of other Passengers,

And so we stray'd into that secret Corner:

Judge. These are but ambages to drive off time,

And linger Justice from her purpos'd end.

But who are these ?

Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay Judgment, and release those Innocents,

For here is he whose Hand hath done the Deed,

For which they stand indited at the Bar:

This savage Villain, this rude Irish Slave,

His

His Tongue already hath confess'd the Fact, And here is witness to confirm as much.

Priest. Yes, my good Lord, no sooner had he slain His loving Master for the Wealth he had, But I upon the instant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the loss of Blood, With strokes I presently bereav'd him of, Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining, I willingly surrender to the Hands
Of old Sir Richard Lee, as being his;
Beside, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour

With Letters from my Lord of Rochester. [Delivers them. Lee. Is this the Wolf, whose thirsty Throat did drink My dear Son's Blood? art thou the Snake He cherisht, yet with envious piercing sting

Assaild'st him mortally? Wer't not that the Law Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traitor to God, thy Master, and to me,

Traitor to God, thy Master, and to me, These Hands should be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir Richard Lee, you shall have Justice. The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence, And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead, His Body after shall be hang'd in Chains,

Near to the Place where he did act the Murder,

Irish. Prethee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own
Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a Wyth
after my Country the Irish Fashion.

Judge. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir John,

Although by you this Murther came to light: Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd, For you did rob the Irish-man, by which You stand attainted here of Felony: Beside, you have been lewd, and many Years Led a lascivious, unbeseeming life.

Priest. O but, my Lord, Sir John repents, and he will mend. Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour

My Lord of Rochester intreats for you, We are content you shall be proved.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

Judge. These fallly here accused, and brought Vol. VI.

In peril wrongfully, we in like fort do fet at liberty. Lee. And for amends,

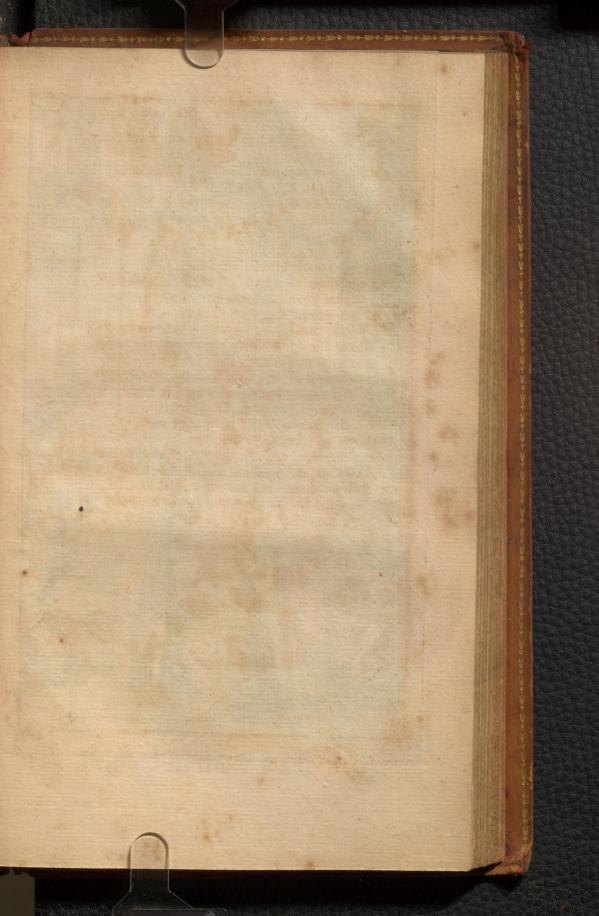
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done, I give these few Crowns.

Judge. Your Kindness merits praise, Sir Richard Lee. So let us hence. Exeunt all but Powis and Cobham.

Pow. But Powis still must stay, There yet remains a part of that true Love, He owes his noble Friend, unsatisfied And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me To gratulate your Lordship's safe Delivery: And then intreat, that fince unlookt for thus We here are met, your Honour would vouchsafe To ride with me to Wales, where though my power, (Though not to quittance those great Benefits I have receiv'd of you) yet both my House, My Purfe, my Servants, and what elfe I have Are all at your Command. Deny me not, I know the Bishop's Hate pursues ye so, As there's no fafety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for it. Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided Of lusty Geldings: and once entred Wales, Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his Face, He never more shall have the Game in Chace.







THE

PURITAN:

OR, THE

WIDOW

over the sector F to vale of the sector

WATLING-STREET.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

CIR Godfrey, Brother in-Law to the Widow Plus. Master Edmond, Son to the Widow Plus. George-Pye-boord, a Scholar and a Citizen. Sir Oliver Muck-hill, a Suiter to the Lady Plus. Sir John Penny-Dub, a Suiter to Moll. Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, a Suiter to Frances. The Sheriff of London. Captain Idle, a Highway-man. Puttock > Two of the Sheriff's Serjeants. Ravenshaw) Dogson, a Toeman. Corporal Oath, a vain-glorious Fellow. Nicholas St. Antlings, \ Serving-men to the Lady Simon St. Mary Overies, Frailty, Peter Skirmish, and old Soldier. And worthood A Nobleman. San Abask and anymous wobill

A Gentleman Citizen.

Lady Plus, a Citizen's Widow.

Frances,
and
ber two Daughters.
Moll,

Officers.



SCENE LONDON.

virtuous, discreet, wife Man, —the was my Brother, acriepts

Both was Year to be beaut HE

as tight



A R Country Brother H. Two to the Widow Plats

PURITAN:

OR, THE

Widow of Watling-street.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in Mourning. The Widow wringing her Hands, and burfting out into Passion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.

WIDOW.

THE

H, that ever I was Born, that ever I was Born!

Sir Gad. Nay, good Sifter, dear Sifter, sweet Sifter, be of good comfort, shew your self a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have lost the dearest Man, I have buried the sweetest Husband that ever lay by Woman. Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet, wise Man,—he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Ee 3

Wid.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him, he

was a Man fo well given to a Woman oh! 199 on 59.

Sir God. Nay, but kind Sister, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our Tears cannot call him again: methinks you are well read, Sister, and know that Death is as common as Hamo, a common name to all Men; — a Man shall be taken when he's making water, — nay, did not the learned Parson, Master Pigman, tell us e'en now, that all Flesh is frail, we are Born to Die, Man has but a time: With such like deep and profound perswasions, as he is a rare Fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are Examples abundance) did not Sir Humphrey Bubble die t'other Day, there's a lusty Widow, why she cry'd not above half an Hour — for shame, for shame: Then sollowed him old Master Fulsome the Usurer, there's a wise Widow, why she cry'd ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with those wicked Women, I had a

Husband out-shin'd 'em all.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i'faith, he out-shin'd 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there and see us all weep, and not once shed a Tear for thy Father's Death? oh thou ungraci-

ous Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weep I'm sure; I am past a Child I hope, to make all my old School-Fellows laugh at me; I should be mockt, so I should; pray let one of my Sisters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her

another time?

Wid. O thou past. Grace thou, out of my sight thou graceless Imp, thou grievest me more than the Death of thy Father: O thou stubborn only Son: hadst thou such an honest Man to thy Father—that would deceive all the World
to get Riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little
Salt-Water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the
right Heir of those Lands, which now you respect not:
up every Morning betwixt four and sive, so duly at Westminster-Hall every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked Absalon—
O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I protest I am glad he's Churched;

for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Franc

Fran. Dear Mother, pray cease, half your Tears suffice, Tis time for you to take truce with your Eyes,

Let me weep now. - neme

Wid. O such a dear Knight, such a sweet Husband have I lost, have I lost! if blessed be the Coarse the Rain

rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

felves, I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without comfort, hear me what I shall say, — my Brother has left you wealthy, you're rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I fay you're rich: you are also fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair, you cannot smother it, Beauty will come to light; nor are your Years fo far enter'd with you, but that you will be fought after, and may very well answer another Husband; the World is full of fine Gallants, choice enow, Sifter, --- for what should we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, lufty fair-brow'd Ladies. Go to, be of good comfort, I fay, leave snobbing and weeping, - yet my Brother was a kind-hearted Man .-I would not have the Elf see me now, ---- come, pluck up a Woman's Heart, ---- here stand your Daughters, who be well Estated, and at maturity will also be inquir'd after with good Husbands, fo all these Tears shall be soon dry'd up, and a better World than ever - what, Woman? you must not weep still; he's dead, he's buried yet I cannot chuse but weep for him.

Wid! Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then !

And that same part of Quire whereon I tread To such intent, O, may it be my Grave:

And that the Priest may turn his Wedding-prayers,

Even with a breath, to Funeral dust and ashes;

O, out of a Million of Millions, I should ne'er find such a Husband; he was unmatchable——unmatchable; nothing was so hot, nor too dear for me, I could not speak of that one thing that I had not, beside, I had Keys of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had Mony in my Purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would: O——my sweet Husband; I shall never have the like.

istup at based Reigl sones a

Sir

Sir. God. Sifter? ne'er fay so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you; that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not.
O may I be the by-word of the World,
The common talk at Table in the Mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of Man.

[Kneels.]

Moll. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never Man as yet hath scal'd, bling E'en in this depth of general Sorrow, yow Never to marry, to sustain such loss, As a dear Husband seems to be, once Dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to fay, of the Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?

Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead. Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, Olet me kiss thee 180%

How like him is their Model; their brief Picture Quickens my Tears: my forrows are renew'd and ad if a At their fresh fight.

Wid Away

Fran. My dear Father? [Exeunt Wid. and Fran. Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the Women that ever buried Husbands; for if from time to time all the Widowers Tears in England had been Botled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-half peny Bottle: alas, a small matter bucks a Handkerchief, and sometimes the Spittle stands too nigh Saint Thomas a Warring's. Well, I can mourn in good sober fort as well as another; but where I spend one Tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty Kisses for a quick Husband.

Sir God, Well, go thy ways, old Sir Godfrer, and thou may'ft be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving Sister-in-

law. How constant? how passionate? how full of April the poor Sonl's Eyes are. Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him. Truth, and 'twere not for shame that the Neighbours at th' next Garden should hear me betwixt Joy and Grief, I should e'en cry out-right.

[Exit Sir Godfrey.]

Edm. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in duft, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the Worms will cut him up shortly: Farewel, old Dad, farewel; I'll be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool, and he will be one, but I'll take another order; -- Now the would have me weep for him forfooth, and why; because he cozen'd the right Heir being a Fool, and bestow'd those Lands on me his Eldest Son; and therefore I must weep for him, ha, ha: why, all the World knows, as long as 'twas his Pleasure to get me, 'twas his Duty to get for me: I know the Law in that point, no Attorney can gull me. Well, my Uncle is an old Ass, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roast my self, I'll be kept under no more, I know what I may do well enough by my Father's Copy: the Law's in mine own Hands now: Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my Mother, I warrant you.

Enter George Pye-boord, and Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that were wont to be as hot as a Turn-spit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as lousie as a School-master; now thou are put to silence like a Sectary,— War sits now like a Justice of Peace, and does nothing; where be your Mustets, Calivers and Hot-shots? in Long-lane, at pawn, at pawn?— Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners,— who are your Sentinels in Peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coughs; only your Chambers are licenst to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give Fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am fure it goes wrong with me, for fince the ceffure of the Wars, I have spent above a hundred Crowns out of Purse: I have been a Soldier

dier any time this forty Years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one Destiny, and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty Mystery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob-nail

is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-foal.

Skir. I will not fay but that War is a Blood-sucker, and so; but in my Conscience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a shot Ancient, no matter, 'twill serve to swear by) in my Conscience, I think some kind of Peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady Sins, (though looking of a gentle Nature) than

a prosest War.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the University, wore out six Gowns there, seen some Fools, and some Scholars, some of the City, and some of the Country, kept Order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good Stomach, and battled with Discretion; at last, having done many slights and tricks to maintain my Wit in use (as my Brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the University, only for stealing a Cheese out of Fesus Colledge.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. O! there was one Welfbman (God forgive him) purfued it hard, and never left, 'till I turn'd my Staff toward London, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hold, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my Wits, to shift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldest Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever fince has my Belly been much beholden to my Brain. But now to return to you, old Skirmish, I say as you say, and for my part wish a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my Wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to ftrengthen your Argument the more, I say an honest War is better than a bawdy Peace. As touching my Profession; the mul-tiplicity of Scholars, hatcht and nourisht in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fishes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has so plaid upon affections, and thereby almost Religion is come about to Phantasie,

and discredited by being too much spoken of — in so many and mean Mouths. I my self being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my Learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my self a Beggar both in Greek and Latin, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nourisher: a great Getter of Children, which must either be Thieves or rich Men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a Penny in his Purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old Skirmish, let this warrant thee, Facilis Descensus Averni, 'tis an easie Journey to a Knave, thou may'st be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other Professions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our Wits thrive in despight of her; for the Law lives by Quarrels, the Courtier by smooth Good-morrows, and every Profession makes it self greater by Impersections, why not we then by Shifts, Wiles, and Forgeries? And seeing our Brains are the only Patrimonies, let's spend with judgment, not like a desperate Son and Heir, but like a sober and discreet Templer,—one that will never march beyond the bounds of his Allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my self will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skir. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caster, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all Eyes, but the Devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, and I could

chuse, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and so by these means we shall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the Age affords Creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and fresh Asses.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pre. My Memory greets me happily with an admirable Subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I faw weeping in her Garden, for the death of her Husband, fure she's but a watrish Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: Device well manag'd may do good upon her : it stands firm, my first practice shall be there.

Skir. You have my Voice, George.

Pye. Sh'as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngest Daughter; - I overheard 'em feverally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old Peter Skirmish, shalt be my second in all flights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, George Pye-Boord, - only you

must teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers passet over the Stage.

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, Peter:

How now! what's he?

Corp

Skir. O George! this fight kills me, Tis my sworn Brother, Captain Idle.

Pye. Captain Idle. 0 900 Skir. Apprehended for some fellonious Act or other, he has started out, has made a Night on't, lackt Silver; I cannot but commend his Resolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either some of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Usurers Doors, to kill the Slaves as they peep out at the Wicket. Allows

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient Enemies; they keep our Mony in their Hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em: but come let's follow after to the Prison, and know the nature of this offence, and what we can flead him in, he shall be sure of; and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable Knave is better than a foothing Puritan.

Exennt.

old, good Corporal Carbs for it you twent Enter at one Door Corporal Oath, and at the other three of the Widow Puritan's Serving-Men, Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty, in black scurvy Mourning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from They meet and eaw that as as I w

Nich. What, Corporal Oath? I am forry we have met with you next our Hearts; you are the Man that we are alold and or hard fore

The Punitan: Or,

forbidden to keep company withal, we must not swear I can

tell you, and you have the name for Swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal Oath, I would you would do so much as forfake us, we cannot abide you, we must not be seen in your Company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but thall be

foundly whipt for fwearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-shooes, Flesh a Good-Fridays; a Hand. vices and their old Peter Sh

All. Oh.

Corp. Why Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, has the De'il possest you, that you swear no better, you Half-Christen'd Katomites, you Un-godmother'd Varlets, does the first Lesson teach you to be Proud, and the second to be Coxcombs; proud Coxcombs; not once to do duty to a Man of Mark.

Frail. A Man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can

shew a Beggar's Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we

know the Breath of Man is weak.

Corporal breathes on Frailty. Frail. Foh, you lye, Nicholas; for here's one strong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him: I warrant, if the Wind stood right, a Man might smell him from the top of Newgate, to the Leads of Ludgate.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow Book of Wax-candle.

Nich. Ay, you may fay what you will, so you swear not-. Corp. I fwear by the-

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal Oath; for if you swear

once, we shall fall down in a Swoon presently.

Corp. I must and will swear: you quivering Coxcombs, my Captain is imprison'd, and by Vulcan's Leather Codpiece point-

Nich. O Simon, what an Oath was there?

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor Man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for Venus allows but one Point to his Hofe.

Corp. With these, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Prison Doors, and brain the Keeper with the Begging-Box, but I'll set my honest sweet Captain Idle at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain Idle? my old Aunt's Son, my dear

Kinfman in Cappadochio;

Corp. Ay, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious outside thou; if thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nich. Assure you, Corporal, indeed-las 'tis the first time

I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, Marmaset; bring forth thy

yearly Wages, let not a Commander perish?

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will—but I have nothing for him, Simon St. Mary-Overies and Frailty, pray make a Lie for me to the Knight, my Master, old Sir Godfrey.

Corp. A Lie? may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lye with our Neighbour's Wife, but we must not swear we did so.

Corp. O, an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, Simon, I have thought upon a found excuse, it will go current, say that I am gone to a Fast.

Sim. To a Fast? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a Fast, say, with Master Full-belly the Minister.

Sim. Master Full-belly? an honest Man: He feeds the

Flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[Exeunt Corporal and Nicholas]

Frail. O I, I have feen him eat a whole Pig, and afterward fall to the Pettitoes. [Exeunt Simon and Frailty.]

The Marshalsea Prison. Enter Captain Idle at one Door, and an old Soldier at the other.

Pye. Pray turn the Key. [Speaking within.

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who should those be, I almost know their Voices?

O my Friends!

You're

You're welcome to a smelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a strange savour?

Pye. As all Prisons have smells of fundry Wretches; Who, though departed, leave their scents behind 'em. By Gold, Captain, I am fincerely forry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, George, I thank thee; but, pifh-

what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lye in for? is't great? what's

your Offence?

Capt. Faith, my Offence is ordinary, _____common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, prophefie not fo ill, it shall go hard,

But I'll shift for thy Life.

Capt. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest George. I'll tell you --- Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers, I had a start out, and by chance fet upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purse had been as pursie as his Body; and the Slave had about him but the poor purchace of ten Groats: Notwithstanding being descryed, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unsetled Soldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their Pipe for word enough a noque

Skir. I am twice forry for you, Captain; first, that your Purchace was so small, and now that your Danger is fo great.

Capt. Push, the worst is but death, -ha' you a

Pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me. If we say Carperas and Nicholass

Captain blows a Pipes

Capte Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive. Pye. Well, I must east about some happy slight:

Work Brain, that ever didft thy Master right.

Corporal and Nicholas within.

Corp. Keeper, let the Key be turn'd.

Nich. Ay, ay, pray, Master Keeper, give's a cast of your Office.

Cape. How now? more Visitants? -what, Corporal Oath?

Pye. Skir. Corporal.

Corp. In Prison, honest Captain? this must not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinsman?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure—farche

Nich. You see, Kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do; I heard you were safe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Capt. This is a double torture now,—this Fool by th' Book doth vex me more than my Imprisonment. What

meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Corp. Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee,

I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain Breath you spend: He supply? I'll sooner expect Mercy from an Usurer when my Bond's forseited, sooner Kindness from a Lawyer when my Mony's spent: nay, sooner Charity from the Devil, than Good from a Puritan. I'll look for Relief from him when Lucifer is restor'd to his Blood, and in Heav'n again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left

Ear burns most tyrannically.

Pye. Captain Idle? what's he there? he looks like a Mon-

key upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Pshaw; a foolish Cousin of mine: I must thank God for him.

'Pye. Why, the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change Clothes with him, and leave him here,

Capt. Push, I publisht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd e'er he do me so much good; why, I know a more proper, a more handsome Device than that, if the Slave would be Sociable, — now Goodman Fleer-face?

Nich. O, my Cousin begins to speak to me now, I shall

be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his Wrinkles.

Pys. Then what say you to this Device, a happy one

Captain?

Capt. Speak low, George; Prison Rats have wider Ears
than those in Malt-lofts.

Nich.

Nich. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they fay, to-do-

Cape. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that; ne'er talk furder on't, the Fool will be hang'd e'er he do't.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopster, and break it to him

bluntly.

Capt. And so my disgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the Slave flaver out our purpose to his Master; for would I were but as fure on't, as I am fure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, Coufin, if any of my

Friendships, as they say, might-frand, ha-

Pye. Why, you see he offers his Friendship foolishly to you already.

Cape. Ay, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it

wifely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Coufin-

Capt. I have took note of thy Fleers agood while, if thou art minded to do me good? as thou gap'it upon me comfortably, and giv'st me charitable Faces; which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are Puritans, wilt soon at Night steal me thy Master's Chain ?

Nich. Oh, I shall fowne!

Pye. Corporal, he starts already!

Capt. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my Life at a Broker's, at fecond hand, which now lyes in pawn to the Law; if this thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Master, why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'it my Life at no Price, and these thy broken and unjointed Offers are but only created in thy Lip, now Born, and now Buried, foolish Breath only: what, woult do't? shall I look for Happiness in thy answer?

Nich. Steal my Master's Chain, quoth he? no, it shall ne'er be said, that Nicholas St. Antlings committed Bird-

limed woods a polyson

Capt. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true Man.

Nich. Why Coulin, you know 'tis written, Thou shalt not Steal.

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Capt.

Capi. Why, and Fool, thou shalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in Extremities.

Nich. Mass I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that,

Cousin?

Capt. Why in the first of Charity, the second Verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quoth a, that's a good Jest,
there's no such Chapter in my Book!

Capt. No, I know 'twas torn out of thy Book, and that

makes it so little in thy Heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a Kinsman i'faith; the Captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be so uncomfortable; sie, sie.

Nich. Pray do not wish me to be hang'd, any thing else that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I must not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou shalt not Steal; and would you wish me to Steal then?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to speak truth; why

wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that, or he shall ha' none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha' dealt with your Kinsman in a Corner; a good ---kindnatur'd Fellow, methinks: Go to, you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleasure; he will nim it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, Couling with

Capt. Well, feeing he will do no more, as far as I fee, I must be contented with that.

Corp. Here's no notable gullery?

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentleman, because we'll have only but a Help and a Mirth on't, the Knight shall not lose his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way some one or two Days.

Nich. Ay, that would be good indeed, Kinsman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better, by the missing on't only, than if we had it out-right, as my Discourse shall make it known to you;— when thou hast the Chain, do but convey it out at a Back-door into the Garden,

Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary Bank, but for a small Season; and by that harmless device, I know how to wind Captain Idle out of Prison, the Knight thy Master shall get his Pardon, and release him, and he satisfie thy Master with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both Hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la;

Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou should'st know, be-

cause thou must be employ'd as an Actor?

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parfon rails against Players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once, as he will be horribly drunk.

Corp. Mass I cannot blame him then,

Poor Church spout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me Audience then; when the old Knight thy Master has rag'd his fill for the loss of the Chain, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in Prison, of such exquisite Art, that the Devil himself is French Lackey to him, and runs bare headed by his Horse-Belly, when he has one; whom he will cause, with most Irish dexterity, to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne'er make Spade or Pick Axe his Instruments; tell him but this, with farther Instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou shewest thy self a Kinsman indeed.

Corp. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honest-Book-keeper.

Capt. And my three times thrice honey Coufin.

Nich. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the Rosemary bank, but I bear that mind, Coufin, I would not steal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good Mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well faid,

He begins to be an honest Fellow, faith.

Corp. In truth he does. all make it known to you --- whi

ods one rook-last a ta mo Ff and the ob sac Nich.

Nich. You see, Cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness, always saving my self harmless. [Exit Nicholas. Capt. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I shall requite

Corp. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou halt

fuch an egregious Ass to thy Cousin.

Capt. Ay, is not that a fine Fool, Corporal? But, George, thou talk'st of Art and Conjuring, How shall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care,
Leave that to me and my Directions;
Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
E'en with the vantage, Man, to gain by Prison,
As my Thoughts prompt me: Hold on brain and plot,
I aim at many cunning far events,
All which I doubt not to hit at length;
I'll to the Widow with a quaint Assault;
Captain, be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more slights, and one will knit strong in another——Corporal Oath.

Corp. Ho! Bully!

Pye. And thou, old Peter Skirmisto, I have a necessary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon George Pye-boord. Corp. What e'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a Quarrel before the Lady Widow's Door, and draw your Swords i'th' edge of the Evening: Clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh!

Let us alone to make our blades ring noon, Though it be after Supper.

Pye. I know you can;

And out of that false Fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief—and, Captain, to countenance my Device the better, and grace my Words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Suit, that I had of a young Reveller t'other Night, for words pass not regarded now a-days, unless they come from a good Suit of Cloaths, which the Fates and my Wits had bestowed upon me. Well, Captain Idle, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve

the Widow of Watling-street. 3201

core of a Prison, for I protest at this instant, I walk in great danger of small Debts. I owe Mony to several Hostesses, and you know such Jills will quickly be upon a Man's Jack.

Capt. True, George.

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporal and Ancient, thou shalt hear more News next time we greet thee.

Corp. More News? Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in Heav'n shalt thou.

Capt. Enough; my Friends, farewel, This Prison shews as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

ACT II.

Enter Moll, youngest Daughter to the Widow, alone.

Moll. NOT marry? forswear Marriage? why all Women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lye with a Man; and I, to spight my Sister's Vow the more, have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine Gallant Knight of the last Feather, he says he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me Mony to Dice withal, and many such pleasing Protestations he sticks upon my Lips: Indeed his short-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time; troth I'll venture upon him; Women are not without ways enough to help themselves: If he prove wise and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an Ass, why in a quarter of an Hour's warning I can transform him into an Oxe;—there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll. Moll. How now? what's the News?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir John Penny Dub.

Moll. Sir John Penny-Dub? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.
Moll. Has my Mother feen him yet?

be feen within twelve

Ff 3

Frail.

Frail. O no, she's--spitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hither softly, good Frailty,
I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll

break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happiness my Mother saw him not.

O welcome, good Sir John.

Dub. I thank you faith—Nay you must stand me 'till I kiss you: 'Tis the Fashion every where i'faith, and I came from Court e'now.

Moll. Nay, the Fates foresend that I should anger the

Fashion?

Dub. Then not forgetting the sweet of new Ceremonies, I first fall back, then recovering my self, make my Honour to your Lip thus; and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pretty and moving, you're worthy

on't, Sir.

O my Mother, my Mother, now she's here,

We'll steal into the Gallery. [Exeum

Sir God. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, do not play the Fool, stand not in your own Light, you have wealthy Offers, large Tendrings, do not withstand your good Fortune; who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small Fool, a rich Knight o'th' City, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, no small fool I can tell you; and surthermore, as I heard late by your Maid-servants, as your Maid-servants will say to me any thing, I thank 'em, both your Daughters are not without Suitors, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, suiter as off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmer's Son, a sine young Country Knight, they call him Sir John Penny-Dub, a good Name marry, he may have it coin'd when he lacks Mony; what Blessings are these, Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not fo old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my Senses, Brother, when you name A Suiter to me,—oh I cannot abide it, I take in Poison when I hear one nam'd.

Enter

Enter Simon.

How now, Simon? where's my Son Edmind?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exercise, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I shall have no rule with him; oh wicked Edmond, I might well compare this with the Prophecy n the Chronicle, though far inferior, as Harry of Monmouth won all, and Harry of Windsor lost all; so Edmond of Bistow that was the Father, got all, and Edmond of London that's his Son now, will spend all.

Sir God. Peace, Sifter, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forfooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at Door would very gladly speak with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his, Troth I should ha' forgot 'em, how now? Villain, which be those Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Penny-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not fee 'em befere you? are not these Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady, We come in way of honourable Love.

Tipst. Dub. We do. Muck. To you.

Tipst. Dub. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gintlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the Tears are scarce out of mine Eyes, not yet wash'd off from my Cheeks, and my dear Husband's Body scarce so cold as the Cossin, what reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be sure to another e'er Morning; pray away, pray take your Answers, good Ff 4 Knights,

Knights, and you be sweet Knights, I have vow'd never to

marry; --- and so have my Daughters too!

Dub. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good Wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewd Answer marry; the best is, 'tis but the first, and he's a blunt Wooer, that will leave for one sharp Answer.

Tipst. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll

give us better Encouragements?

Wid. Indeed they'll answer you so, take't a my word they'll give you the very same answer Verbatim, truly la.

Dub. Mum: Moll's a good Wench still, I know what

she'll do?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves

hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never; and I live these thousand Years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain, look you put off all your Suits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put off all their Suits, quotha? ay, that's the best wooing of a Widow indeed, when a Man's Nonsuted, that

is, when he's a-bed with her.

[Going out Muckhil and Sir Godfrey.

Muck. Sir Godfrey, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet.

[Exit Muckhil.

Sir God. Fear not Sir Oliver Muckbil, I'll stick close for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-boord the Scholar.

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow. Wid. What another Suiter now?

Pye. A Suiter, no, I protest; Lady, if you'd give me your self, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, Sir, then you're the better welcome,

Pye. Nay, Heav'n bless me from a Widow, unless I were fure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntness; well, your Business, Sir? Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

Frail. I should laugh now, if this blunt Fellow should put 'em all beside the Stirrop, and vault into the Saddle himself, I have seen as mad a Trick.

[Exit Frailty.

Enter

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir? — here's none but we Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious Ear, For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. Ay, if't pass unregarded, and uneffected, Else peace and joy; ——I pray Attention.
Widow, I have been a meer Stranger for these Parrs that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain spiritual In-

telligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deserves to be spit upon; I wonder that a Man of sober Tongue, as you seem to be, should have the Folly to believe there's such a

place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold Blood I speak it, I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, 'till the dissolution of the World, 'till the last general Bonsire; when all the Earth shall melt into nothing, and the Seas scald their sinny Labourers; so long is his abidance, unless you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpose of single Life in your self and your eldest Daughter, and the speedy determination of Marriage in your youngest.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has some Devil told

him?

Wid. Strange he should know our Thoughts:—
Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd speedy Marriage?

Pre. You see the rells you are the feel of the self your seeds.

Pye. You see she tells you ay, she says nothing. Nay, give me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your Determinations, which must come to me metaphysically, and by a super-natural Intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Fran. Know our Secrets?

Moll. I'd thought to steal a Marriage, would his Tongue Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honest a dealing Man,

to be now in any Purgatories-

Pye. O do not load your Conscience with untruths, 'Tis but meer folly now to gild'em o'er; That has past but for Copper; Praises here, Cannot unbind him there: consess but truth, I know he got his Wealth with a hard gripe: Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is most strange of all, how knows he that? Pye. He would eat Fools and ignorant Heirs clean up;

And had his drink from many a poor Man's brow,

Even as their labour brew'd it.

He would scrape Riches to him most unjustly; The very dirt between his Nails was ill got,

And not his own, — oh
I groan to speak on't, the thought makes me shudder!

Shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't — Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a Stranger, should so deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A Man that would keep Church so duly; rise early before his Servants, and e'en for Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay Sir Reverence untrust, to Morning Prayer?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon High-days, and when I had great Guefts, would e'en shame me, and rise from the Table, to

get a good Seat at an Afternoon-Sermon.

Pye. There's the Devil, there's the Devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a Man, so 't'ad been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, so 't'ad been near enough to the Preacher. Oh!—a Sermon's a fine short Cloak of an Hour long, and will hide the upper part of a Dissembler.—Church, ay, he seem'd all Church, and his Conscience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this mo T stdnob A More.

Pye. Nor I, Widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with meding and bos grow

Pye.

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't, You may believe my strains, I strike all true.

And if your Conscience would leap up to your Tongue, your self would affirm it, and that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present; a Brother of your Husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry Heaven forefend, Sir Godfrey, my Bro-

ther!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented, —— for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this Day some Blood shed before your Door, whereof the humane Creature dyes, of you two the eldest shall run Mad.

Wid. and Fran. Oh!
Moll. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with most impudent prostitution, show your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me,

And your younger Daughter be strucken Dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the work pain of all for a Woman, I'd rather be Mad, or run Naked, or any thing. Dumb?

Pye. Give Ear: E'er the Evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my Speech shall have past Probation, and then shall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone.

Moll. Dumb? I'll speak as much as ever I can possible be-

fore Evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange Fortunes be prevented by that accident of Death and Blood shedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your Lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek out Husbands with all present speed, and you the third, that have such a desire to out-strip Chastity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in Purgavery, and the punishments that shall follow you in this World. World, would with horror kill the Ear should hear em re-

Wid. Marry? Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And so did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be such an Ass, but to mar-

ry. What a cross Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are reveal'd to me: I would they were to your Tempers, and Fellows with your Bloods; that's all the bitterness I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a just vengeance, for my Husband's hard

purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink your selves, and leave 'em. Wid. I'll to Sir Godfrey, my Brother, and acquaint him with these fearful presages.

Fran. For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do; If any happy iffue crown thy words,

I will reward thy cunning. [Exit Wid. and Fran.

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady, I wish no higher. Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worse;

Neither to speak, nor kiss, a double curse. Exit. Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Forrune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happiness, being in my Hostesses Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine Ear to a hole in the Wall, and heard 'em make these vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my Forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural simplicity which will eafily fwallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former prefage to the Widow, I have advis'd old Peter Skirmish the Soldier, to hurt Corporal Oath upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll rush amongst 'em, and instead of giving the Corporal fome Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his Mouth a Potion of a sleepy Nature, and make him feem as dead; for the which the old Soldier being apprehended, and ready to be born to Execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead Man, upon pain of dying the

frait Why, do you take us to be fast, as he sleet, as he see the fast of a

condemned's death: the Corporal will wake at his Minute, when the fleepy force hath wrought it felf, and so shall I get my self into a most admir'd Opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish Nicholas St. Antlings keep true time with the Chaip, my Plot will be sound, the Captain deliver'd, and my Wits applauded amongst Scholars and Soldiers for ever.

Exit Pye-boord.

Enter Nicholas St. Antlings, with the Chain.
Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Master put it off e'en now, to say on a new Doublet, and I sneakt it away by little and little, most Puritanically! we shall have good sport anon when he has miss'd it, about my Cousin the Conjurcr; the World shall see I'm an honest Man of my word, for now I'm going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Rosemary-branches.

[Exit Nich

A C T. III.

Enter Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty.

Frail. SIrrah, Simon St. Mary-Overies, my Mistress sends away all her Suiters, and puts Fleas in their Ears. Sim. Frailty, she does like an honest, chast, and virtuous Woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, Simon, many Widows will do't, whatsoe'er

comes on't.

Sim. True, Frailty, their filthy Flesh desires a Conjuncti-

on Copulative; what Strangers are within, Frailty?

Frail. There's none, Simon; but Master Pilser the Taylor: he's above with Sir Godfrey, praising of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master Suds the Barber.

Sim. Master Sud's a good Man, he washes the fins of the

Beard clean.

Enter old Skirmish the Soldier.

Skir. How now, Creatures? what's a Clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be Jack at the Clock-House?

Skir.

Skir. I say again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conscience, all worldly Clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conscience? — O, I must break off, here comes the Corporal — hum, hum: — what's a Clock?

Enter Corporal.

Corp. A Clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now, Corporal Oath will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not bawk nor baffle me, dost thou? I am

a Soldier—past seventeen?

I will prove it unto thee, 12 and 1 is thirteen, I hope, 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 fixteen, and 5 feventeen, then past seventeen, I will take the Dial's part in a just Cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Corp. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then: dost thou not know Numbers? canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i'th street?

Draw

Corp. Ay, and in the Market-place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Simon runs in:

Frail. Ay, I knew by their shuffling, Clubs would be Trump: Mass here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs,

Enter Pye-boord.

Capt. O Villain, thou hast open'd a Vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up.

Capt. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, George, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers, should nameline of guid

Pye. Oh, peace now I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.

Offi. Down with 'em, down with em, lay Hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay Hands on me? do ym anied yM hod ric

Pye. I'll not be feen among 'em now. dand .hiv

Capt. I'm hurt, and had more need have Surgeons Lay Hands upon me, than rough Officers,

Offi.

Offi. Go, carry him to be dress'd then: Thus mutinous Soldier shall along with me to Prison.

Skir. To Prison? where's George?

Offi. Away with him.

[Exeunt with Skir.

Pye. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amaz'd Widow Will plant me strongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words:
For the event turns these presages from 'em,
Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
Mingled with admiration: these empty Creatures,
Soldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd
As instruments for me to work upon.
Now to my Patient, here's his Potion

[Exit Pye-boord.

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts!
O lucky fair event! I think our Fortunes
Were blest e'en in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all those shameful violent presages
By this rash bleeding chance: go, Frailty, run, and know

Whether he be yet living, or yet dead, That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the Superior, but if he had no Mony when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time.

Fran. Sure that Man is a rare Fortune-teller, never lookt upon our Hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous Fellow surely.

Moll. I am glad I have the use of my Tongue yet, tho' of nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope shortly. Wid. O where's my Brother Sir Godfrey, I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman spoke in all things.

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have lost my Chain, where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, he'as lost his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me speak, you know I told you that a Cunning man told me, that you should have a loss, and he has Prophesied so true.

Sit

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophesse of the loss of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, besides 'twas my Father's, my Father's Father's, my Grandfather's huge Grandfather's: I had as lief ha lost my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it. O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be against a misfortune, 'tis

happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly Sister, would you had me lost more? my best Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my Holiday Gascoins, and my Jerkin set with Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read _____

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: what Strangers have been here? you let in Strangers, Thieves, and Catch-poles: how comes it gone? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not—feal I hope?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah? the news?

Frail. O, Mistress, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capon's?

Wid. More happiness.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, Knave?

Frail. Your Chain, Sir?

Sir God. My Chain is lost, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alas, Sir, I saw none of your Chain since you were hung with it your self.

Sir God. Out Varlet; it had full three thousand Links, I

have oft told it over at my Prayers:

Over and over, full three thousand Links.

Frail. Had it so, Sir, sure it cannot be lost then; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why if your Chain had so many Links, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion. Now, long Nicholas, where is my Chain?

Nich.

Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir?
Sir God. About my Neck, Varlet? my Chain is lost,
'Tis stoll'n away, I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your self a Man.

Nich. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mistress, I could bring him to a cunning Kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a Sesarara.

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient, say, where dwells

he?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell, and he could chuse, in the Marshalsen, Sir; but he's an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the World o'er, he, and been in the seven and twenty Provinces: why, he would make it be fecht, Sir, if it were rid a thousand Mile out of Town.

Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats t'other Night, as any Man would ha done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Besides a bountiful reward, I'll about it,
But see the Clerks, the Justice will do much;
I will about it straight, good Sister pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my Blood.

Enter Puttock and Rayenshaw, two Serieants, with Faces on

Enter Puttock and Ravenshaw, two Serjeants, with Teoman Dogson, to arrest George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hostess where he lies will trust him no longer, she hath feed me to arrest him; if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the Scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Serjeant Ravenshaw, I have the good Angel to arrest him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant, not for the fake of the Mony so much, as for the hate I bear to a Scholar. Why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate Scholars; natural besides, they will publish our Impersections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scassolds and Stages.

Put. Ay, and spightfully too; troth I have wondred how Vol. VI. Gg the

the Slaves could see into our Breasts so much, when our Doub-

letsare button'd with Pewter.

Rav. Ay, and so close without yielding: oh, they're parlous Fellows, they will search more with their Wits, than a Constable with his Officers.

Put. Whist, whist, Yeoman Dogson, Yeoman

Dog son.

Dog. Ha? what fays Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries Shop still?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rav. The best is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar, he wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no Weapon.

Rav. Mass, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in better Heart: nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be stiff-Necked; I have been one of the six my self, that has dragg'd as tall Men of their Hands, when their Weapons have been gone, as ever Bastinado'd a Serjeant—I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant Puttock, Serjeant Puttock.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out fingle.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a sudden, I ha fish'd in my time.

Rau. Ay, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-boord.

Pye. I parted now from Nicholas: the Chain's couch'd,
And the old Knight has spent his rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongst joys, I'm e'en lost,
For my device can no way now be crost,
And now I must to Prison to the Captain, and there—

Put. I arrest you, Sir.

Pye. Oh I spoke truer than I was aware, I must to

Prison indeed.

Put. They say you're a Scholar, nay Sir—Yeoman Dogson, have care to his Arms—you'll rail against Serjeants, and stage 'em, you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, use me like a Gentleman, - I'm little less.

Puta

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good Jest i'saith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman — when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar; — look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, Accidens inseparabile

to my Blood.

Rav. A rablement, nay, you shall have a bloody rablement

upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman Dogson, before, and enter the Action i'th' Counter. [Exit Dog.

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go Whither you please to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him loose Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whose Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hostesses Suit where you lye, Mistress Cunniburrow, for Bed and Board, the Sum four Pound sive Shillings and sive Pence.

Pye. I know the Sum too true, yet I presum'd Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my Stars: And I must bear it now, though never harder. I swear now, my device is crost indeed. Captain must lye by't: this is Deceit's seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my Garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus [Making to tie his Garter.

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable, I shall ne'er recover of this Disease: hot Iron gnaw their Fists: they have struck a Fever into my Shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again I fear me, 'till with a true Habeas Corpus the Sexton remove me; oh if I take Prison once, I shall be press'd to death with Actions, but not so happy as speedily; perhaps I may be forty Year a pressing 'till I be a thin old Man, that looking through the Grates, Men may look through me; all my Means is consounded, what shall I do? has my Wits served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a train'd Servant) when I have most need of 'em: no Device to keep my poor Carcase from these Put-

yes, happiness, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, Extremity is Touch-stone unto Wit, ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou

art so long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant, I protest, you could never ha took me at a worse time, for now at this instant I have no lawful Picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how shall we come by our Fees then?

Rav. We must have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wish'd i'faith, that you had took me half an Hour hence for your own sake, for I protest if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five Pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this Paper, but now, come, I must be contented, 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my Fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. Ay, well faid Serjeant, 'tis good to cast about for Mony.

Put. Speak, if it be not far

Pye. We are but a little past it, the next Street behind

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievously already, if you'll say you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and spend upon's, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well said still, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will suffice, it shall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a Penny, my Hostess shall have her four Pound five Shillings, and bate me the five Pence, and the other fifteen Shillings I'll spend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

[Exennt with him; passing in, they knock at the Door with a Knocker withinside.

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here, pray is the Gentleman your Master within?

Sero

the Widow of Watling-street. 3217

Ser. Yes, is your bufiness to him?

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he fees me:

I ray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, please you to walk here in the Gallery 'till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his Worship, — Worship I think, for so much the Posts at his Door should signifie, and the far coming in, and the Wicket, else I neither knew him nor his Worship, but 'tis happiness he is within Doors, whatsoe'er he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this House, is't not most wholsomely plotted?

Rav. Troth Prisoner, an exceeding fine House.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me, for he ne'er knew me: No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Master.

A pretty comfortable Room this methinks: You have no fuch Rooms in Prison now?

Put. Oh, Dog-holes to'c.

hope to have my Chamber here shortly, nay, and Dyet too, for he's the most free-heartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and study, and make Verses?

Int. O, it stands pleasantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Iye. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Mass here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; — All happiness to you. Worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Mass, it seems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gint. I have the thing here for you, Sir.

Pje. I befeech you, conceal me, Sir, I'm undone else,—
I have the Mask here for you, Sir, Look you, Sir, — I befeech your Worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extrams make me bolder than I would be; I am a poor Gendeman, and a Scholar, and now most unfortunately G g 3 fall's

fall'n into the hands of unmerciful Officers, arrefted for Debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I'm destitute of Lands, Mony, and Friends, so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the Prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with Fees and Extortions be pinch'd clean to the Bone: Now, if ever pity had interest in the Blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my Extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at last it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this Paper, and to blear their unletter'd Eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in'r, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your Door, Sir, which my thoughts shew'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon Understanding, and Pity: may it please your good Worship then but to uphold my Device, which is to let one of your Men put me out at a Back-door, and I shall be bound to your Worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device, he fays; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and

especially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my Life: good Wit, brave Wit, finely wrought, come in, Sir, and receive your Mony, Sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worship,-

You heard how he lik'd it now?

Pur, Puh, we know he could not chuse but like it : go thy ways, thou art a fine witty Fellow i'faith, thou shalt Discourse it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye.

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will, — look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty Toys, be doing in the mean time, I shall quickly have told out the Mony, you know.

Put. Go, go, little Villain, fetch thy chink, I begin to

love thee, I'll be drunk to Night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part of Of my Salvation, in these earthly evils,

For he has fav'd me from three hungry Devils. [Exit Pye. Put. Sirrah Serjeant, these Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet, methinks they're too bufie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they say all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the Counter in the Poultry.

Rav. I think fo: how could you find it? for you know

it stands behind the Houses.

Dog. Mass, that's true, then we must look o'th' back-side for't: 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you

know there's a company of bare Fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd so much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I should love these Maps out a cry now, if we could see Men peep out of Door in 'em, oh, we might have 'em in a Morning to our Breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our Heels to the ground a whole Day for 'em.

Rav. Ay marry Sir, I'd buy one my felf.

But this talk is by the way, where shall's Sup to Night:

Five Pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.

I have a trick worth all, you two shall bear him to th' Tavern, whilst I go close with his Hostess, and work out of her, I know she would be glad of the Sum, to singer Mony; because she knows 'tis but a desperate Debr, and full of hazard: what will you say if I bring it to pass, that the Hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other safty Shillings, Bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou should'st be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for

ever.

Rav. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't

Gg4

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more Mony, he stays fo

long.

Put. He tarrys long indeed, may be, I can tell you, upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll fearch him.

Put. Nay, be fure of it, we'll fearch him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh, here comes the Gentleman, --- By your leave, Sir. Gent. God you god den Sirs, — would you speak with me?

Put. No, not with your Worship, Sir; only we are bold to stay for a Friend of ours that went in with your Worship.

Gent. Who? not the Scholar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your Worship.

Gent. Did he make you stay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can affure you he's gone above an Hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gent. I paid him his Mony, and my Man told me he went out at Back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our Prisoner, Sir, we did arrest him.

Gent. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers-

you were to blame then,

Why did not you make known to me as much; I could have kept him for you, I protest, He receiv'd all of me in Britain Gold, Of the last Coyning.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't. Put. 'Sfoot has he gull'd us fo?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup, Simon, now, eat Porridge for a Month.

Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worship,—you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard Fortunes to miss the Purchase, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Rau. The Hole shall rot him.

Dog. Amen. Gent. So,

[Exeunt.

Vex

Vex out your Lungs without Doors, I am proud, It was my hap to help him, it fell fit, He went not empty neither for his Wit:
Alas, poor Wretch, I could not blame his Brain, To labour his Delivery, to be free, From their unpitying fangs,—I'm glad it stood Within my power to do a Scholar good.

Enter in the Prison, meeting, Pye-boord and Captain, Pye-boord coming in mussled.

Capt. How now, who's that? what are you? Pye. The same that I should be, Captain.

Capt. Geore Pye-boord, honest George? why cam'st thou in half fac'd, muffled so?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we should ne'er ha' laugh'd again, never spent frolick Hour again.

Capt. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with News As happy as thy quick Delivery, Was trac'd out by the scent, arrested, Captain.

Capt. Arrested, George?

Pye. Arrested; guess, guess, how many Dogs do you think I'd upon me?

Capt. Dogs? I fay, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as George Stone the Bear: Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How didst thou shake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is busie, and calls upon our Wits, let it suffice,

Here I stand safe, and scap'd by Miracle:
Some other Hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep
Our Eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
Leans to thy Happiness, for e'er the Day
Be spent to th' Girdle, thou shalt be free:
The Corporal's in's first sleep, the Chain is miss'd,
Thy Kinsman has exprest thee, and the old Knight
With Palsey-hams now labours thy release.
What rests, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain.

Capt. Conjure? 'sfoot, George, you know, the Devil a

conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'd not have thee do so much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring;

look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready charactered and all.

Cap. 'Sfoot, George, art in thy right Wits, dost know what thou sayst? why dost talk to a Captain a conjuring? didst thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy Life? dost call't a Circle? 'tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a lesser Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fool knows that, Captain; nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll stay and hang the

next Selfions you may.

Capt. No, by my Faith, George, come, come, let's to

conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be released, as my Wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put Crowns in your Purse, to make you a Man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Soldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, which is truly the only best purchace Peace can allow you, safer than High-ways, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better Booty; for your greatest Thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wise, and cheat within Doors; and we geld Fools of more Mony in one Night, than your false-tail'd Gelding will purchase in a Twelve-Months running, which confirms the old Beldams saying, He's wisest, that keeps himself warmest, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Capt. Well opened i'faith, George, thou hast pull'd that

faying out of the Husk.

Pye. Captain Idle, 'tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here suddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Capt. 'Sfoot, George, I know not what to fay to't, con-

jure? I shall be hang'd e'er I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne'er conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous Matter, fure, first to spread your Circle upon the Ground, then with a little conjuring Ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-man's Wand silver'd o'er a purpose for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge Word, and a great Trample, as for instance have you never seen a stalking, stamping

stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with his Tongue, and Thunder with his Heels?

Capt. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like such a one? for any thing will blear the old Knight's Eyes; for you must note, that He'll ne'er dare to venture into the Room, only perhaps peep searfully through the Key-hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I shall but shame my self i'saith, George, speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all; nay I'll tell thee, George, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative Laughter, that if the Devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his Face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a Man, and may easily be hush'd, as to think upon some disaster, some sad Missortune, as the Death of thy Father i'th' Country.

Capt. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into fuch an ecstasie, that I should ne'er lin laughing else.

Pye, Why then think upon going to hanging.

Cape. Mass that's well remembered, now I'll do well, I warrant thee, ne'er fear me now; but how shall I do, George, for boisterous Words, and horrible Names?

Pye. Puh, any fustian Invocations, Captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecary's Shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Capt. Troth, and you say true, George, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-salvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin? but here lyes the fear on't, how if in this salse Conjuration, a true Devil should pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne'er such a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as false a Knave as our last Church-warden.

Cape. Then he's false enough a Conscience is faith

George.

The Cry at Marshalsea. Enter Sir Godfrey, Mr. Edmond. and Nicholas.

Cry Prisoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, send your relief:

Good Gentlemen over the way, Good, Sir Godfrey?

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Mafter, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin-Kinsman, that's my Master yonder i'th Taffaty Hat-pray falute him intirely.

They salute; and Pye-boord salutes Master Edmond.

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your Name, Sir? Edm. My Name is Malter Edmond.

Pye. Mafter Edmond, - are you not a Welshman, Sir?

Edm. A Welfoman? why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christen Name, and Edmond your Sir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home, Malter Ed-

mond Plus is my full Name at length.

Whispering. Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir? Capt. I understand that you are my Kinsman's good Mafter, and in regard of that, the best of my Skill is at your Service; but had you fortun'd a meer Stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the Man; both by reason of the Act of Parliament against Conjurers and Witches, as also, because I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and com-

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be fure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my Sister's House, --- mine own House I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, Sir, --- what may I call your loss, Sir? Sir God. O you may call't a great Loss, a grievous Los, Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I say it, that wore it; how fay'st thou, Nicholas?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kiniman, you

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt.

Capt. Trust a Fool with secrets?—Sir, he may say I know; his meaning is, because my Art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all Things—

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Capt. A pox of all Fools—the excuse stuck upon my Tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariner's Gown, not to come off in haste—ber-lady, Knight, to lose such a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul Loss; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between Heav'n and Earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjurer,— O I, 'tis between Heav'n and Earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,—I know 'tis somewhere about the Earth.

Capt. Ay, nigher the Earth than thou wot'ft on.

Sir God. For first, my Chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into Heav'n, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Master, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou fay'ft true, Nicholas, but he has put off

that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the Power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain again.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will cost me much sweat, I were better go to sixteen Hot-houses.

Sir God. Ay, good Man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great Vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Cousin, because you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools still; indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it will, it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had been twice spoil'd now; that Captain's worse than accurst that has an As to his Kinsman, 'sfoot, I fear he will drivel't out before I come to't.—Now, Sir,—to come to the point indeed,—you see I stick here in the jaw of the Marshalfea, and cannot do't.

Sir

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou wouldst fay thou'rt a Prisoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Capt. How, none? why is not this the Marshalfea?
Sir God. Will't hear me speak? I heard of thy rare Con-

My Chain was lost, I sweat for thy Release, As thou shalt do the like at home for me: Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this Man free?

Keep. Yes, at his Pleasure, Sir, the Fees discharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll discharge them, I.

Sir God. Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a Bounty, for at the first sight of my Chain again, forty

five Angels shall appear unto thee.

Cape. 'Twill be a glorious show, i'faith, Knight, a very fine show; but are all these of your own House? are you sure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay; no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray Heav'n he give him good Counfel. Capt. Who, he? he's a rare Friend of mine, an admirable

Fellow, Knight, the finest Fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Sifter, and foretold the loss of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my Fortune to lose it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my Sister's the Widow's, there you prophesied of the loss of a Chain:—simply, though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rarest Fellow, has told me my Fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't? God send it a good one.

Edm.

the Widow of Watling-street. 3227

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, Nuncle; for he says I shall prove such an excellent Gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humor so pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't; will the Curse of the Beggar prevail so much, that the Son shall consume that foolishly, which the Father got craftily; ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, stay, stay.

[Pye-boord with an Almanack, and the Captain.

Capt. Turn over, George.

Pye, June, July; here, July, that's the Month, Sunday

thirteen, Yesterday fourteen, to Day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteenth Day,—if within the compass of these two Days there would be some boisterous Storm or other, it would be the best, I'd defer him off 'till then; some Tempest, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth Day, --- hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would t'ad been, hot and foul.

Pye. The fixteenth Day, that's to morrow; the Morning for the most part, fair and pleasant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll conjure to morrow just at high-noon, George.

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give

thee leave to lye all the Year after.

Capt. Sir, I must crave your Patience, to bestow this Day upon me, that I may furnish my self strongly,—I sent a Spirit into Lancashire tother Day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this Evening—to morrow Morning, my Friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

Sir God. O, you shall be most welcome.

Capt. And about noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our House to morrow, Sir?

Capt. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! Nicholas, we shall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Capt. Law, he could ha told him of that, Fool, Cox-

comb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earn some Mony of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you setch any that is lost?

Capt. Oh, any thing that's loft.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjurer; I should marry a Pothecary's Daughter, and 'twas told me, she lost her Maiden-head at Stony-Straiford: Now if you'll do but so much as Conjure for't, and make all whole again—

Capt. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Capt. A little merry with your Sister's Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a simple young Man, very simple; come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine 'till to morrow Break-fast.

Tip. Capt. Troth, agreed, Sir. Nich. Kinsman—Scholar,

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nich. Am I indeed, la; I thank you heartily, la. [Exe.

ACT IV.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-Dub.

But I hope you will not ferve a Knight fo, Gentlewoman, will you? to casheer him, and cash him off at your Pleasure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my Faith, Lady's Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir John Penny-Dub, let it be defer'd a-whiles
I have a Heart to marry as you can have; but as the For-

tune-teller told me.

Dub. Pax o'th' Fortune-teller, would Derrick had been his Fortune seven Year ago, to cross my Love thus; did he know

the Widow of Watling-street. 3229

know what case I was in? why this is able to make a Man drown himself in's Father's Fish-Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir John, that

the Breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Dub. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his Heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Physicians enow there to cast his Water, is that any Matter to us? how can he hinder our Love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? --- Well, have I rid Post Day and Night, to bring you merry News of my Father's Death, and now ---

Moll. Thy Father's Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Dub. As dead as his Barn-Door, Moll.

Moll. And you'll keep your Word with me now, Sir John, that I shall have my Coach and my Coachman?

Dub. Ay faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Feathers to draw it?

Dub. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come trashing after't.

Dub. Thou shalt, Moll.

Moll. And to let me have Mony in my Purse to go whither I will.

Dub. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the Maids o'th' Kitchen. [Exit.

Enter Widow, Frances and Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir Godfrey? went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfast, with Sir Reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare Fellow, Mistress, very strongly made upward, for he goes in a Buss-Jerkin; he says he will fetch Sir Godfrey's Chain again, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What! he will not? then he's an exlent Fellow I warrant; how happy were that Woman to be bleft with fuch a Husband, a Man cunning? how do's he look, Frailty? very fwartly I warrant, with black Beard, fcorche Cheeks, and smoaky Eye-brows.

Vol. VI. Hh Frail.

Frail. Foh he's neither smoak-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to see to as one of us; I do think, but if you saw him once, you'd take him to be a Christian.

Fran. So fair, and yet so cunning, that's to be wondred

at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaffe.

Muck. Bless you, sweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Mistress. [Exit Frailty. Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen? Fie, did

I not give you your Answers?

Muck. Sweet Lady ?

Wid. Well, I will not slick with you for a Kifs;

Daughter, kiss the Gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes Forsooth.

Tip. I'm proud of fuch a Favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir Oliver, you're much too blame to come again when you know my Mind so well delivered —— as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther Comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again? how say you? did I not?

Muck. But the fincere Love which my Heart bears to

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off: and Sir Oliver to put you in Comfort, afar off, my Fortune is read me, I must marry again.

Muck. O blest Fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chuse; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haste? [In her Ear. Tip. Faith, Mistress Frances, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society

of Ladies poor Kinswomen of mine in Cloth of Silver, befide you shall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Muskat, and your Pis, Pis, Pis.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid.

the Widow of Watling-street. 323 I

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how shall I do to be rid of these Knights, --- please you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i'th' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our Hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd.

Sir God. within.] Step in, Nicholas, look, is the Coalt clear ?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjurer; now ---how like you our Room, Sir ?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-boord, Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, simply though it lies here, 'tis the fairest Room in my Mother's House, as dainty a room to Conjure in, methinks, - why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in t; my Father has had twenty in't at once !

Pye. What, Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthiest Men he

could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your Chats now, fall to your Bufiness roundly, the Fescue of the Dial is upon the Chriscross of Noon; but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o'er my Stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the Matter, Sir ?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil should prove a Knave and tear the Hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, Sir Godfrey.

Edm. Ay, Nunkle, or spit Fire upo'th' Sealing.

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin Plaistered, and 'twill quickly take hold a' the Laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the Boards.

Cap. My Life for yours, Sir Godfrey.

Sir God. My Sifter is very curious and dainty o'er this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit i'th' Chimney.

Pye. Why, affure you, Sir Godfrey, he shall not be brought up with so little Manners, to spit and spawl a'th' floor. Hh 2

Sir God. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I, ____ fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next room, and because we'll be fure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the Door with some of the Godlies Zealous Works.

Edm. That will be a fine Device, Nuncle; and because the ground shall be as holy as the Deor, I'll tear two or three Rosaries in pieces, and strew the Pieces about the Chamber; Oh! the Devil already. [Runs in. Thunders.

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, speak somewhat for shame; it Lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray Peace, George, ____ thou'lt make me

laugh anon, and spoil all. Pye. Oh, now it begins again; now, now, now! Captain. Cap. Rhumbos-ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hoiseen admirable

Sir God. through the Key-hole, within.] Oh admirable Conjurer! has fetcht Thunder already. Test fow was played

Pye. Hark, hark, again Captain.

Cap. Benjamino, gaspois-kay-gosgothoteron-umbrois. Sir God. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no Conscience to put a Man to such Pain.

Pye. Again. Cap. Flowste kak opumpos-dragone-leleomenos-hodge podge.

Pye. Well faid, Captain.

Sir God. So long a coming? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me these roaring Tempests will destroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my Corn oh, i'th' Country.

Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounstow, hockley te

coome park. Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempest's i'th' Garden, fure there's fome Conjuration abroad.

Sir God. "Tis at home, Sifter. Il all all all will

Pye. By and by I'll step in, Captain.

Cap. Nunck Nunck Rip-Gascoines, Ips, Drip Dropites Sir God. He drips and drops, poor Man; alas, alas, Pye. Now, I come.

Cap. O Sulphure Sootface.

Pye. Arch-Conjurer, what would'st thou with me?

Sir

Sir God. O, the Devil, Sister, i'th' Dining Chamber; fing, Sister, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly.

[Goes in.

Pye. So, fo, fo; I'll release thee; enough Captain, e-nough; allow us some time to laugh a little, they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were in their Kidneys.

Cap. Sirrah George, how was't, how was't? did I do't

well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better than any Conjurer, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well, you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Cap. I must needs say so, George, Sirrah if we could ha' convey'd hither cleanly a Cracker, or a Fire-wheel, t'ad

been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain? I protest, George, my Heels are sorer than

a Whison Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now, — only to reveal that the Chain's i'th' Garden, where, thou know'st, it has lain these two Days.

Cap. But I fear, that Fox Nicholas has reveal'd it al-

ready.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you must put to it th' venture now: Nay it time, call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I believe some of 'em are in a pitiful Case by this time.

Cap. Sir Godfrey, Nicholas, Kinsman, - 'sfoot

they're fast at it still; George, Sir Godfrey?

Sir God. Oh, is that the Devil's Voice? how comes he to know my Name?

Cap. Fear not, Sir Godfrey, all's quieted.

Sir God. What, is he laid ?

Cap. Laid; and has newly dropt

Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir God. I'th Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir God. O fweet Conjurer! whereabouts there? Cap. Look well about a Bank of Rosemary.

Hh 3

Sir

Sir God. Sifter, the Rosemary-bank, come, come; there's my Chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run. Edm. Captain Conjurer?

[Supposeth to go. [Edm. at key-hole.

Cap. Who? Master Edmond?

Edm. Ay, Master Edmond; may I come in safely withour Danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at fust;

Pye. Faith, Master Edmond, 'tis but your Conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, who do you think I cannot smell his Savour, from another; yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a Fear, i'faith; a my Troth I shall love you for this the longest Day of my Life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you fee

more.

Edm. Mass, now remember, I'll look whether he has

findged the Hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come; make him believe, you'll charm him invisible, he's apt to admire any thing, you see, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare Fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Master Edmond, you know but the least part of me yet; why now at this Instant I could flourish my Wand thrice o'er your Head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk invisible Man? I should laugh at that i'faith; troth I'll requite your

Kindness; an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master Edmond Plus, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are invisible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Cap.

the Widow of Watling-street. 3235

Cap. You see the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go toward him, do what you will with him, he shall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you so, I'll try that i'faith --- [Justles him.

Pye. Hoe now Captain? who's that justled me ?

Cap. Justled you? I saw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha, - fay 'twas a Spirit.

Cap. Shall I? — may be some Spirit that haunt the Circle.

Pye. O my Nose, agen, pray conjure then, Captain,

[Pulls him by the Nose.

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any Knavery now and never be feen, ---- and now I remember me, Sir Godfrey my Uncle abus'd me t'other day, and told Tales of me to my Mother — Troth now I'm invifible, I'll hit him a round whirrit a'th'ear, when he comes out a'th'garden, ---- I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frances, Nicholas

with the Chain.

Sir God. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again. [Edmond frikes him.

O fweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer. O, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Uncle, Son? Edm. Why, Captain, am I not invisible?

Cap. A good jest, George, ___ not now you are not, Sir, Why did not you see me, when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my troth, Captain;

Then pray you pardon me, Uncle, I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? go, --- you're a foolish Boy, And were I not o'ercome with greater Joy,

I'd make you taste Correction.

Edm. Correction, push - no, neither you nor my

Mother, shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you, O my sweet Chain, gladness e'en makes me giddy, rare Man; 'twas just i'th' Rosemary-bank, as if one should ha laid it there, — O cunning, eunning!

Hh4

Wid.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Mistress, Gentlemen, there's the bravest Sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave Sight?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to Hanging.

Wid. A rueful Sight.

Pye. 'Stoot, Captain, I'll pawn my Life the Corporal's Coffin'd, and old Skirmish the Soldier going to Execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a lit-le longer, sleepy Potion, and we shall have exlent Admiration; for I'll take upon me the Cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, the Soldier bound, and led by Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. O here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the Soldier, prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable feeing, these were those Brothers,

that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What, they were not, Sister? Skir. George, look to't, I'll peach at Tiburn else.

Pye. Mum — Gentles all, vouchsafe me Audience, and you especially, Master Sheriff:

You Man is bound to Execution,

Because he wounded this that now lyes cofin'd.

Sher. True, true, he shall have the Law, ---- and I know the Law.

Pye But under Favour, Master Sheriff, if this Man had been cur'd and safe again, he should have been releas'd then?

Shee Why, make you Question of that, Sir? Why

Pye. Then I release him freely, and will take upon me the Death that he should die, if within a little Scason I do not cure him to his proper Health again.

Sher

the Widow of Watling-street. 3237

Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead Man?

That were most strange of all. [Frances comes to him. Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours,—O do not undertake such an impos-

fible venture.

Pye. Love you me? then for your sweet sake I'll do't: Let me entreat the Corps to be set down.

Sher. Bearers, set down the Coffin, this is wonderful.

and worthy Stow's Chronicle.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedom of the Air upon our wholfome Art, — Mass his Cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: Nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer Sleep than you, — 'sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a Property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have the Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O—he stirs—he stirs again—look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he starts, he rises.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us out, alas.

Pye. Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else,—he knows no Body yet.

Corp. Zowns; where am I? cover'd with Snow? I

marvel ?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would Swear the first thing he did, as soon as he came to Life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot, Hostes-some hot Porridge, oh, ho, lay

on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and send him into your Kitchen Fire.

Wid. O, with all my Heart, Sir Nicholas and Frailty, help

to bear him in.

Nich. Bear him in, quotha, pray call in the Maids, I shall ne'er have the Heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost, of all Men.

Corp. 'Sloud, let me see, where was I drunk last Night?

to his proper thealth' again.

Wid.

Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his Brain----or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly.

[Exeunt, pushing in the Corps.

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire

you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest Men within the Walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I discharge

you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a Banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late Prisoner there: See you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, no more Words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your Noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost i'th' white Sheet sit at upper end o'th' Table.

Sher. Exlent, merry Man, i'faith. [Exit.

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoin'd to love, and marry, My foolish Yow thus I casheer to Air Which first begot it,—now, Love, play thy part; The Scholar reads his Lecture in my Heart. [Exempt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter in haste Master Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. THIS is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Sifter.

Frail. O me, Master Edmond, we shall have rare doings. Edm. Nay go, Frailty, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at Saint Antlings, hie thee, 'tis past five, bid them open the Church-door, my Sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, Master Edmond?

Edm. Nay, go hie thee, first run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Master Pigman the Parson, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home again.

Frail.

the Widow of Watling-street. 3239

Frail. Here's run, run, run

Edm. But hark, Frailty. Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the Maids remembred to strew the way to the Church.

Frail. Foh, an hour ago I help'd 'em my felf.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then. Exit Frailty. Edm. I shall have a simple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our Street: Captain Idle, now my Lady Mother will be ficted for a delicate Name, my Lady Idle, my Lady Idle, the finest Name that can be for a Woman, and then the Scholar, Master Pye-boord for my Sister Frances, that will be Mistress Frances Pye-boord, Mistress Frances Pye-boord, they'll keep a good Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights Noses are put out of joint, they may go to a Bone-setters now.

Enter Captain, and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my sweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O how bravely they are shot up in one Night, they look like fine Britains now methinks, here's a gallant change i'faith; 'slid, they have hir'd Men and all by the Clock.

Capt. Master Edmond, kind, honest, dainty Master Ed-

mona.

Edm. Foh, sweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume i'faith.

Pye. What, are the Brides stirring? may we steal upon 'em,

think'st thou, Master Edmond?

Edm. Faw, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you; for they were at their Torch e'en now, by the same token I tumbled down the Stairs.

Pye. Alas, poor Master Edmond.

Enter Musicians.

Capt. O, the Musicians! I prethee, Master Edmond, call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, and Moll above lacing of her Cloaths.

Dub. Whewh, Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll.

Moll. Who's there ?

Dub. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir John Penny-Dub? O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer?

Dub. Prethee, Moll, let me come up.

Moll. No by my Faith, Sir John, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Dub. I'll not stay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you shall stay; for, Sir John, you must note the nature of the Climates: Your Northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out 'till she be fifteen, but if she touch the South once, and come up to London, here the Chimes go presently after twelve.

Dub. O thou'rt a mad Wench, Moll, but I prethee make

hafte, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of such Villany in our own Country, in my Life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impossible, dare you maintain your

Words?

Skir. Dare we? e'en to their wezen Pipes; we know all their Plots, they cannot squander with us, they have knavishly abus'd us, made only Properties on's to advance their selves upon our Shoulders, but they shall rue their Abuses,

this Morning they are to be married.

Muck. Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much beforted on Slights and Forgeries, the Revelation of their Villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last Night to an Honourable Personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me, and therefore presume upon the payment of his Tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me, and

and to speak Truth, for such needful Occasions, I only preferve him in Bond, and sometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free Word of his Mouth, than if he had paid one half in Hand, and took Doomsday for tother.

Tip. In troth, Sir, without foothing be it spoken, you

have publish'd much Judgment in these few Words.

Muck. For you know, what such a Man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpose, and therefore into his Mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their Forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if she'll be true.

Enter a Servant.

Muck, How now, Fellow.

Ser. May it please you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early; You see he loves me well; up before Heaven, Trust me, I have found him Night-capt at eleven: There's good hope yet; come, I'll relate all to him.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar. After them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow chang'd in Apparel, Miftress Frances led between two Knights: Sir John Penny-Dub and Moll; there meets them a Nobleman, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your Honour is most chastly welcome. Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to slatter you; upon whom can I justly cast this Blot, but upon your own Forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, such is the blind besotting in the state of an unheaded Woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a Handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of Credit, State, and Posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only love you to undo you; and regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one Man amongst ten thousand Millions of Men, that is accurst, disastrous,

and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all Societies esteem least, that Man is sure to be a Husband—Such is the peevish Moon that rules your Bloods. An impudent Fellow best woes you, a flattering Lip best wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish Truth from Forgeries, Mists from Simplicity; witness those two deceitful Monsters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Cap. 'Sfoot; who was blab'd, George? that foolish Nicholas.

Nob. For what they have befotted your easie Blood withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir Godfrey heard the falshood of all; nothing but meer Knavery, Deceit and Couzenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Husband with all his Craft, could not keep himself out of Pur-

gatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain should be

gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred most of all, that I should be tied from Marriage, having such a mind to't; come Sir John Penny-Dub, fair Weather on our side, the Moon has chang'd since Yesternight.

Pye. The sting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in those Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their so sudden Advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Base Soldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that false, which too

foon you believ'd true?

Wid. O, to my strame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

Nob. Resolve him of that, Soldier,

Skir

the Widow of Watling-street. 3243

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir ?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: For the Chain was but hid in the Rosemary-bank all this while, and thou gotst him out of Prison to Conjure for it, who did it admirably sustainly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: Pure Nicholas Saint Antlings.

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society,
Deem'd always Holy, Pure, Religious:
A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard?
Sooner we'll kill a Man, than Steal, thou know'ft.
Out Slave, I'll rend my Lion from thy Back—
With mine own Hands.

Nich. Dear Master, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.

And now, Widow, being so near the Church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a Husband: Draw near, you of true Worship, State and Credit: That should not stand so far off from a Widow, and suffer forged Shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true Title of a Captain, or blotthe sair margent of a Scholar, for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, bestow your Eyes and your purest Affections, upon Men of Estimation, both in Court and City, that have long woed you, and both with their Hearts and Wealth sincerely love you.

Sir God. Good Sifter, do: Sweet little Frank these are Men of Reputation, you shall be welcome at Court; a great Cre-

dit for a Citizen, sweet Sister.

Nob. Come, her filence does consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they defire no other.

Wid.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your Loves.

Muck. 'Tis eafily pardon'd, Lady,

If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul. Fran. And I, with all my Heart.

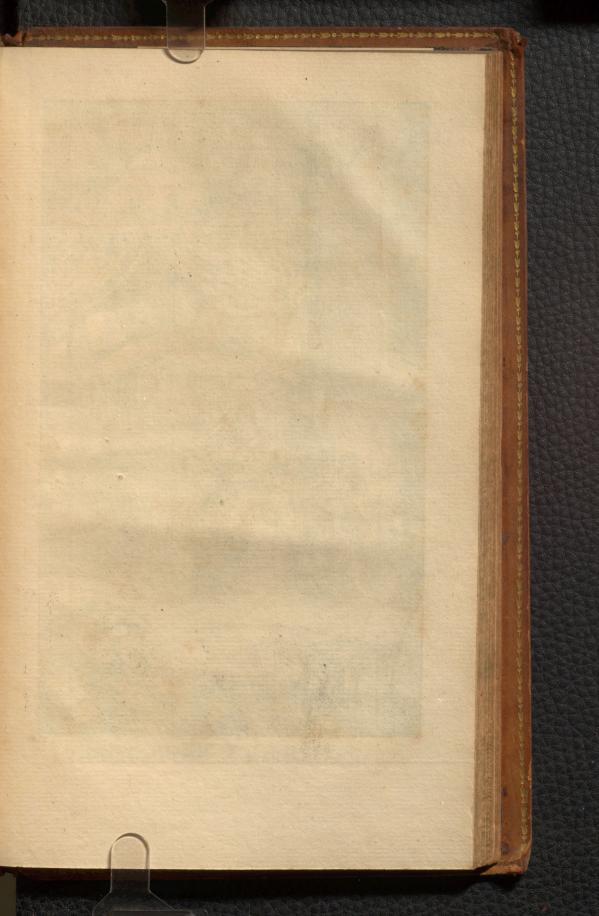
Moll. And I, Sir John, with Soul, Heart, Lights and all.

Sir God. They are all mine, Moll. Nob. Now Lady:

What honest Spirit, but will applaud your choice, And gladly furnish you with Hand and Voice: A happy change, which makes e'en Heav'n rejoice. Come, enter in your Joys, you shall not want, For Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me, But that you shall have Hands enough to give me.

Exeunt omnels







A

YORKSHIRE

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Husband.

Master of a College.

Knight, a Justice of Peace.

Oliver,

Ralph, Serving-men.

Pois ted in the Hreat a 1709.

Alote irches for Newser

Samuel,

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

A little Boy.

State of the properties of the desired for the state of t

natis Aferlonse

Yorkshire Tragedy.

ACTI. SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, and Ralph, two Serving-men.

OLIVER.



Irrah Ralph, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate Humour for the long Absence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fal-

lings, viz. Mad Wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Mass thou sayest true, 'tis common indeed, but Sirrah, is neither our young Master return'd, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan Bawd fays. 'Slid I hear Sam, Sam's come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Nose itches for News.

Oliv. And so doth mine Elbow.
Sam calls within. Where are you there?

Vol. VI.

Ti 2

Enter

Enter Sam, furnish'd with things from London.

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horse with Discretion,
I have rid him simply, I warrant his Skin sticks to his
Back with very Heat, if he should catch cold and get the
Cough of the Lungs, I were well served, were I not? What

Ralph and Oliver?

Amb. Honest Fellow Sam, welcome i'faith, what Tricks

hast thou brought from London ?

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest Fashion, three Hats, and two Glasses bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyers upon my Breast, a Cap-case by my side, a Brush at my back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou may'st set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with less I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man e'er he dyes; but what's the News

from London, Sam?

Ralph. Ay, that's well faid, what is the News from London, Sirrah? My young Mistress keeps such a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool she, ay, the more ninny-ham-

Oliv. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that 'till now? Why, he's Married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you must note, that any Woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for the bearsthe Blows. I aled a A

Oliv. Sirrah, Sam, I wou'd not for two Years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left. Hand of her Wit, and ne'er he her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed; why, he has consum'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in wax for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener, puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

session double brevery ob akool at visit at Sam, to

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll, and Children Bastards, as naturally as can be --- But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches; I quite forgot my two poking Sticks, these came from London, now any thing is good here that comes from London.

Oliv. Ay, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i'saith, have not we as good poking Sticks i'th' Country as need to be put i'th' Fire, the Mind of a thing is all, and as thou saidst even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But Ralph, is our Beer sowre this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds Countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be Drunk in, I learn'd it at London last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest Humour, 'twould do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it Knighting in London, when they drink upon their Knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order.

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away. My Husband never ceases in expence, Both to consume his Credit and his House. And 'tis set down by Heav'ns just Decree, and and more That Riot's Child must needs be Beggary, and sandar group pas Are these the Virtues that his Youth did promise? Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels, Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill befeeming The antient Honour of his House and Name; Washington And this not all, but that which kills me most, When he recounts his Losses and false Fortunes, The weakness of his State so much dejected, Not as a Man repentant, but half mad, His Fortunes cannot answer his Expence: 314 Dady 3 Day 3 Day He fits and fullenly locks up his Arms, Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes

Ii 3

Him

Him appear so dreadful, that he frights my Heart; Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth; Not penitent for those his Sins are past, But vext his Mony cannot make them last: A fearful Melancholy, ungodly Sorrow. Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of Ills I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak, And do my best to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Pox of the last throw, it made Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight. I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have for fook me; Nay, 'tis certainly true; for he that has no Coin, Is damn'd in this World; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Huf. Oh! most punishment of all, I have a Wife. Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your Soul, Tell me the Caule of this your Discontent.

Hus. A Vengeance strip thee Naked, thou art Cause, Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. [Exit.

Wife. Bad turn'd to worle?

Both beggary of the Soul and of the Body, And so much unlike himself at first,

As if some vexed Spirit had got his form upon him. Enter Husband again.

He comes again,

He fays I am the Ciuse; I never yet Spoke less than Words of Duty and of Love.

Hus. If Marriage be Honourable, then Cuckolds are Honourable, for they cannot be made without Marriage. Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars? Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot live but upo'th' Fool, for he will have no Land to maintain him; that Mortgage fits like a snaffle upon mine Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.

My second Son must be a Promoter, and my third a Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander. John on Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what base uses doth it put a Man.

I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd; and bak He bears himself more proudly, it had not been not

Has more Care on his Credit.

Bale

Base, slavish, abject, filthy Poverty.

Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beseech you, Shew me the true Cause of your Discontent.

Hus. Mony, Mony, Mony, and thou must supply me.
Wife. Alas, I am the least Cause of your Discontent.

Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Use to your own Desire; but I beseech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods,
Though I my self be out of your Respect,
Think on the State of these three lovely Boys
You have been Father too.

Hus. Puh, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks,

begor in tricks.

Wife. Heav'n knows how those Words wrong me, But I'll endure these Griess among a thousand more: Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd, Your self wound into Debts, your hopeful Brother At the University into Bonds for you, Like to be seiz'd upon. And

Hus. Ha' done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for Fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou thy Words
Shall kill my Pleasure? Fall off to thy Friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in Humour; Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your Company; curb'd in?
Shall it be said in all Societies,
That I broke Custom? that I slag'd in Mony?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my State was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Hus. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest,

[He spurns her.]

And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in Bed, 'till thou confent,
Thy Dowry shall be sold to give new Life
Unto those Pleasures which I most affect.

Mife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me, And what the Law shall give me leave to do, You shall command,

Hull las mose Care on Will edit

Hus. Look it be done, shall I want Dust, And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,

Holds his Hands in his Pockets,

But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?

Oh much against my Blood, let it be done,

I was never made to be a looker on;

A Bawd to Dice; I'll shake the Drabs my self, And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall.

Hus. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very Hour I chose a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble, three Children like three E-vils hang upon me, sie, sie, strumpet and Bastards, Strumpet and Bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

Your self to stain the Honour of your Wise, [Tongue? Nobly descended; those whom Men call mad, Endanger others, but he's more than mad That wounds himself, whose own Words Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 Gent. Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 Gent. Let honest Kindness sway so much with you. Hus. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu, I am glad to see you, farewel Instructions, Admonitions.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirrah? what would you?

Ser. Only to certific you, Sir, that my Mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to London by her Honourable Uncle, your Worship's late Guardian.

Hust. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be, But let her look the thing be done she wots of, Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at home.

Exit Servant.

Enter a Gentleman. A tobach sell

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike,

Gent.

Gent. Strike thine own Follics, for it is they
Deferve to be well beaten; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish,
An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit
Lie now both fick of a Consumption,
I am forry for thee; that Man spends with shame,
That with his Riches doth consume his Name;
And such art thou.

Hus. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.

Thy Fathers and Fore-fathers worthy Honours,
Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.

The Spring time of thy Youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful Summer to thy Friends,
It scarce can enter into Mens Beliefs,
Such Dearths should hang on thee, we that see it,
Are sorry to believe it; in thy change,
This Voice into all places will be hurl'd:
Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the World.

Hus. I'll not endure thee.

Hus. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,

Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a Strumpet.

Thou art her Champion thou, her private Friend, The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought,

I am past my patient Blood, shall I stand idle And see my Reputation touch'd to death?

Hus. This has gal'd you, has it? Gent. No Monster, I prove

My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love.

Hus. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base Spirit, to lay thy hate upon

The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[They fight, and the Husband is hurt.

Hus. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet ?

Hus. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do.

[Fight again. Hus.

Huf. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me? Gent. No, plain and right.

He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.

Husband falls down.

Hus. Hard Fortune, am I level'd with the Ground?

Gent. Now, Sir, you lye at Mercy. Hus. Ay, you Slave.

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our Grave. You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your Life, I am forrier for your Wound, than you your felf: You're of a virtuous House, shew virtuous Deeds, 'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Folly bleeds. Much good has been expected in your Life, Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife, Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful Shame On her and your Posterity; let only Sin be fore, And by this fall, rise never to fall more.

And so I leave you.

Hus. Has the Dog left me then, After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart Would fain leap after him, Revenge I fay, I'm mad to be reveng'd, my Strumpet Wife, It is thy quarrel that rips thus my Flesh, And makes my Breast spit Blood, but thou shalt bleed; Vanquish'd? got down? unable e'en to speak? Surely 'tis want of Mony makes Men weak, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down elfe. Exit.

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving-man. Ser. Faith, Mistress, it it may not be Presumption In me to tell you fo, for his Excuse

You had small Reason, knowing his Abuse.

Wife. I grant I had, but alas, Why should our Faults at home be spread abroad? 'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at first Sight Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life As perfectly, as if his serious Eye Had numbred all his Follies: Knew of his moregag'd Lands, his friends in Bonds, Himself withered with Debt; and in that minute Had I added his Usage and Unkindness, Twould have confounded every thought of Good:

Where

Exit.

Where now, fathering his Riots in his Youth,
Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
Guessing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some Office
And Place at Court: A good and sure Relief
To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new League between us, and redeem
His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the Devil himself kept open House in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me, I

think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone. [Exit. Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands,

And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands; Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind, I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind. Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Now, are you come? where's the Mony? Let's see the Mony, is the Rubbish sold? those Wise-akers your Lands, why then, the Mony, where is it? pour it down down with it, down with it: I say pour't on the Ground, let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope My Words shall like you well, I bring you better Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.

Hus. Ha, what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchfafe me hearing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and mild U-fage (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your declining Fortunes, provided a place for you art Court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoyed me—

Hus. Out on thee, filth, over and overjoyed,
When I'm in Torment
Thou politick Whore, subtiller than nine Devils, was
this thy Journey to Nunck, to set down the History of
me, my State and Fortunes?
Shall

Shall I, that dedicated my felf to Pleasure, be now confined in Service to crouch, and stand like an old Man i'th' Hams, my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my Head i'th' Church, base Slut, this fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife. Oh, Heav'n knows,

That my Complaints were Praises, and best Words, Of you, and your Estate; only my Friends Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were possess Of every Accident before I came. If you suspect it but a Plot in me, To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good, Or my poor Childrens (tho' it suits a Mother To shew a natural care in their Reliefs) Yet I'll forget my self to calm your Blood, Consume it, as your Pleasure counsels you, And all I wish, e'en Clemency affords, Give me but pleasant Looks, and modest Words.

Hus. Mony, Whore, Mony, or I'll .-- [Draws his Dagger.

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil? how now? thy hafty News?

Ser. May it please you, Sir.

Hus. What, may I not look upon my Dagger? Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: Quick, short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the University stays below to speak with you.

Hus. From the University? so, University,

That long Word runs through me.

a have cless some

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset? Had not this News step'd in between, the point Had offered Violence unto my Breast. That which some Women call great Misery, Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen Among my Miseries: I may compare For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are, Nothing will please him, until all be nothing. He calls it Slavery to be preferr'd, A place of Credit, a base Servitude. What shall become of me, and my poor Children? Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars, I see how Ruin with a palsie Hand

Begins

Anlwer

THE

Exit.

Begins to shake the ancient Seat to dust: The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids Over my darkish Eyes: I can scarce see; Thus Grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me,

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College.

Hus. Please you draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Hus. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the

Purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whose Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Prisoner, all his Studies amaz'd, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his Youth muffled in these dark Clouds of Oppression.

Hus. Hum, hum, hum.

Mast. O you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our University, wherefore without Repentance and Amends, expect ponderous and sudden Judgments to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thousand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careless courses cast into Prison, which you must answer for, and assure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Hus. O God, oh.

Mast. Wife Men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even those whom Honesty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any thing that makes Man perfect, 'till you redeem him: What is your Answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate Misery, or better hopes? I suffer 'till I hear your Answer.

Has. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Master. I never had Sense 'till now; your Syllables have cleft me,

both

both for your Words and Pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs.

Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Hus. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother, Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. Abruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore, 'Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Hus. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wisht it better for your sake,
I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Now, Sir, if you please, to spend but a few Minutes in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall here attend you? I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleased, And the World's murmurs calm'd, and I should say,

I fet forth then upon a lucky Day. Hus. O thou confused Man, thy pleasant Sins have undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee. That Heav'h should say we must not Sin, and yet made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure, which being found, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? O would Virtue had been forbidden, we should then have prov'd all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are forbidden, what Man would have been forbidden, what Man would have been fool to a Beaft, and zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the Mire; what is there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three thousand Acres into the compals of a little round Table, and with the Gentleman's Palsie in the Hand shake out his Posterity, Thieves, or Beggars? 'Tis done, I have don't i'faith: Terrible, horrible Mifery, -how well was I left, very well; very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Generations, Generations, down goes the

the House of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous; in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable besides my self, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wise's sighing, my three Boys penury, and mine own Consuston.

[He tears his Hair.

Why fit my Hairs upon my cursed Head?
Will not this Poison scatter them? oh my Brother's In Execution among Devils that stretch him: And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,
But in my Heart her several Torments dwell,
Slavery and Misery. Who in this case
Would not take up Mony upon his Soul?
Pawn his Salvation, live at Interest:
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well, I cannot feourge my Top as long as you stand so: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.

Hus. Up Sir, for here thou hast no Inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy.

Hus. Thou shalt be my red Boy, take that. [Strikes him.

Son. Oh you hurt me, Father.

Hus. My eldest Beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an U-furer Bread, to cry at a great Man's Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to Brain you.

Son. How shall I learn now my Head's broke?

Hus. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [Stabs him. Be not thy Name's Disgrace:

Spurn thou thy Fortune's first, if they be base:

Come view thy second Brother: Fates,

My Childrens Blood shall spin into your Faces,

You shall see,
How confidently we scorn Beggary. [Exit with his Son.
Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her

asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother sleep, It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.—
Hush, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,
'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient Honour won,
Hard when the Father plays away the Son:
Nothing but misery serves in this House,
Ruin and Desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the Boy bleeding.

Hus. Whore, give me that Boy.

[He strives with her for the Child.

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.

Hus. Are you Gossipping, prating sturdy Quean,
I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,
Down Stairs; tumble, tumble, headlong.

He throws her down.

So, the furest way to charm a Woman's Tongue, Is break her Neck, a Politician did it.

Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.
[His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngest Child.

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my Children,

Both, both; bloody, bloody.

Hus. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.

Wife. Oh my sweet Husband.

Hus. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?

Hus. Give me the Bastard.
Wife. Your own sweet Boy.

Hus. There are too many Beggars.

Wife. Good my Husband.

Hus. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

[Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets it from her.

Hus. Have at his Heart. Wife. Oh my dear Boy.

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy House.

Wife. Oh Heav'n. [She is hurt, and finks down.

Hus. And perish, now be gone,

There's

There's Whores enough, and want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. Oh Sir, what Deeds are thefe?

Hus. Base Slave, my Vassal,

Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir.

Hus. Hold me? Prefumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Hus. Tug at thy Master? Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Huf. Have I no Power? shall my Slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the Devil wrastles, I am thrown.

Husband overcomes him.

Hus. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee, Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him; So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

My Horse stands ready sadled, away, away,
Now to my Brat at Nurse, my sucking Beggar;
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

[The Master meets him.

Mast. How is't with you Sir, methinks you look of a distracted Colour.

Hus. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,
Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you,
I want one small part to make up the Sum;
And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.

[Exennt.

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up my self, He has so bruis'd me with his devillish weight, And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur, A Man before of easie Constitution, 'Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong, Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.

Mast. A deadly greeting; hath he summ'd up these
To satisfie his Brother? here's another,
And by the bleeding Insants, the dead Mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mast. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life, Vol. VI.

One

One of his Men all faint and bloodied.

1 Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took Horse to kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly. Mast. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge To raise the Town upon him.

Exeunt Master and Servants.

1 Ser. Good Sir follow him. Wife. Oh my Children.

I Ser. How is it, my most efflicted Mistress?
Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?
To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes.
A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

I Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischiess Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him, We struggled, but a souler Strength than his O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me, And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair, Like a Man mad in Execution, Made me unsit to rise and sollow him.

Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all Grace? And stole away Humanity from his Breast, To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife, And spoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accurred Place,

A Surgeon waits within.
Wife. Willing to leave it;

'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, inuocent Blood, Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands, And will not out as long as the House stands.

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.

Hus. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,

The fifty Difeases stop thee:

Oh, I am forely bruis'd, Plague founder thee, Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, Heart of chance, To throw me now, within a slight o'th' Town, In such plain even Ground, 'Ssoot, a Man may Dice upon it, and throw away the Meadows, ah silthy Beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Hus. Ha! I hear founds of Men, like Hue and Cry; Up, up, and struggle to my Horse, make on, Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done.

Cry within. Here, this way, this way.

Hus. At my Back? oh,

What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go, My Will is bated, Beggary claims a part, Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.

Enter Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with Halberds.

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Mast. Unnatural, slinty, more than barbarous,
The Scythians in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless Deeds
In their relentless Natures, than these of thine:
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction for thy Prison'd Brother?

Hus. He can have no more of us than our Skins,

And some of them want but fleaing.

I Gent. Great Sins have made him impudent.

Mast. He's shed so much Blood, that he cannot blush.

2 Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices;

A Gentleman of Worship dwells at hand, There shall his Deeds be blazed.

Hus. Why all the better,

My glory 'tis to have my Action known, I grieve for nothing, but I mis'd of one.

Mast. There's little of a Father in that Grief:

Bear him away. [Exeunts

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his Wife, murder'd his Children?

Knight. I am forry I e'er knew him.

That ever he took Life and natural Being From such an honour'd Stock, and fair Descent,

'Till this black minute without Stain or Blemish.

I Gent. Here come the Men.

Enter the Master of the College, and the rest, with the Prisoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his House: I'm sorry for this time, that I am in place of Justice.

Mast. Please you, Sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much, Would it had ne'er been thought on.

Sir, I bleed for you.

I Gent. Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me: What made you shew such monstrous Cruelty?

Hus. In a word, Sir,

I have confum'd all, plaid away long Acre,

And I thought it the charitablest Deed I could do

To cozen Beggary, and knock my House o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think, but in To-morrow's Judgment,
The Terror will st closer to your Soul

The Terror will fit closer to your Soul,

When the dread Thought of Death remembers you; To further which, take this fad Voice from me,

Never was act plaid more unnaturally.

Hus. I thank you, Sir,

Knight. Go lead him to the Tayl.

Where Justice claims all, there must Pity fail.

Hus. Come, come, away with me. [Exit Prisoner.

Maft. Sir, you deserve the Worship of your place,

Would all did so; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my Wish it should be so;

Ruinous Man; the Defolation of his House, The blot upon his Predecessor's honour'd Name:

That Man is nearest shame, that is past shame. [Exit. Enter Husband with the Officers, the Master and Gentlemen,

as going by his House.

Hus. I am right against my House, Seat of my Ancestors; I hear my Wise's alive, but much endangered; let me intreat to speak with her before the Prison gripe me.

Enter his Wife brought in a Chair.

Gent. See here she comes of her self.

Wife. O my fweet Husband, my dear distressed Husband, now in the Hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greatest Sorrow, my extreamest Bleeding;

Now my Soul bleeds.

Hus. How now? kind to me?

Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead ?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breast feel, Unkindness strikes a deeper Wound than Steel.

You

You have been still unkind to me.

Hus. Faith, and so I think I have;
I did my Murders roughly out of hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from
Me, departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails.
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented:
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed Angels,
In that bottomless Pit, let him not rise
To make Men act unnatural Tragedies,
To spread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioners,
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?

For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.

Wife. O my repentant Husband!

Hus. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd

For death I die, and for this I have long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not, be assim'd, for these Faults

Die, if the Law could forgive as soon as I.

Children laid out.

Hus. What Sight is yonder?
Wife. O our two bleeding Boys

Laid forth upon the Threshold.

Hus. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-string crack.

O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,

Then should you see the penitent Glasses melt,
And both your Murders shoot upon my Cheeks.

But you are playing in the Angels Laps,

And will not look on me,

Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.

O that I might my wishes now attain,

I should then wish you living were again; Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,

O'twas the Enemy my Eyes so blear'd.

O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,

That will unto my End repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other Sorrows,

And leave part with this.

Off. Come, will you go?

Kk 3

Hus.

3266 A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Hus. I'll kiss the Blood I spilt, and then I'll go,
My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be so.
Farewel, dear Wise, now thou and I must part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my Heart.

Wife. O stay, thou shalt not go.

Has. That's but in vain, you see it must be so.

Farewel ye bloody Ashes of my Boys,

My Punishments are their eternal Joys.

Let every Father look well into his Deeds,

And then their Heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

Wife. More wretched am I now in this diffress.
Than former Sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,

You have a Boy at Nurse, your Joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life:
Heavingive my Body strength, which is yet faint
With much expense of Blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.

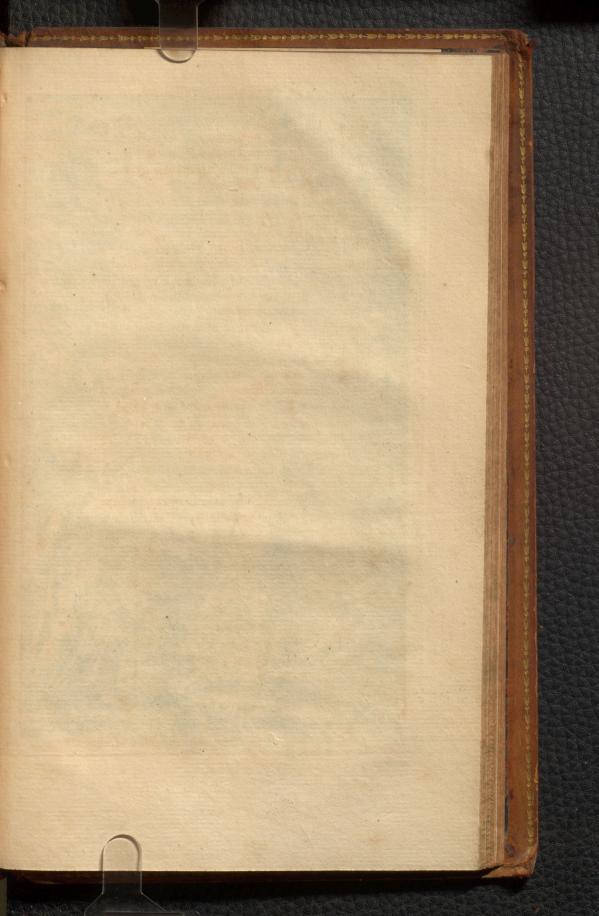
Mast. Was it in Man to wound so kind a Creature?

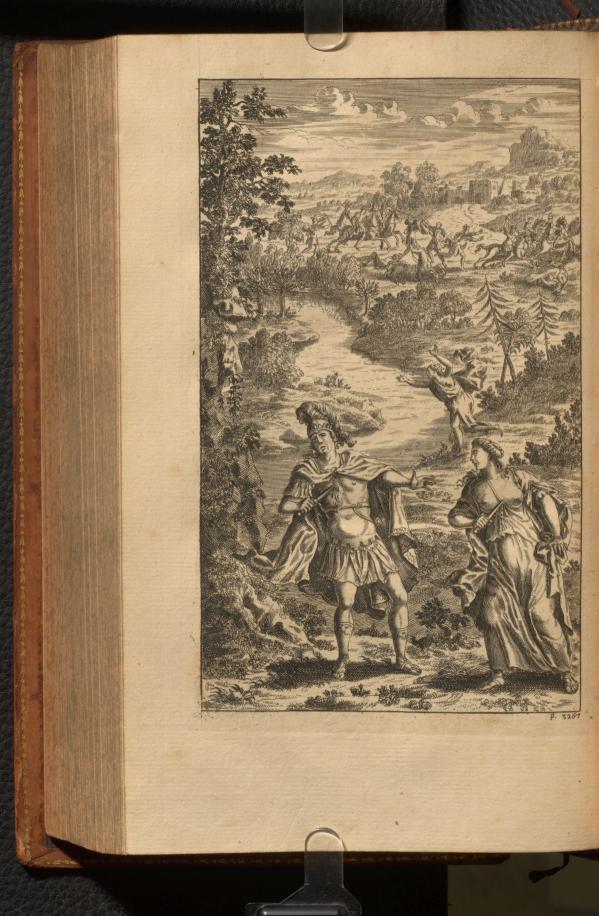
I'll ever praise a Woman for thy sake,
I must return with grief, my answer's set,
I shall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt.

Two Brothers; the one in Bond lyes overthrown,
This on a deadlier Execution.

[Exeunt omness.







THE

TRAGEDY

OF

IOCRINE,

Humber, Kore of H. T.

ELDEST SON

OF

KING BRUTUS.

CONTROL OF CONTROL OF

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Rutus, King of Britain. Locrine, bis Sons. Camber. Albanact, Corineius, Brothers to Brutus. Affarachus, Thrasimachus, Corineius his Son. Debon, an old Officer. Humber, King of the Scythians. Hubba, his Son. Thrassier, a Seythian Commander, Strumbo, Trumpart, Clowns. Oliver, ente Arc. with Thunder and William,

Guendeline, Corineius bis Daughter, married to Locrine.

Estrild, Humber's Wife.

Ate, the Goddess of Revenge.

Ghosts of Albanact, and Corincius.

THE



TRAGEDY

OF

IOCRINE.

ACT I SCENE I.

Dumb Shew.

Entir Ate, with Thunder and Lightning, all in biack, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bioody Sword in the other Hand; and prefently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain Ace.

ATE.



In panam sectatur & Umbra.

Mighty Lion, Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Proportion,
Withhideous noise scaring the trembling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the Earth,
Traverst the Groves, and chac'd the wandring
Beasts:

Long did he range among the shady Trees, And drave the filly Beasts before his Face;

When

The Tragedy of Locrine. 3270

When fuddenly from out a thorny Bush A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent, Wounded the Lion with a dismal Shaft, So he him strook, that it drew forth the blood, And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire; But all in vain he threatneth Teeth and Paws, And sparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes, For the sharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound; So valiant Brute, the terror of the World, Whose only looks did scare his Enemies, The Archer Death brought to his latest end. O what may long abide above this Ground, In State of Bliss and healthful Happiness !

Exit.

SCENE

Enter Brutus carried in a Chair, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendeline, Assaracus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Bru. Most loyal Lords, and faithful Followers, That have with me, unworthy General, Passed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean, Leaving the Confines of fair Italy, Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end, And I must leave you, though against my Will; My Sinews shrunk, my number'd Senses fail, A chilling cold poffeffeth all my Bones, Black ugly Death with Visage pale and wan, Presents himself before my dazled Eyes, And with his Dart prepared is to strike : These Arms, my Lords, these never daunted Arms, That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes, And eke di may'd my Neighbour's Arrogance, Now yield to Death, o'erlaid with crooked Age, Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force; Even as the lufty Cedar worn with Years, That far abroad her dainty Odour throws, 'Mongst all the Daughters of proud Lebanon, This Heart, my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart, That was a Terror to the bordering Lands, and the bash A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,

Now

Now by the Weapons of unpartial Death
Is clove as funder, and bereft of Life,
As when the facred Oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Airs celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, since God will have it so.

Affar. Alas my Lord, we forrow at your Case,
And greive to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,

But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul,
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with Icarus too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young Bellerophon.
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly mould,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous moan,

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories, How many Trophies I erected have Triumphantly in every place we came. The Grecian Monarch, warlike Pandrassus, And all the Crew of the Molossians: Goffarius the arm-strong King of Gauls, Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms, And to their Cost beheld our Chivalrie: Where-e'er Aurora, handmaid of the Sun, Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day, Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light, Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World, The Trojans Glory flies with golden Wings, Wings that do foar beyond fell envious flight, The fame of Brutus and his followers Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne Of mighty Fove, Commander of the World. Then, worthy Brutus, leave these sad Laments, Comfort your self with this your great Renown, And fear not Death, though he seem terrible.

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Bru. Nay, Corineius, you mistake my Mind.
In construing wrong the Cause of my Complaints;
I fear'd not t' yield my self to fatal Death,
God knows it was the least of all my Thoughts,
A greater Care torments my very Bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it.
And in your Lordings doth the Substance lye.

Thra. Most Noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
Accomplish may, to ease your lingring Grief,
I, in the name of all, protest to you,
That we would boldly enterprise the same,
Were it to enter to black Tartarus,
Where triple Cerberus with his venomous Throat,
Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding Noise,
We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
Searching the entrails of the brutish Earth,
Or with his Ixions overdaring soon,
Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.

Bru. Then harken to your Soveraign's latest Words, In which I will unto you all unfold, Our Royal Mind and resolute Intent. When golden Hebe, Daughter to great Jove, Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down, Th'unhappy Slaughter of my luckless Sire, Drove me and old Affarachus mine Eame, As Exiles from the Bounds of Italy, So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly To Grecians Monarch, noble Pandrassus, There I alone did undertake your Cause, There I restor'd your antique Liberty, Though Grecia frown'd, and all Molossia storm'd, Though brave Antigonus, with martial Band, In pitched Field encountred me and mine, Though Pandrassus and his Contributaries, With all the rout of their Confederates, Sought to deface our glorious Memory, And wipe the Name of Trojans from the Earth; Him did I captivate with this mine Arm, And by Compulsion forc'd him to agree To certain Articles, which there we did propound. From Grecia through the boifterous Hellespont, and the Dangers of their

es of the Family,

We came into the Fields of Lestrigon, Whereat our Brother Corineius was; Which when we passed the Cicilian Gulf. And so transfretting the Illician Sea, Arrived on the Coasts of Aguitain; Where with an Army of his barbarous Gauls Goffarius and his Brocher Gathelus Encountring with our Hoft, sustain'd the Foil, And for your fakes my Turnus there I loft; Turnus that flew fix hundred Men at Arms, All in an Hour, with his sharp Battle-Axe, From thence upon the stronds of Albion To Corus Haven happily we came, And quell'd the Giants, come of Albion's Race, With Gogmagog, Son to Samotheus, The curfed Captain of that damned Crew. And in that Isle at length I placed you. Now let me see, if my laborious Toils, If a'l my Care, if all my grievous Wounds, If all my Diligence were well employ'd. Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave King, I hazarded my Life and dearest Blood, To purchase Favour at your Princely Hands, And for the same in dangerous Attempts, In fundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils, I shew'd the Courage of my manly Mind; For this I combated with Gathelus, The Brother to Goffarius of Gaul; For this I fought with furious Gogmagog, A favage Captain of a favage Crew; And for these Deeds brave Cornwall I receiv'd, A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King; And for this Gift, this Life and dearest Blood Will Corineius spend for Brutus good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd to you.

The same will Debon do unto his end.

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
And resolute to sollow Brutus Hests,
Favour my Sons, savor those Orphans, Lords,
And shield them from the Dangers of their Foes,
Locrine, the Column of my Family,

And

The Tragedy of Locrine. 3274

And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age: Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire, dian and y And take thy latest Blessings at his Hands: And, for thou art the eldest of my Sons, Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren, And imitate thy aged Father's steps, Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate : For if thou follow facred Virtues lore, Thou shalt be crowned with a Laurel Branch, And wear a Wreath of sempiternal Fame, Sorted amongst the Glorious happy ones.

Loc. If Locrine do not follow your Advice, And bear himself in all things like a Prince That feeks to amplifie the great Renown, Lest unto him for an Inheritance, By those that were his Ancestors, Let me be flung into the Ocean, And swallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth. Or let the ruddy Lightning of great Jove, Descend upon this my devoted Head.

Brutus taking Guendeline by the Hand.

Leaving the Column of my Esmily,

Bru. But for I fee you all to be in doubt, Who shall be matched with our Royal Son, Locrine, receive this Present at my Hand; A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines Found in the Bowels of America. Thou shalt be spoused to fair Guendeline: Love her, and take her, for the is thine own, If so thy Uncle and her self do please.

Cor. And herein how your Highness honours me, It cannot now be in my Speech exprest; For careful Parents glory not fo much At their Honour and Promotion, As for to see the issue of their Blood Seated in Honour and Prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts To contradict her aged Father's Will. Therefore fince he to whom I must obey, Hath giv'n me now unto your royal felf, I will not stand aloof from off the lure, Like frield them tion the Dangers of their Foces.

Like crafty Dames that most of all deny That, which they most desire to Possess.

[Brutus turning to Locrine. [Locrine Kneeling.

Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage, For thou must bear the Person of a King.

Puts the Crown on his Head.

Locrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majesty,
That thou with Honour well may'st wear the Crown,
And if thou tendrest these my latest Words,
As thou requir'st my Soul to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine own Security,
Cherish and Love thy new betrothed Wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown, Than I do peerless Guendeline.

Bru. Camber. Cam. My Lord.

Bru. The Glory of mine Age,
And darling of thy Mother Junoger,
Take thou the South for thy Dominion,
From thee there shall proceed a Royal Race,
That shall maintain the Honour of this Land,
That sway the regal Scepter with their Hands.

[Turning to Alabana &.

And Alabanact, thy Father's only Joy, Youngest in Years, but not the young'st in mind, A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry, Take thou the North for thy Dominion, A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks, Replenished with herce untamed Beasts, As correspondent to thy martial Thoughts, Live long my Sons with endless Happiness, And bear firm Concordance among your felves, Obey the Counsels of these Fathers grave, That you may better bear out Violence. But suddenly, through Weakness of my Age, And the defect of youthful Puissance, My Malady increaseth more and more, And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned pace, To dispossels me of my earthly Shape,

Mine

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Mine Eyes wax dim, o'er-cast with Clouds of Age.
The pangs of Death compass my crazed Bones,
Thus to you all my Blessings I bequeath,
And with my Blessings, this my sleeting Soul.
My Glass is run, and all my Miseries
Do end with Life; Death closeth up mine Eyes,
My Soul in haste slies to the Elysian Fields.

[He dis

Loc. Accursed Stars, damn'd and accursed Stars, T' abbreviate my noble Father's Life, Hard hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates, Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread, Brutus that was a Glory to us all, Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes, Alas too soon by Demogorgon's Knife, The martial Brutus is bereft of Life.

No sad Complaints may move just Eacus.

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge Rhodomanth. Wert thou as strong as mighty Hercules, That tamed the huge Monsters of the World, Plaid'ft thou as fweet, on the sweet founding Lute, As did the Spouse of fair Euridice, That did enchant the Waters with his Noise, And made the Stones, Birds, Beafts, to lead a Dance, Constrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him, Thou could'ft not move the Judge of Erebus, Nor move Compassion in grim Pluto's Heart, For fatal Mors expecteth all the World, And every Man must tread the way of Death; Brave Tantalus, the valiant Pelops Sire, Guest to the Gods, suffered untimely Death, And old Tithonus Husband to the Morn, And eke grim Minos whom just Jupiter Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice, The thundring Trumpets of Blood-thirsty Mars. The fearful rage of fell Tifiphoen. The boistrous Waves of humid Ocean, Are Instruments and Tools of dismal Death. Then noble Cousin cease to mourn his chance, Whose Age and Years were Signs that he should dye. It resteth now that we inter his Bones,

That

That was a Terror to his Enemies.

Take up his Coarse, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the Trojan State.

Sound Drums and Trumpers, march to Trinovant,
There to provide our Chiestain's Funeral.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper in his hand.

Strum. Either the four Elements, the feven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adversitive against me, or else I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as Lastantius in his fourth Book of Constultations doth say, goeth arsward. Ay Masters, ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you may joy, but I must forrow; shedding falt Tears from the watry Fountains of my moist dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and smooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water runneth from the Buckingtubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs heads: for trust me, Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and fo forth: the little god, nay the desperate god Cuprit, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath shot me unto the Heel: fo not only, but alfo, oh fine phrase, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah Strumbo, what hast thou seen, not Dina with the Ass Tom? Yea, with these Eyes thou hast feen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ah Strumbo, hast thou heard the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice sweeter than hers, yea, with these Ears hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy forrow. Nay Strumbo, kill thy felf, drown thy felf, hang thy felf, starve thy felf. Oh, but then I shall leave my sweet Heart. Oh my Heart! Now Pare for thy Master, I will dire an aliquant Love-pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my Scripture, will love my prefently.

Let him write a little, and then read.

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the

more haste the worst speed.

So it is, Mistress Dorothy, and the sole essence of my Soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now increas'd to a great slame, and will e'er it be long consume my poor Heart, except you with the pleasant water of your secret Fountain, quench the surious heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majestical, in Apparel comely, in Gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young Man of a handsome Life, and by despising him, not only but also to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewel. Your Servant, Signior Strumbo.

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will fend it away. Trompart, Trompart, what a Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Master

calls you. Trompart.

Trompart entring Saith, Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy, what a good Master I have been to thee ever fince I took thee into my service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the fruit of my Loins, Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then shew thy self herein a trusty Servant, and carry this Letter to Mistress Dorothy, and tell her.

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous Passions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Dor. Signior Strumbo, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitiful story of your anguish, and so understanding your Passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and Pigsney, the secundity of my ingeny is not so great, that may declare unto you the

for-

forrowful Sobs, and broken Sleeps that I suffer'd for you fake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity.

For your Love doth lye,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin.

Dor. Truly, Mr. Strumbo, you speak too searnedly for me to understand the drift of your Mind, and therefore tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas, Mistress Dorothy, this is my luck, that when I most would, I cannot be understood: so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain terms, I love you, Mistress Dorothy, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

Strum. Say'st thou so, sweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, Mistress. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap Case full of new coin'd words, and then shall you soon have the succado de labres, and something else. [Exeunt.

S C E N E. IV.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanach, Gorineius, Assarachus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Loe. Uncle and Princes of brave Britany, Since that our noble Father is Entomb'd, As best beseem'd so brave a Prince as he, If so you please, this day my Love and I, Within the Temple of Concordia, Will solemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one Must needs obey your Highness at command, Especially in such a Cause as this,

That much concerns your Highness great content.

L1 2

Los.

The Tragedy of Locrine. 3280

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair Concord's Walls, Where we will pass the Day in Knightly sports, The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks, And offer to God Rifus all our sports.

[Excunt.

ACT II. SCENE

Enter Ate as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this show. Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door Phineus, all black in Armour, with Æthiopians after him, driving in Perseus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Ate remaining, says,

Regit omnia numen.

7 Hen Perseus married fair Andromeda; The only Daughter of King Cephens, He thought he had establish'd well his Crown, And that his Kingdom should for aye endure. But lo proud Phineus with a Band of Men, Contriv'd of Sun-burnt Æthiopians, By force of Arms the Bride he took from him, And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears. So fares it with young Locrine and his Love, He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weal, But this foul day, this foul accurfed day, Is the beginning of his miseries. Behold where Humber and his Scythians Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train, I need not I, the sequel shall declare, What tragick chances fellout in this War.

Exito

SCENE II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Estrild, Segar, and their Soldiers.

Hum. At length the Snail dorh climb the highest tops, Ascending up the stately Castle Walls; At length the Water with continual drops; Doth penetrate the hardest Marble Stone;

At

At length we are arriv'd in Albion.

Nor could the barbarous Dacian, Soveraign,

Nor yet the Ruler of brave Belgia,

Stay us from cutting over to this Isle;

Whereas I hear a Troop of Phrygians

Under the Conduct of Posthumius Son,

Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavillions,

And hope to prosper in this lovely Isle:

But I will frustrate all their Foolish hope,

And teach them that the Scythian Emperor

Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,

Constraining her to yield unto his will,

And grace him with their Regal Diadem:

Which I will have, maugre their treble Hosts,

And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If the that rules fair Rhamnis golden Gate, Grant us the honour of the Victory, As hitherto the always favour'd us, Right noble Father, we will rule the Land, Enthonised in Seats of Topaz stones, That Locrine and his Brethren all may know, None must be King but Humber and his Son.

And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what faith Estrild to these Regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious Eyes?

And over-spread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind;
The airy Hills enclos'd with shady Groves,
The Groves replenish'd with sweet chirping Birds,
The Birds resounding Heav'nly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of Thessay,
Where Phabus with these learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselves with Musick's Harmony,
And from the moisture of the Mountain tops,
The silent Springs dance down with murmuring streams,
And water all the ground with crystal Waves,
The gentle blasts of Eurus modest Wind,

The Tragedy of Locrine.

Moving the pattering Leaves of Silvane's Woods, Do equal it with Tempe's Paradife, And thus conforted all to one effect, Do make me think these are the happy Isles, Most Fortunate if Humber may them win.

3282

Hub. Madam, where Resolution leads the way, And Courage sollows with embolden'd pace, Fortune can never use her Tyranny; For Valiantness is like unto a Rock That standeth on the Waves of Ocean, Which though the Billows beat on every side, And Boreas fell with his tempestuous storms. Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour, Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly refolv'd, thou glory of thy Sire: But worthy Segar, what uncouth novelties Bring'st thou unto our Royal Majesty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all Brutus Sons, Stout Albanatt, with millions of Men, Approacheth nigh, and meaneth e'er the Morn, To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hosts, He shall find entertainment good enough, Yea, sit for those that are our Enemies: For we'll receive them at the Lances points, And massacre their Bodies with our Blades: Yea, though they were in number infinite, More than the mighty Babylonian Queen, Semiramis the Ruler of the West, Brought 'gainst the Emperor of the Scythians, Yet would we not start back one foot from them: That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great Jove, the supream King of Heav'n, And the immortal Gods that live therein, When as the Morning shews his chearful Face, And Lucifer mounted upon his Steed, Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun, I'll meet young Albanact in th' open Field, And crack my Launce upon his Burganet, To try the Valour of his boyish Strength: There will I shew such ruthful spectacles,

And

And cause so great effusion of Blood, That all his Boys shall wonder at my strength. As when the warlike Queen of Amazons, Penthesilea, armed with her Launce, Girt with a Corflet of bright shining Steel, Coopt up the faint-heart Grecians in the Camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son, Nay, like a Prince that feeks his Father's Joy. Therefore to Morrow e'er fair Titan shine, And bashful Eos Messenger of Light, Expels the liquid sleep from out Mens Eyes, Thou shalt conduct the right Wing of the Host, The left Wing shall be under Segar's charge, The Rearward shall be under me my self; And lovely Elstrid, fair and gracious, If Fortune favour me in mine attempts, Thou shalt be Queen of lovely Albion. Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts, And make thee Queen of lovely Albion. Come let us in and muster up our Train, And furnish up our lusty Soldiers, That they may be a Bulwark to our state, And bring our wished joys to perfect end.

Excent,

III. CENE

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy, and Trompart, Cobling Shooes, and Singing.

Trom. We Coblers lead a merry life:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. Void of all envy and strife:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. Our ease is great, our labour small:

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. And yet our gains be much withal:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. With this art so fine and fair :

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. No occupation may compare:

All. Dan diddle dan.

Strum. For merry pastime and joyful glee :

Dan, dan, dan, dan. L14

Dor. Most happy Men we Coblers be: Dan diddle dan.

Trom. The Can stands full of nappy Ale, Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. In our Shop still withouten fail :
Dan diddle dan.

Dor. This is our Meat, this is our Food: Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. This brings us to a merry mood:

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. This makes us work for Company: Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. To pull the Tankards cheerfully: Dan diddle dan.

Trom. Drink to thy Husband, Dorothy, Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. Why then my Strumbo there's to thee: Dan diddle dan.

Strum. Drink thou the rest Trompart, amain: Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again: Dan diddle dan.

Cap. The poorest state is farthest from annoy, How merrily he sitteth on his Stool:
But when he sees that needs he must be prest, He'll turn his note and sing another tune.
Ho, by your leave Master Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you any old Shooes or Buskins, or will you have your Shooes clouted; I will do them as well as any Cobler in Cathnes what soever?

Captain shewing him Press-mony. Capt. O Master Cobler, you are far deceived in me, for done you see this? I come not to buy any Shooes, but to buy your self; come, Sir, you must be a Soldier in the King's Cause.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commission to take any Man against his will? I promise you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Commission?

Cap.

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no Commission: hold here, I command you in the name of our King Albanast, to appear to Morrow in the Town-House of Cathnes.

Strum. King Nastaball, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you, Sir Master Capontail, draw your Pastboard, or else I promise you, I'll give you a Canvasado with a Bastinado over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good Fellow be content, I do the King's

Command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then.

Cap. I may not. [Strumbo snatching up a staff. Strum. No will, come, Sir, will your Stomach serve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have a bout with you. Fight both.

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thra. How now, what noise, what sudden clamour's this? How now, my Captain and the Cobler so hard at it? Sirs what is your quarrel?

Cap. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Prefs-mo-

ny.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command,

Unless you mean to be stretch'd.

Strum. Truly, Master Gentleman, I lack no Mony, if you please I will refign it to one of these poor Fellows.

Thra. No such matter,

Look you be at the common House to morrow.

Strum. O Wife, I have spun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been Prest, and therefore well may I lament; But come Sirrah, shut up, for we must to the Wars.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanach, Debon, Thrasimachus, and the Lords.

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of Albany, Whose trenchant Blades with our deceased Sire,

Paffing

Passing the Frontires of brave Grecia,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm blood,
Now is the time to manifest your wills,
Your haughty minds and resolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your eanest zeal,
Which you always protest to Albanast,
For at this time, yea at this present time,
Stout Fugitives come from the Scythians bounds
Have pestred every place with mutinies:
But trust me, Lordings, I will never cease
To persecute the Rascal Runnagates,
'Till all the Rivers stained with their blood,
Shall fully shew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So shall your Highness merit great renown,

And imitate your aged Father's steps.

Alba. But tell me, Cousin, cam'st thou through the Plains?
And saw'st thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
Mustring their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
What order keep they in their Marshalling?

Thra. After we past the Groves of Caledone, We did behold the stragling Scythians Camp, Repleat with Men, stor'd with Munition; There might we see the valiant minded Knights Fetching Carriers along the spacious Plains, Humber and Hubba arm'd in azure blue, Mounted upon their Coursers white as Snow, Went to behold the pleasant flowring Fields; Hestor and Troilus, Priamus lovely Sons, Chasing the Grecians over Simoeis, Were not to be compar'd to these two Knights.

Alb. Well hast thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of Humber and his Son;

As fortunate as was Polycrates,

Yet should they not escape our conquering Swords, Or boast of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart crying often, Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, &c.

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by these clamors made, Those outcries rais'd in our stately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra.

Thra. Villains I say, tell us the cause hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noise,

Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houses, where's your dwelling-

place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that fuch poor honest Men as we be, hold our Habitacles in Kings Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But because you feem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our state.

From the top to the toe, From the head to the shoe; From the beginning to the ending. From the building to the burning.

This honest Fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of Mercury. And by the common Soldiers of the Shittens, the Scythians, what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left there for the Country Wives to wash Bucks withal. And that which grieves me most, my loving Wife, O cruel strife; the wicked Flames did roast.

And therefore Captain Crust, We will continually cry, Except you seek a remedy, Our Houses to re-edify, Which now are burnt to dust.

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alb. Well, we must remedy these outrages,

And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads.

And you good Fellows for your Houses burnt,

We will remunerate your store of Gold,

And build your Houses by our Palace Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treason to my Person, no where else but by your backside; Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy, do you hear, Master King? If you mean to gratisse such poor Men, as we be, you must build our Houses by the Tavern.

Alb.

Alba. It shall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, Ay, by Lady, Sir, it was spoken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our House is builded, if you do chance to pass or re-pass that way, we will bestow a Quart of the best Wine upon you.

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods Should thus be spoiled by the Scythians, Who as you fee with lightfoot Foragers, Depopulate the Places where they come: But, curfed Humber, thou shalt rue the day That e'er thou cam'st unto Cathnesia.

SCENE V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horse, As many Lanciers, and Light-armed Knights, As may fuffice for fuch an enterprise, And place them in the Grove of Challidon, With these, when as the Skirmish doth encrease, Retire thou from the shelters of the Wood, And fet upon the weakned Trojans backs, For Policy, joined with Chivalry, Can never be put back from Victory.

Exeunt.

Enter Albanact, Clowns with him. Alba. Thou base-born Hunn, how durst thou be so bold.

As once to menace warlike Albanact, The great Commander of these Regions ? But thou shalt buy thy rashness with thy Death, And rue too late thy over-bold attempts, For with this Sword, this Instrument of Death, That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens Blood, I'll separate thy Body from thy Head; And fet that Coward Blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great Strumbo's Instrument, I'll crack thy Cockscomb, paltry Scythian.

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou princox Boy, Nor do I fear thy foolish Insolency, And but thou better use thy bragging blade,

Than

Than thou dost rule thy overflowing Tongue, Superbious Briton, thou shalt know too soon. The force of Humber and his Scythians.

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

SCENE VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young Briton, Albanact, Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War, Beating down Millions with his furious Mood: And in his glory triumphs over all, Moving the massie Squadrants of the Ground; Heap Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Sky: As when Briareus arm'd with an hundred Hands, Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great Jove, And when the monstrous Giant Monychus Hurl'd Mount Olympus at great Mars his targe, And shot huge Cedars at Minerva's Shield. How doth he overlook with haughty Front My fleeting Hoft, and lifts his lofty Face Against us all that now do fear his Force; Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far, In a great Mountain heapt with hideous Noise, With thousand Billows beat against the Ships, And toss them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

Sound the Alarm.

Ah me, I fear my Hubba is surpris'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Soldiers, follow Albanact; Pursue the Scythians slying through the Field: Let none of them escape with Victory: That they may know the Britons force is more Than all the Power of the trembling Hunns.

Thra. Forward, brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chase, He that takes Captive Humber or his Son, Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

Sound

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber give back, Hubba enters at their backs, and kills Debon, Strumbo falls down, Albanact runs in, and afterwards enter wounded. Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou crost me thus? Thus in the Morning of my Victories, Thus in the Prime of my Felicity To cut me off by fuch hard overthrow. Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare, But in the Spring of all my Dignities? Hadst thou no place to spit thy Venome out, But on the Person of young Albanatt? I that e'erwhile did scare mine Enemies, And drove them almost to a shameful Flight: I that e'erwhile full Lion-like did fare Amongst the dangers of the thick throng'd Pikes, Must now depart most lamentably slain By Humber's Treacheries and Fortune's spights: Curst be her Charms, damn'd be her cursed Charms That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men, Of Men that trust unto her fickle Wheel, Which never leaveth turning upfide-down. O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place Where I may find her hateful Mansion, I'll pass the Alps to watry Meroe, Where fiery Phabus in his Chariot, The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds, Casts such a Heat, yea such a scorching Heat, And spoileth Flora of her chequered Grass; I'll overturn the Mountain Cancasus, Where fell Chimara in her triple Shape, Rolleth hot Flames from out her monstrous Panch, Scaring the Beafts with Issue of her Gorge? I'll pass the frozen Zone where Icy flakes Stopping the Passage of the fleeting Ships Do lye, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea, Where if I find that hateful Houle of hers, I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands, And tye her self in everlasting Bands.

But all in vain I breathe these Threatnings, The Day is lost, the Hunns are Conquerors,

Debon

Debon is stain, my Men are done to Death, The currents swift swim violently with Blood, And last, O that this last Night so long last, My self with Wounds past all Recovery, Must leave my Crown for Humber to possess.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Masters, I think this is a Holy-day, very Man lyes sleeping in the Fields, but

God knows full fore against their Wills.

Thra. Fly, noble Albanatt, and fave thy felf,
The Scythians follow with great Celerity,
And there's no way but Flight, or speedy Death,
Fly, noble Albanatt, and save thy felf. [Sound the Alarm.
Alba. Nay let them fly that fear to die the Death,
That tremble at the Name of fatal Mors,
Ne'er shall proud Humber boast or brag himself,
That he hath put young Albanatt to slight:
And lest he should triumph at my decay,
This Sword shall reave his Master of his Life,
That oft hath sav'd his Master's doubtful Life:
But oh my Brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his Traiterous Head.

Et vos queis domus est nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido stygios moderamine lucos,
Nox caci regina poli, furialis Erinnys,
Diique deaque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite slumineis undis rigidaque palude;
Nunc me fata vocant, hos condam pectore ferrum.

[Stabs himself.

Enter Trompart.

O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds; but I smell a Fox, Look where my Master lyes, Master, Master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one, good, good, Master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. And is my Master dead?

Singing.

O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones, And is my Master dead?

O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices, That in the Woods dwell: You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-shops and Shambles, Come howl and yell.

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping, Come you to lament.

O Colliers of Croyden, and Rusticks of Royden, And Fishers of Kent.

For Strumbo the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler | Of Cathnes Town:

At this same stoure, at this very hour Lies dead on the Ground.

O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, Estrild, and the Soldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious Mars, Thundring Alarums, and Rhamnusia's Drum, We are retir'd with joyful Victory, The slaughter'd Trojans squeltring in their Blood, Infect the Air with their Carcasses, And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.

Est. So perish they that are our Enemies: So perish they that love not Humber's Weal. And mighty Jove, Commander of the World, Protect my Love from all false Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely Estrild, solace to my Souls
But, valiant Hubba, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the Men of Albany,

Loe here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay, 'As a reward for this thy forward Mind. [Sets it on his Head.

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard Exploits,
That all the World shall sound of Hubba's Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Success,
Caroufe whole Cups of Amazonian Wine,
Sweeter than Nestar or Ambrosia,
And cast away the Clods of cursed care,
With Goblets crown'd with Semeleius Gifts,

Now

Now let us march to Abis Silver Streams,
That clearly glide along the Champane Fields,
And moist the grassie Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up chearfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory.

[Excunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dumb Show. Enter Ate as before. A Crocodile sitting on a Rivers Bank, and a little Snake stinging it. Then both of them fall into the Water.

Ate. C Celera in authorem cadunt. High on a Bank by Nilus boifterous Streams, Fearfully sat th'Egyptian Crocodile, Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long Teeth The broken Bowels of a filly Fish, His Back was arm'd against the dint of Spear, With Shields of Brass that shin'd like burnisht Gold, And as he stretched forth his cruel Paws, A fubril Adder creeping closely near, Thrusting his forked Sting into his Claws, Privily shed his Poison through his Bones, Which made him swell that there his Bowels burst, That did so much in his own greatness trust. So Humber having conquer'd Albanact, Doth yield his Glory unto Locrine's Sword. Mark what enfues, and you may eafily fee, That all our Life is but a Tragedy.

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Assaracus, Thrasimachus, and Camber.

Loc. And is this true, is Albanactus slain?
Hath cursed Humber with his straging Host,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
O that I had the Thracian Orpheus Harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
Those ugly Devils of black Erebus,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had Amphion's Instrument
Vol. VI. M m

To

To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes

The flinty Joints of every flony Rock,

By which the Scythians might be punished;

For, by the lightning of almighty Fove,

The Hunn shall die, had he ten thousand Lives;

And would to God he had ten thousand Lives,

That I might with the arm-strong Hercules

Crop off so vile an Hydra's histing Heads.

But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear,

How Albanast came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traiterous Host of Scythians V And I Entred the Field with Martial Equipage, Young Albanact, impatient of delay, Led forth his Army gainst the stragling Mates, and back Whose multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds, was all Yet nothing could difmay the forward Prince; May 1943 But with a Courage most heroical, Like to a Lion 'mongst a flock of Lambs, Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives, Hewing a passage through them with his Sword; Yea we had almost giv'n them the Repulse, When fuddenly from out the filent Wood Hubba with twenty thousand Soldiers, Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs, And murthered all with fatal Massacre; Amongst the which old Debon, martial Knight, With many wounds was brought unto the Death: Ma Ha And Albanact opprest with multitude, Whilst valiantly he feld his Enemies, Yielded his life and honour to the Duft, He being dead, the Soldiers fled amain, And by the S And I alone escaped them by flight, To bring you Tidings of thefe accidents. Will light as MI

Loc. Not aged Priam, King of stately Trey, of the Grand Emperour of barb'rous Asia, When he beheld his noble-minded Sons Slain traiterously by all the Mirmidons, Lamented more than I for Albanact.

Guen. Not Hecuba the Queen of Ilium, dans House When she beheld the Town of Pergamus,
Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring stames, Andrew Mu
Her fifty Sons and Daughters fresh of hue, Mu

Murther'd by wicked Pyrrhus bloody Sword, Shed fuch fad Tears as I for Albanact.

Cam. The grief of Niobe, fair Athens Queen, For her seven Sons magnanimous in Field, For her seven Daughters fairer than the fairest, Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you forrow for the flaughter'd Prince, In vain you forrow for his overthrow; He loves not most that doth lament the most, But he that seeks to venge the Injury. Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train, With childish Sobs and womanish Laments? Unsheath your Swords, unsheath your conqu'ring Swords, And feek revenge, the comfort for this fore: In Cornwall, where I hold my Regiment, Even just ten thousand valiant Men at Arms Hath Corineius ready at command: All these and more, if need shall more require, Hath Corineius ready at command.

Cam. And in the Fields of martial Cambria, Close by the boiltrous Iscan's Silver streams, Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank, Full twenty thousand brave couragious Knights Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry, In manly manner most invincible, Young Camber hath with Gold and Victual. All these and more, if need shall more require, I offer up to venge my Brother's Death,

Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too, For this revenge, for this sweet Word revenge Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries; And by the Sword of bloody Mars I fwear, Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my Front, 'Till I be venged on his traiterous Head That slew my noble Brother Albanact. Sound Drums and Trumpets, muster up the Camp, For we will straight march to Albania. Exeunt.

SCENE

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, and the Soldiers. Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror, Unto the flowing Current's Silver streams, i to dist M m 2 us Q bus &

Which,

The Tragedy of Locrine. Ridson 104 3296 Which, in memorial of our Victory, in to work vino wall Shall be agnominated by our Name, it betrached weeks are W And talked of by our Posterity nom surless soil sess bnA For fure I hope before the Golden Sunlaup radas bluow I Posteth his Horses to fair Thetis Plains, to von A od lle ban To fee the Waters turned into Blood, hiw 2002 och flor 10 And change his blueith Hue to rueful red, and A . wall By reason of the fatal Massacre, move show and ile bal Which shall be made upon the virent Plains, of shirts and Enter the Ghost of Albanact. On toy ode M. Ghoft. See how the Traitor doth prefage his harm; See how he glories at his own decay, again has mind sall? See how he triumphs at his proper Lofs, which are soing this O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail! in Toda of adquord Hum. Methicks I see both Armies in the Field, mill The broken Lances climb the Crystal Skies, Islando and W Some headless lye, some breathless on the Ground, And every place is strew'd with carcasses, without I said Behold the Grafs hath loft his pleafant green, me will be A The sweetest Sight that ever might be feened ad aw and Ghoft. Ay, Traiterous Humber, thou shale find it so, and I Yea to thy cost thou shall the same behold, a souldered With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments; The graffie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes, squared Shall e'er the Night be colour'd all with Blood; no bnA The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp, 191 91100 And yield sweet savour to thy damned Corps, how or of Shall e'er the Night be figured all with Blood; The profound Stream that paffeth by thy Tents, And with his Moisture ferveth all thy Camp, with a said Shall e'er the Night converted be to Blood, Yea with the Blood of those thy stragling Boys : For now revenge shall ease my lingring Grief, they oregand And now revenge shall glut my longing Soul. He are vine ze Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out, will And either live with glorious Victory, as Mes ens doy tab Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry: blo moy amini-He is not worthy of the Honey-comb, or gaines enologie That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings; bus dad That likes me best that is not got with ease, Which thousand Dangers do accompany;

The Tragedy of Locus

For nothing can dismay our regal Mind; Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown, The only upfhot of mine enterprises. The only upfhot of mine enterprises. Were they inchanted in grim Pluto's Court, And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew, I would either quell the triple Cerberus And all the Army of his hateful Hags, Or roll the Stone with wretched Sysiphus.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son, And all thy words favour of Chivalry. Enter Segar. But, warlike Segar, what strange Accidents Make you to leave the warding of the Camp? Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;

Take helm and targe in Hand, the Britons come With greater Multitude than erst the Greeks was well as Brought to the Ports of Phrygian Tenedos.

Hum. But what faith Segar to these Accidents? What Counsel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us, That Resolution's a sole help at need. That shake we want to And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us, That we be bold in every enterprise; a day of the state o Then fince there is no way but fight or die, Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, Segar, I mean to be, Perhaps some blissful Star will favour us, usil to be be been some blissful Star will favour us, And comfort bring to our perplexed State: 1 and 1 and So to withstand their strong Invasion, which Exeunt.

SCENEIV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver, and his Son William books following them. Mall sales

Strum. Nay Neighbour Oliver, if you be fo whot, come prepare your felf, you shall find two as stout Fellows of us. as any in all the Northuol vin this Hard sansor were ballet

Oliv. No by my dorth Neighbour Strumbo, Ich zee dat you are a Man of small zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon, Ich and my zonne William will take dat courfe, dat shall od its likes me belt tigrens Me got with eales

to theulard Dangers do accompany :

be fardest vrom reason; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, Neighbour, but I will solve it as I may; what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reason had you when my Sifter was in the barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fish her Belly?

Strum. Mass thou say'st true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you: Ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we School you, e'er you and we park

Enter Margery, and snatches the Staff out of her Brother's

Strum. Ay, you come in Pudding time, or else I had drest them.

Mars You Master Sawcebox, Lobcocks, Cockscomb, you Slopsawce, Licksingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me? werb sound and bomust

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, John Lack-honefly, little Wit, is

it you that will have none of me? tob good to be work

Strum. No by my troth, Mistress Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the University of Bridewell, you have your Rhetorick so ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cods-head, if you will have

none of me, farewel.

Strum, If you be so plain, Mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well,

Mar. Nay, Master Strumbo, e'er you go from hence we must have more words, you will have none of me? [They Fight, Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone. Admit and I

Oliv. How now Master Strumbo, hath my Daughter taught

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman Oliver, it will not be for my eafe to have my Head broken every Day, therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oliv.

Oliv. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all shall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him. [Shake Hands. Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Masters, I think it be my luck, my first Wise was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wise was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be medling with warm Plackets.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thrasimachus, and Assarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an holt of Men, Whose haughty Courage is invincible; Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers, Such as might force Bellona to retire, And make her tremble at their Puissance. Now fit I like the mighty God of War, When armed with his Coat of Adamant, Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls, He drove the Argives over Xanthus Streams. Now, curfed Humber, doth thy end draw nigh, Down goes the Glory of his Victories, And all his Fame, and all his high Renown, Shall in a moment yield to Locrine's Sword: Thy bragging Banners crost with argent Streams, The Ornaments of thy Pavillions, Shall all be captivated with this Hand, And thou thy felf, at Albanactus Tomb Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction Of all the wrongs thou didft him when he liv'd. But canst thou tell me, brave Thrasimachus, How far we are distant from Humber's Camp?

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accursed Grove, That bears the Tokens of our overthrow, This Humber hath intrench'd his damned Camp. March on, my Lord, because I long to see The treacherous Scythians squestring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour Locrine with a smile, That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,

Olive

Mm q w Los

And

And in the midst of stately Troynovant,
I'll build a Temple to thy Deity bus down of Parinth Stones,
That it shall pass the highest Pyramids,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong Off-spring of the doubted Knight, Stout Hercules, Alemena's mighty Son,
That tam'd the Monsters of the three-fold World,
And rid the oppressed from the Tyrants Yokes,
Did never shew such valiantness in Fight,
As I will now for noble Albanatt.

Cor. Full fourfcore Years hath Corineius liv'd,
Sometimes in War, sometimes in quiet Peace,
And yet I feel my self to be as strong
As erst I was in Summer of mine Age,
Able to tos this great unwieldy Club,
Which hath been painted with my soe-mens Brains:
And with this Club I'll break the strong array
Of Humber and his stragling Soldiers,
Or lose my Life amongst the thickest press,
And die with Honour in my latest Days:
Yet e'er I die they all shall understand,
What sorce lyes in stout Corineius Hand.

Thra. And if Thrasimachus detract the Fight, Either for weakness or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that Brutus was his Eame,
Or that brave Corineius was his Sire.

Next for your Peace, last for your Victory.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Hubba and Segar at one Door,
and Corineius at the other.

Cor. Art thou that Humber, Prince of Fugitives, That by thy Treason slew'st young Albanast?

Hub. I am his Son that slew young Albanast,
And if thou take not heed, proud Phrygian,

I'll send thy Soul unto the Stygian lake,
There to complain of Humber's Injuries.

For Corineius is not so soon flain.
But, cursed Scythians, you shall rue the Day, the soon flain.
That e'er you came into Albania.

So

So perish they that envy Britain's wealth,
So let them die with endless infamy,
And he that seeks his Soveraign's overthrow,
Would this my Club might aggravate his woe.

[Strikes them both down with his Club.

show harden and Tenter Humber. Harting the Hum. Where may I find some desart Wilderness, Where I may breathe out curses as I would, And scare the Earth with my condemning Voice, Where every Echoes repercussion May help me to bewail mine overthrow, And aid me in my forrowful laments? Where may I find some hollow uncouth Rock, Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill? The Heavens, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire, And utter curses to the concave Sky, Which may infect the airy Regions, And light upon the Briton Locrine's Head. You ugly Spirits that in Cocitus mourn, And gnash your Teeth with dolorous laments, You fearful dogs that in black Lethe howl, And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats, You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs, Do plunge your felves in Puryflegiton, Come all of you, and with your shricking notes Accompany the Britons Conquering Hoaft. Come fierce Erinnys, horrible with Snakes, Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips, You threefold Judges of black Tartarus, And all the Army of your hellish Fiends, With new found torments rack proud Locrine's Bones. O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars, That did not drown me in fair Thetis Plains. Curst be the Sea that with outragious Waves, With furging Billows did not rive my Ships Against the Rocks of high Cerannia, Or swallowed me into her watry Gulf. Would God he had arriv'd upon the Shore Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell, Or where the bloody Anthropophagie With greedy Jaws devours the wandring Wights.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Albanach. Albanach Large M 62 But why comes Albanactus's bloody Ghoft, him and an diella? To bring a corfive to our miseries! alastrand destranto of both Is't not enough to fuffer shameful flight, I was and along the But we must be tormented now with Ghosts? A fractor bak With Apparitions fearful to behold ? If and and and area of

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for Blood. Hum. So, nought will fatisfie your wandring Ghoft, But dire revenge, nothing but Humber's fall, Because he Conquer'd you in Albany. Now by my Soul, Humber would be condemn'd To Tantal's Hunger, or Ixion's Wheel, much belief the Or to the Vulture of Prometheus, Rather than that this Murther were undone. When as I die I'll drag thy curfed Ghost and assigned Through all the Rivers of foul Erebus, hand and the world Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake, many same To allay the burning fury of that heat, and a property of the That rageth in mine everlasting Soul. A warmen ballon wor Ghost. Vindicta, vindicta. Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I

by trampling Couriers ruly with toomin Enter Ate as before. Then Omphale Daughter to the King of Lydia, having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back, Hercules following with a Distaff. Then Omphale turns about, and taking off her Pantosle, strikes Hercules on the Head, then they depart. Ate remaining, says;

Vem non Argolici mandata severa Tyranni, u diaggo bo A Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor. I day sand of

Stout Hercules, the mirror of the World, Son to Alemena and great Jupiter, After fo many Conquests won in Field, and all your mont pant After so many Monsters quell'd by force, about and albert Yielded his valiant Heart to Omphale, A fearful Woman void of manly strength, She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin avaid and all That lock to enter He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan spine and light

So Martial Locrine cheer'd with Victory, Falleth in love with Humber's Concubine, And so forgetteth peerless Guendeline. The analysis of His Uncle Corineius storms at this, de and the danger of the And forceth Locrine for his Grace to fue, was a series Lo here the Sum, the Process doth ensue. [Exit.

SCENE

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corincius, Affarachus, Thrasimachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of Bellona's broils, With found of Drum and Trumpets melody, The Britain King returns triumphantly, The Scythians flain with great occision, Do equalize the Grafs in multitude, and and and and And with their Blood have stain'd the streaming Brooks, Offering their Bodies and their dearest Blood As facrifice to Albanactus Choft. Now curfed Humber hast thou paid thy due, For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries, For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems, With loss of Life and everduring shame. Where are thy Horses trap'd with burnish'd Gold, Thy trampling Courfers rul'd with foaming bits? Where are thy Soldiers strong and numberless? Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers; Ev'n as the Country Clowns with sharpest Scythes, Do mow the wither'd Grass from off the Earth, Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields, And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen; So Locrine, with his mighty curtle Axe, Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy Hunns, So Locrine's Peers have daunted all thy Peers, And drove thine Host unto confusion, That thou may'lt fuffer penance for thy fault, And die for murdering valiant Albanact.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be serv'd, That feek to enter Albion gainst our wills. If the brave Nation of the Troglodites, If all the coal-black Ethiopians,

If all the Forces of the Amazons, If all the Hosts of the Barbarian Lands, Should dare to enter this our little World, Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts, whom and The That after us our Progeny may fay, or sand at described Co There lyes the Beast that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beafts that tek to usurp our Land. And like to brutish Beasts they stall be serv'd. For mighty Fove, the supream King of Heav'n, That guides the concourse of the Mercors, to shoot drive And rules the motion of the azure Sky, Fights always for the Britains fafery. But stay, methinks I hear some stricking noise, That draweth near to our Pavilion and and he had but

Enter Soldiers leading in Estrild.

Est. What Prince foe'er adorn'c with golden Crown, Doth sway the Regal Sceptre in his hand; And thinks no chance can ever throw him down, Or that his state shall everlasting fand, was produced in Let him behold poor Estrild in this plight, or say last hand The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight, was and over I Once was I guarded with mayortial bands, was am ale I all Compact with Princes of the noble Blood, and reserve and O Now am I fall'n into my Foe-mers hands, and lealer stort And with my death must pacific their mood, sharp and T O Life, the harbour of calamities, we alleged vious store I O Death, the haven of all miferies, dandw coandbownskil an A. I could compare my forrows to the woe, the more and we Thou wretched Queen of wretched Pergamus, and and To But that thou viewd'st thy Enemes overthrow, and Wall Nigh to the Rock of high Caphaneus. on b gaptes of every Thou faw'st their death, and thendeparted'st thence, I must abide the Victors insolence dataw test an aut wold The Gods that pitied thy continual grief, of to mush and Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care, Poor Estrild lives despairing of reief, o and them the or Al For Friends in trouble are but few and rare. but and What, faid I, few? Ay, few or some at all, more and For cruel Death made havock of them all. and Add Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good, and and To end their lives, and with their lives their woes, esirated My Lord, in railacking the Scribian

I found this Lady, and to manifelt

The Tragedy of Locine.

Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood, That cruelly the gave me to my Foes. O Soldiers, is there any nifery

To be compar'd to Forune's treachery.

Loc. Camber, this fame should be the Scythian Queen. Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words. Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never see,

With floods of woes sheseems o'erwhelm'd to be. Cam. O Locrine, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

Locrine at one side of the Stage.

Loc. If the have cause to weep for Humber's death, And shed falt tears for her overthrow: Locrine may well bewail his proper grief, Locrine may move his own peculiar woe, He being Conquer'd, ded a speedy death, And felt not long his lanentable smart, I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life, And feel the force of Capid's sudden stroke. I gave him cause to die i speedy death. He left me cause to wish a speedy death. O that sweet Face painted with Nature's dye, Those roseal Cheeks mixt with a snowy white, That decent Neck furpaling Ivory, Those comely Breasts which Venus well might spite, Are like to fnares which wily fowlers wrought, Wherein my yielding Heart is prisoner caught. The golden treffes of her dainty Hair, Which shine like Rubie glittering with the Sun, Have so entrap'd poor Locrine's love-fick Heart, That from the same no way it can be won. How true is that which oft I heard declar'd, One dram of Joy must lave a pound of Care. Elt. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown

Are cast into a Sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thall, who by Cupid's frown Are wrapt in Waves of indless carefulness.

Est. O Kingdom, Object to all miseries.

Loc. O Love, the exream'st of all extremities.

ow neds as which have hope Goes into his Chair.

Sold. My Lord, in rinfacking the Scythian Tents, I found this Lady, and to manifest

That

That earnest Zeal I bear unto your Grace, I here present her to your Majesty. Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady first, And here present her to your Majesty.

I Sold. Prefumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize? 2 Sold. Nay, rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

3 Sold. Refign thy Title, Caitive, unto me, Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Cowards Loins.

2 Sold. Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to speak :

A barking Dog doth feldom Strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent Villains, strive you in our fight? Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon, There let them lye and try their quarrel out, But thou, fair Princess, be no whit dismay'd, But rather joy that Locrine favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my Spouse?

Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.

Est. But Locrine was the causer of his death. Loc. He was an Enemy to Locrine's State,

And flew my noble Brother Albanact.

Est. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond, And would you have me love his flaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.

Eft. Better to die renown'd for chastity, Than live with shame and endless infamy. What would the common fort report of me, If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences. Est. But Ladies must regard their honest Name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in Marriage-bonds?

Est. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King. He and W

Loc. If thou wilt yield to Locrine's burning Love; Thou shalt be Queen of fair Albania.

Eft. But Guendeline will undermine my State.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Est. Then lo, brave Locrine, Estrild yields to thee, And by the gods, whom thou dost invocate, By the dread Ghost of thy deceased Sire, By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love, Take pity on poor Estrild's wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath Locrine then forgot his Guendeline,

That

That thus he courts the Scythians Paramour? What, are the words of Brute so soon forgot? Are my deserts so quickly out of mind? Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead? Have I protected thee from Humber's hand, And do'st thou quit me with Ungratitude? Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds? Is this the Honour for my labours past? Now by my Sword, Locrine, I swear to thee, This injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your Royal Soveraign, As if we stood for Cyphers in the Court? Upbraid you me with those your benefits? Why, it was a Subject's duty so to do. What you have done for our deceased Sire We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'st thou me withal, Assure thy self, though thou be Emperor, Thou ne'er shalt carry this unpunished.

Camb. Pardon my Brother, noble Corineius, Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Assa. Cousin, remember Brutus latest words, How he defired you to cherish them: Let not this fault so much incense your Mind, Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then Locrine, lo I reconcile my felf, But as thou lov'st thy Life, so love thy Wife. But if thou violate those promises, Blood and revenge shall light upon thy Head. Come, let us back to stately Troynovant, Where all these matters shall be settled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul. [To himself. Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghost: Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones. Let everything that hath the use of breath, Be instruments and workers of thy death. [Exeum.

Corn. Flath Loring then forgot his Grendeline.

E N E S C E N E S C E N E Westched thrall,

SCENE III.

Enter Humber alone, his Hair vanging over his Shoulders, his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand,

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place, Where every thing confumed is to nought? What fearful Fury haunts these cursed Groves, Where not a root is left for Humber's Meat? Hath fell Alecto with envenom'd blafts. Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains? Hath tripple Cerberns with contigious foam, Sow'd Aconitum 'mongst these vither'd Herbs? Hath dreadful Fames with her charming rods Brought barrennels on every fruitful Tree? What not a Roor, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird, To nourish Humber in this Wilderness? What would you more, you Fiends of Erebus? My very Intrails burn for want of drink, My Bowels cry, Humber give us some meat, But wretched Humber can give you no meat, These foul accursed Groves afford no meat: This fruitless foil, this ground trings forth no meats The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat. Then how can Humber give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo with a Pitch-fork and a Scotch-Cap: Strum. How do you, Master, how do you? how have you 'scap'd hanging this long time ? i'faith I have 'scaped many a scouring this Year, but I thank God I have past them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my Manhood and my strength; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to fay the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife soberly site rocking my little Baby, leaning her back against the Bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with ny Nose foremost, thinking that I had been Drunk, as I was indeed, snatch'd up a Faggot-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me, with a big Face, as though the would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out these words unto me. drunken Knave, where hast thou been so long? I shall

teach

teach thee how to benight me another time; and so she began to play Knaves Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and slinging her upon it, slung my self upon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me sweet Husband, and so banish'd brawling for ever; and to see the good Will of the Wench, she bought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richest Men in our Parish. Well, Masters, what's a Clock? It is now Breakfast time, you shall see what Meat I have here for my Breakfast.

He sits down and pulls out his Victuals.

Hum. Was ever Land fo fruitless as this Land? Was ever Grove so graceless as this Grove? Was ever Soil so barren as this Soil ? Oh no: the Land where hungry Fames dwelt, May no ways equalize this curled Land; No, even the climate of the Torrid Zone Brings forth more fruit than this accurfed Grove. Ne'er came sweet Ceres, ne'er came Venus here; Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen, Ne'er fow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderness. The hunger-bitten Dogs of Acheron, Chac'd from the nine-fold Puriphlegiton, Have fet their Foot-steps in this damned Ground. The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes, Scatter'd huge Hydra's over all the Plains, Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs, the Trees, Which have drunk up the flowing Water Springs. Strumbo hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, seeking to hide himself.

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky, That guid'st the Life of every mortal Wight, From the inclosures of the sleeting Clouds Rain down some Food, or else I faint and dye. Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and dye. O Jupiter, has thou sent Mercury In clownish Shape to minister some Food? Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Strum.

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Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not Mercury, I am Strumbo.

Hum. Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat, Or 'gainst this Rock I'll dash thy cursed Brains, And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands, Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had rather give a whole Ox, than that thou shouldst ferve me in that fort. Dash out my Brains! O horrible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my Pocket.

He makes as though he would give him some, and as he putteth out his Hand, enters the Ghost of Albanact, and strikes him on the Hand, and so Strumbo runs int, Humber following him.

[Exeunt.

Ghost. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition, Of Usurpation and of Treachery. Lo here the harms that wait upon all those That do intrude themselves in others Lands, Which are not under their Dominion.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven Years hath aged Corineius liv'd To Locrine's Grief, and fair Estrilda's Woe, And seven Years more he hopeth yet to live. Oh supreme Jove, annihilate this thought. Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition? Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life ? Should he contemplate the radiant Sun, That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death? Venus convey this Monster from the Earth, That disobeyeth thus thy sacred Hests. Cupid convey this Monster to dark Hell, That disannuls thy Mother's sugar'd Laws. Mars with thy Target all beset with Flames, With murthering Blade bereave him of his Life, That hindreth Locrine in his sweetest Joys. And yet for all his diligent aspect, His wrathful Eyes piercing like Linces Eyes, Well have I overmatch'd his Subtilty.

Nigh

ucolitum by the pleasant Lee, Where brackish Thamis slides with silver Streams, Making a Breach into the graffie Downs, A curious Arch of costly Marble fraught, Hath Lorine framed underneath the Ground, The Wals whereof, garnisht with Diamonds, With Ophirs, Rubies, glistering Emeralds, And intellac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles, Lightens the room with artificial Day. And fron the Lee with Water-flowing Pipes The moisture is deriv'd into this Arch, Where I have plac'd fair Estrild secretly. Thither eftsoons accompanied with my Page, I covertly visit my Heart's Desire, Without suspicion of the meanest Eye, For Love aboundeth still with Policy. And thither still means Locrine to repair, Till Atropos cut off mine Uncle's Life,

TExit.

SCENE V.

Enter Humber alone, Saying;

O vita misero longa, fælici brevis! Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this defart Cave, With eating Haws and miserable Roots, Devouring Leaves and beaftly Excrements. Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes, Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream; For still methought at every boisterous Blast, Now Lerine comes, now Humber thou must die; So that for Fear and Hunger, Humber's Mind Can never rest, but always trembling stands. O what Danubius now may quench my Thirst? What Exphrates, what light foot Euripus May nov allay the Fury of that Heat, Which nging in my Entrails eats me up ? You ghaltly Devils of the ninefold Styx, You danned Ghosts of Joyless Acheron, You mournful Souls, vext in Abyssus Vaults, You cole-black Devils of Avernus Pond, Come with your Flesh-hooks, rend my famisht Arms,

Nn 2

Thefe

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These Arms that have sustain'd their Master's Life? Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up, With your sharp Fire-forks crack my starved Bones. Use me as you will, so Humber may not live. Accursed Gods that rule the starry Poles, Accursed Fove, King of th' accursed Gods. Cast down your Lightning on poor Humber's Head, That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine; What hear you not, and shall not Humber die? Nay I will die, though all the Gods fay nay. And gentle Aby take my troubled Corps, Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes, That none may fay, when I have loft my Breath, The very Floods conspir'd 'gainst Humber's Death.

Flings himself into the River.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact. En cadem sequitur, cades in cade quiesco. Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees; Now may'st thou reach thy Apples Tantalus, And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs. Now Sysiphus leave the tumbling of thy Rock, And rest thy restless Bones upon the same. Unbind Ixion, cruel Rhadamanth, And lay proud Humber on the whirling Wheel. Back will I post to Hell Mouth Tanarus, And pass Cocytus, to the Elysian Fields, And tell my Father Brutus of this News.

Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before. Jason leading Creon's Daughter. Medea following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on Creon's Daughter's Head, setteth it on Fire, and then killing Jason and her, departs.

Ate. NTON tam Trinacriis exastuat Atna cavernis, Lesa furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea seeing Fason leave her Love, And chuse the Daughter of the Theban King, Went to her devilish Charms to work Revenge; And raising up the triple Hecate,

With

With all the rout of the condemned Fiends, Framed a Garland by her magick Skill, With which the wrought Jason and Creon's Ill. So Guendeline seeing her self misus'd, And Humber's Paramour possess her place, Flies to the Dukedom of Cornubia, And with her Brother stout Thrasimachus, Gathering a Power of Cornish Soldiers, Gives Battel to her Husband and his Host, Nigh to the River of great Mercia: The Chances of this dismal Massacre, That which ensueth shortly will unfold.

Exit.

3313

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Assaracus, and Thrasimachus.

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dy'd my Brother so?

Now who is left to hapless Albion,

That as a Pillar might uphold our State,

That might strike Terror to our daring Foes?

Now who is left to hapless Britany,

That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands

Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,

And seek to work her downfal and decay?

Cam An Uncle Deeth's our corners.

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy, And none but Death can match our matchless Power; Witness the Fall of Albioneius Crew, Witness the Fall of Humber and his Hums, And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe, By taking Corineius from this Life, And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearle, Than I that am the issue of his Loins, Now foul befal that curfed Humber's Throat, That was the causer of his linguing Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the Dead again,

But where's my Lady Mistress Guendeline?

Thra. In Cornwall, Locrine, is my Sister now, Providing for my Farher's Funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds, And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood, Ne'er shall she come within our Palace Gate,

Nn 3

10

To countercheck brave Locrine in his Love.
Go, Boy, to Dencolitum, down the Lee,
Unto the Arch where lovely Estrild lies,
Bring her and Sabren strait unto the Court,
She shall be Queen in Guendeline's room.
Let others wail for Corineius Death,
I mean not so to macerate my Mind,
For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Desire.

Thra. Hath Locrine then for fook his Guendeline?

Is Corineius death so soon forgot?

If there be Gods in Heav'n, as sure there be;

If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there must,

They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,

And pour their Plagues upon thy cursed Head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, Peasant, to thy Soveraign?

Or art thou strucken in some Extasse?

Dost thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?

Dost thou not quake when mighty Locrine frowns?

Thou beardless Boy, were't not that Locrine scorns

To vex his Mind with such a Heartless Child,

With the sharp Point of this my Battel-axe,

I'd send thy Soul to Puryphlegiton.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age, Yet will I cope with Locrine when he dares. My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword, Slew the two Giants Kings of Aquitain. Thrasimachus is not so degenerate, That he should fear and tremble at the looks, Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy Royal Soveraign?
Uncivil, not beseeming such as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no less
That at Desiance standerh with his King)
Leave these thy Taunts, leave these thy bragging Wordsa
Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes stain their glorious Dignity With ugly spots of monstrous Infamy,
They leefe their former Estimation,
And throw themselves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle Patience, As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn?

Proud

Proud Boy, that thou may'st know thy Prince is mov'd, Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling Pride, We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, losel Locrine, look unto thy felf,

Thrasimachus will revenge this Injury.

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to use thy Tongue.

Assa. Alas, my Lord, you should have call'd to mind

The latest Words that Brutus spake to you,
How he desir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady Guendeline:
Consider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Dissention follows speedily.
What though her Power be not so great as yours,
Have you not seen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a filly Mouse?
Even so the chance of War inconstant is.

Loc. Peace, Unkle, Peace, and cease to talk hereof;
For he that seeks by whispering this or that,
To trouble Locrine, in his sweetest Life,
Let him perswade himself to die the Death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild and Sabren.

Est. O say me, Page, tell me, where is the King?

Wherefore doth he send for me to the Court?

Is it to die? is it to end my Life?

Say me, sweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, trust me, Madam, if you will credit the little Honesty that is yet left me, there is no such Danger as you fear, but prepare your self, yonder's the King.

Est. Then, Estrild, lift thy dazled Spirits up, Kneeling. And bless that blessed time, that Day, that Hour, That warlike Locrine first did favour thee. Peace to the King of Britany, my Love,

Peace to all those that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth Estrild fall with such Submission [Taking her up. Before her Servant King of Albion?

Arise, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,

List up those Looks that cherish Locrine's Heart,

That I may freely view that roseal Face,

Nn 4

Which

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Which fo intangled hath my love-fick Breast.

Now to the Court, where we will court it out,

And pass the Night and Day in Venus Sports.

Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [Excunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and Soldiers. Guen. You gentle Winds that with your modest Blasts Pass through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault, Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of Fove, And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears, For Locrine hath forfaken Guendeline, And learnt to love proud Humber's Concubine. You happy Sprites that in the Concave Sky, With pleasant Joy, enjoy your sweetest Love, Shed forth thole Tears with me, which then you fied; When first you woo'd your Ladies to your Wills: Those Tears are fittest for my woful Case, Since Lacrine shuns my nothing-pleasant Face. Blush Heav'ns, blush Sun, and hide thy shining Beams, Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds, Deny thy chearful Light unto the World, Where nothing reigns but Falshood and Deceit. What, faid I, Falshood? Ay, that filthy Crime, For Locrine hath forfaken Guendeline. Behold the Heav'ns do wail for Guendeline: The shining Sun doth blush for Guendeline: The liquid Air doth weep for Guendeline: The very Ground doth groan for Guendeline. Ay, they are milder than the Britain King, For he rejecteth luckless Guendeline.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause, This open wrong must have an open Plague: This Plague must be repaid with grievous War, This War must finish with Locrinus Death, His Death will soon extinguish our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my woes! He was my Husband, brave Thrasimachus,
More dear to me than th' apple of mine Eye, to doubt.
Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries, Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge:

Think

Think on our Father Corineius Words,
His Words to us stand always for a Law.
Should Locrine live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
Should Locrine live, that now divorceth you?
The Heav'ns, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
And then why should all we deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewel womanish Complaints, All childish Pity henceforth then farewel:
But cursed Locrine, look unto thy self,
For Nemesis, the Mistress of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all Points on our dismal Blades,
And cursed Estrild, that inflam'd his Heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament My luckless Father's froward Letchery; Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus, I, if I could, my self would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, see, the desire of Revenge
Is in the Children of a tender Age.
Forward, brave Soldiers, into Mercia,
Where we shall brave the Coward to his Face.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Sabren, Assarachus, and the Soldiers,

Loc. Tell me, Assarachus, are the Cornish Chuffs In such great number come to Mercia, And have they pitched there their Host, So close unto our Royal Mansion?

Assa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent To bid Defiance to your Majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that Guendeline Should have the Heart to come in Arms against me.

Est. Alas, my Lord, the Horse will run amain When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone; Jealousie, Locrine, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Sayst thou so, Estrild, Beauty's Paragon? Well, we will try her Choler to the Proof, And make her know, Locrine can brook no braves. March on, Assarachus, thou must lead the way, And bring us to their proud Pavilion.

OFILE

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter the Ghost of Corineius, with Thunder and Lightning. Ghost. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky Throws forth fad Throbs, and grievous Suspirs, Prejudicating Locrine's Overthrow: The Fire casteth forth sh up darts of Flames, The great Foundation of the triple World Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty Noise, Presaging bloody Massacres at hand. The wandring Birds that flutter in the dark, When hellish Night in cloudy Chariot feated, Casteth her mists on shady Tellus Face, With fable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth, Now flies abroad amid the chearful Day, Foretelling some unwonted Misery. The fnarling Curs of darkned Tartarus, Sent from Avernus Ponds by Rhadamanth, With howling Ditties pefter ev'ry Wood; The watry Ladies, and the lightfoot Fawns, And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs, All trembling hide themselves in shady Groves, And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow Pits. The boisterous Boreas thundreth forth Revenge: The stony Rocks cry out on sharp Revenge: The thorny Bush pronounceth dire Revenge.

Now Corineius stay and see Revenge,
And feed thy Soul with Locrine's Overthrow,
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth:
The roaring Drums summon the Soldiers.
Lo where their Army glistereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty Jupiter,
And pour thy Plagues on cursed Locrine's Head. [Stand aside.
Enter Locrine, Estrild, Assarchus, Sabren and their Soldiers at one Door; Thrasimachus, Guendeline, Madan, and their Followers at another.

Loc. What, is the Tiger started from his Cave? Is Guendeline come from Cornubia,
That thus she braveth Locrine to the Teeth?
And hast thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,

Accompanied

Accompanied with these thy stragling Mates? Believe me but this Enterprize was bold, And well deserveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, Locrine, Traiterous Locrine, we are come, With full pretence to feek thine Overthrow. What have I done that thou shouldst scorn me thus? What have I faid that thou shouldst me reject? Have I been disobedient to thy Words? Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy? Have I dishonoured thy Marriage Bed With filthy Crimes, or with lascivious Lusts? Nay it is thou that hast dishonour'd it, Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Lusts, Yieldeth unto Affections filthy Darts. Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest fear, Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest Friend; Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful Brutus Laws, Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy self.

Est. Believe me, Locrine, but the Girl is wife, And well would feem to make a Vestal Nun, How finely frames she her Oration.

Thra. Locrine, we came not here to fight with Words, Words that can never win the Victory, But for you are so merry in your Frumps, Unsheath your Swords, and try it out by force, That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold Thrasimachus?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Messenger of Death,
Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts. [Exennt.
Sound the Alarum. Enter Locrine, Assarachus, and a Soldier at one Door; Guendeline, Thrasimachus, at another:
Locrine and his Followers driven back.

Then Locrine and Estrild enter again in amaze.

Loc. O fair Estrilda, we have lost the Field,

Thrasimachus hath won the Victory,

And we are lest to be a Laughing-stock,

Scoft at by those that are our Enemies,

Ten thousand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,

Prevail against an hundred thousand Men,

Thras

Thrasimachus incenst with fuming Ire, Rageth amongst the faint-heart Soldiers, Like to grim Mars, when cover'd with his Targe, He fought with Diomedes in the Field, Close by the Banks of filver Simois. Sound the Alarum. O lovely Estrild now the Chase begins, Ne'er shall we see the stately Troynovant Mounted with Courfers garnisht all with Pearls, Ne'er shall we view the fair Concordia, Unless as Captives we be thither brought. Shall Locrine then be taken Prisoner, By fuch a youngling as Thrasimachus? Shall Guendeline captivate my Love? Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold that dismal hour, Ne'er will I view that ruthful Spectacle, For with my Sword, or this sharp Curtle-Axe, I'll cut in funder my Accurfed Heart. But O you Judges of the ninefold Styx, Which with incessant Torments rack the Chosts Within the bottomless Abyssus Pits, You Gods, Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres, Whose Will and Laws irrevocable stand, but the world will Forgive, forgive, this foul accurfed Sin; Forget, O Gods, this foul condemned fault: And now my Sword, that in so many Fights [Kisses his Sword.] Hast sav'd the Life of Brutus and his Son, End now his Life that wisherh still for Death, Work now his Death that wisheth still for Death, on blood Work now his Death that hateth still his Life. Farewel, fair Estrild, Beauty's Paragon, and Managonal and Fram'd in the front of forlorn Miferies, an money of strength Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-shine Eyes, I come But when we meet in the Elysian Fields, sound the world HA Thither I go before with hasten'd pace. I are horse and droll Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares. and from Land Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleafures, word a sail and And welcome Death, the end of Mortal smart, below as a Welcome to Locrine's over-burthen'd Heart, or an good bank

Est. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suspirs, Stream forth you Tears from forth my watry Eyes, Help me to mourn for warlike Locrine's Death. Pour

To penetrate the bulwark of my Breatla.
We Fingers, us d to tune the amorous Lute.

Pour down your Tears you watry Regions, For mighty Locrine is bereft of Life. O fickle Fortune, O unstable World, What else are all things, that this Globe contains, But a confused Chaos of mishaps? Wherein as in a Glass we plainly see, That all our Life is but a Tragedy, Since mighty Kings are subject to mishap, Ay, mighty Kings are subject to mishap, Since martial Locrine is bereft of Life, Shall Estrild live then after Locrine's Death? Shall love of Life bar her from Locrine's Sword? O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life, Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul: Strengthen these Hands, O mighty Jupiter, That I may end my woful Mifery, Lacrine I come, Locrine I follow thee. Kills her felf.

Sound the Alarum. Enter Sabren. Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless Heart? My Father flain with fuch a fatal Sword. My Mother murthered by a mortal wound? What Thracian Dog, what barbarous Mirmidon, Would not relent at fuch a ruthful case? What fierce Achilles, what hard flony Flint, Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy? Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity, Lies slaughter'd in his foul accursed Cave; Estrild, the perfect pattern of Renown, Nature's sole wonder, in whose beauteous Breasts All Heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inshrin'd, Both massacred are dead within this Cave, And with them dies fair Pallas and sweet Love. Here lies a Sword, and Sabren hath a Heart, This bleffed Sword shall cut my cursed Heart. And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghofts, That they that live and view our Tragedy, May mourn our case with mournful Plaudites:

Offers to kill her self. Ay me, my Virgins Hands are too too weak, To penetrate the bulwark of my Breaft; My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,

Are

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Are not of force to hold this steely Glaive,
So I am left to wail my Parents Death.
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah Locrine, honour'd for thy Nobleness.
Ah Estrild, famous for thy Constancy.
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and the Soldiers.

Guen. Search Soldiers, search, find Locrine and his Love,
Find the proud Strumpet, Humber's Concubine,
That I may change those her so pleasing Looks,
To pale and ignominious Aspect.
Find me the Issue of their cursed Love,
Find me young Sabren, Locrine's only Joy,
That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,
Swiftly distilling from the Bastard's breast.
My Father's Ghost still haunts me for Revenge,
Crying; Revenge my over-hastened Death.
My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,

All Mercy from mine adamantive Breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely Guendeline,
That wonted was to guide our starless Steps,
Enjoy this Light; see where he murdred lies:
By luckless Lot and froward frowning Fate,
And by him lies his lovely Paramour
Fair Estrila goared with a dismal Sword,
And as it seems, both murdred by themselves,
Clasping each other in their feebled Arms,
With loving zeal, as if for Company
Their uncontented Corps were yet content
To pass foul Styx in Charon's Ferry-boat.

Banish remorse clean from my brazen Heart,

Guen. And hath proud Estrild then prevented me, Hath she escaped Guendelina's Wrath, By violently cutting off her Life? Would God she had the monstrous Hydra's Lives, That every hour she might have died a Death Worse than the swing of old Ixion's Wheel, And every hour revive to die again, As Titins bound to housless Caucason, Doth feed the Substance of his own mishap, And every Day for want of Food doth die, And every Night doth live again to die,

But stay, methinks, I hear some fainting Voice, Mournfully weeping for their luckless Death.

Sab. You Mountain Nymphs which in these Desarts reign, Cease off your hasty chair of Savage Beasts, Prepare to see a Heart oppress with Care, Address your Ears to hear a mournful Stile, No human Strength, no Work can work my Wca', Care in my Heart so Tyrant like doth deal. You Driades and lightsoot Satyri, You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide Your Closets leave with Heav'nly Beauty stor'd, And on your Shoulders spread your golden Locks, You savage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,

Come wail with me the martial Locrine's Death.

Come mourn with me, for beauteous Estrila's Death.

Ah loving Parents little do you know,

What Sorrow Sabren suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Lives Sabren yet to expiate my Wrath?

Fortune I thank thee for this Courteste,
And let me never see one prosperous hour,
If Sabren die not a reproachful Death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the wretched call, Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all, But in the midst of Fortune's good Success, Uncalled comes, and sheers our Life in twain: When will that hour, that blessed hour draw nigh, When poor distressed Sabren may be gone. Sweet Atropos cut off my fatal Thread.

What art thou Death, shall not poor Sabren die?

[Guendeline taking her by the Chin, says,

Guen. Yes Damsel, yes, Sabren shall surely die,

Tho' all the World should seek to save her Life, And not a common Death shall Sabren die, But after strange and grievous Punishments, Shortly instituted on thy Bastard's Head, Thou shalt be cast into the cursed Streams, And feed the Fishes with thy tender Flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel Homicide, That these thy Deeds shall be unpunished?
No Traitor, no, the Gods will venge these Wrongs,

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The Fiends of Hell will mark these Injuries.

Never shall these blood-sucking masty Curs

Bring wretched Sabren to her latest home.

For I my self, in spite of thee and thine,

Mean to abridge my former Destinies,

And that which Locrine's Sword could not perform,

This present Stream shall present bring to pass.

[She drowns her self.

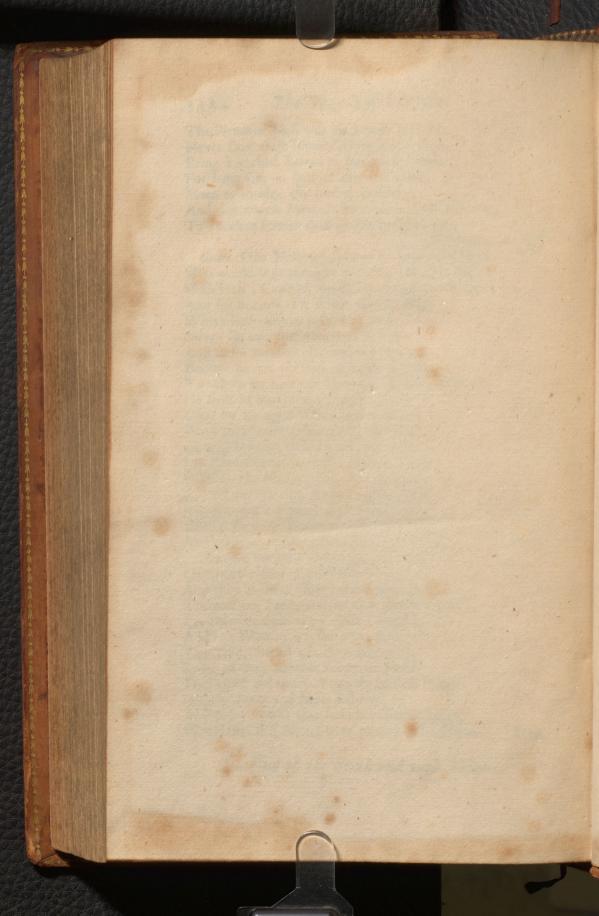
Guen. One Mischief follows on another's Neck, Who would have thought so young a Maid as she, With fuch a Courage would have fought her Death? And for because this River was the Place Where little Sabren resolutely died, Sabren for ever shall this same be call'd. And as for Locrine, our deceased Spouse, Because he was the Son of mighty Brute, To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods, He shall be buried in a stately Tomb, Close by his aged Father Brutus Bones, With fuch great Pomp and great Solemnity, As well befeems fo brave a Prince as he. Let Estrild be without the shallow Vaults, Without the Honour due unto the dead, Because she was the Author of this War. Retire brave Followers unto Troynovant, Where we will celebrate these Exequies, Excunt. And place young Locrine in his Father's Tomb.

Ate. Lo here the end of lawless Treachery,
Of Usurpation and ambitious Pride,
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and set their Broils abroach,
Let them be warned by these Premisses,
And as a Woman was the only cause
That civil discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter sway'd
In quiet Peace and sweet Felicity,
And every Wight that seeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart.

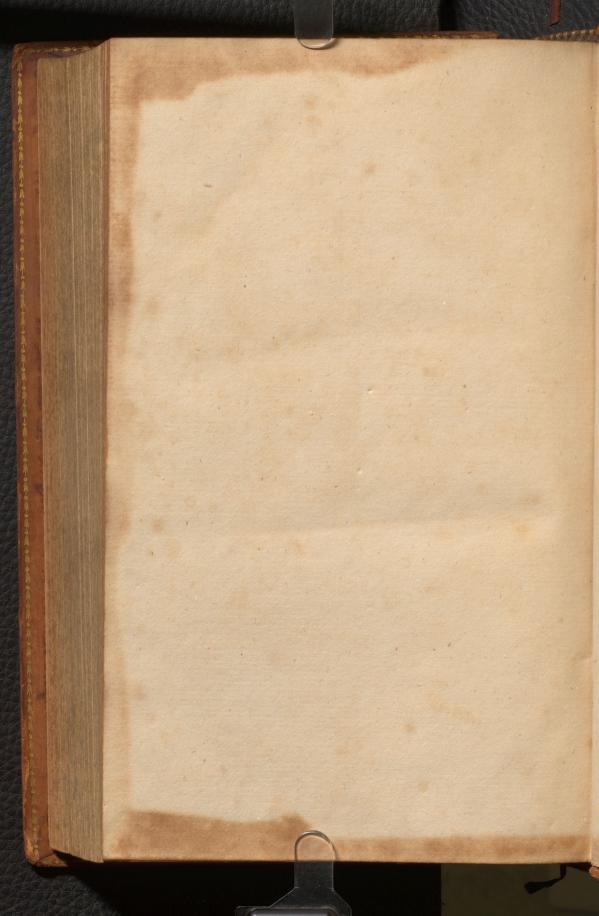
[Exit.

The End of the Sixth and Last Volume.









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